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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand, Roi de Prusse.*
Nouvelle Edition. Berlin : chez Rodolphe Decker, Imprimeur
du Roi, vols. i., ii., et iii. 1846.
2. *Friedrich der Grosse : eine Lebens-Geschichte.* Von J. D. E.
Preuss, Berlin, 4 vols. 1832.
3. *Urkunden-buch zur Lebens-Geschichte.* Von J. D. E. Preuss,
Berlin, 5 vols. 1834.

IN a Convocation held at Oxford on the 1st of July, 1847, it was proposed and agreed that the University Seal should be affixed to a Letter of Thanks to His Majesty the King of Prussia for his Majesty's gracious present of the three first volumes of a magnificent edition of the Works of King Frederick the Great.* We have no doubt that the good taste of the Royal Donor will limit his gift to the earlier volumes, which comprise such writings as the *Mémoires de Brandebourg* and *L'Histoire de Mon Temps*. Were his Majesty to send the complete collection, with what feelings could the Reverend Heads of houses be expected to read—or with what expressions to acknowledge—the *Commentaire Théologique sur Barbe Bleue*, or the Ode, in the style of Petronius, on the French fugitives after Rosbach!*

This new edition comes forth with a splendour well becoming, if not the value of the works, yet certainly the rank of the author. No expense has been spared on the paper or the types; and the editor, Dr. Preuss, is eminently qualified for the task from his most full and valuable, and on the whole impartial and discriminating, Life of King Frederick which appeared in 1832.

We shall not be tempted, however, by this opportunity to enter into any minute discussion of the writings of the Prussian monarch. On his general demerits as an author, the department of letter-writing alone excepted, his imperfect mastery of the French in which he chose to write, and his peculiar tediousness both in his prose and verse, or rather in his two kinds of prose, the rhymed and unrhymed—we imagine that all critics of all countries (unless possibly his own) are entirely agreed. Nor do we propose to descant either upon the freaks of his youth or the glories of his

* *Congé de l'Armée des Cercles et des Tonnelliers, Œuvres Posthumes*, vol. xv, p. 217.

wars. Both are sufficiently well known—the former through his own sister, the Margravine de Bareith, and his favourite, Voltaire;—the latter from the pages of more than one historian. But it seems to us that his system of administration in peace has by no means received the same degree of attention as his military exploits. Nor are the habits of his declining age so familiar to us as those of his early manhood. It is therefore to these—the life of Frederick public and private since the Peace of Hubertsburg—that we now desire to apply ourselves. For this investigation the biography of Dr. Preuss, with his five volumes of appended documents, will supply our best, though by no means our only, materials.

From the Peace of Hubertsburg in 1763 until his death in 1786, Frederick may be said to have enjoyed uninterrupted peace. For although a declaration of war was called forth by the Bavarian Succession in 1778, it was merely, as he might have termed it in his adopted language, *une levée de boucliers*; it led scarcely even to a skirmish, far less to a battle or a siege. But these twenty-three years of public peace were to the King himself very far from years of repose. A slight sketch of his daily life at Potsdam or Sans Souci will best portray his unremitting activity.

The value of early hours had been felt by Frederick in his campaigns, especially when opposed to indolent and luxurious courtiers like the Prince de Soubise. ‘*Je pense bien,*’ says Voltaire, 30th March, 1759—(he is addressing Frederick and alluding to Soubise)—‘*que celui qui met ses bottes à quatre heures du matin a un grand avantage au jeu contre celui qui monte en carrosse à midi.*’ These early habits of Frederick were continued in his years of peace. In summer he usually rose at three, seldom ever after four; in winter he was scarcely an hour later. During the prime of his manhood five or six hours of sleep sufficed him; but in his old age the term was extended to seven or eight. His ablutions, when performed at all, were slight and few. While still in the hands of his hair-dresser he opened his first packet of letters from Berlin; this packet contained only such letters as, either by their seals or by Post-office notices, were known to come from Prussian nobles. All other letters of subjects not of noble birth were opened by some one of the four Cabinet-Secretaries. How would his Prussian Majesty, thus nice in matters of epistolary etiquette, have stared at Sir Robert Walpole, of whom it is recorded that, whenever a batch of letters reached him from the country, that from his gamekeeper was always the first which he perused!

The King next proceeded to dress himself, and put on his hat, which

which he wore almost constantly within doors, and took off only during interviews with persons of high birth and at dinner time. His strict economy was manifest in his dress, for his uniforms were usually patched and threadbare, while his boots from age and want of blacking appeared of a tawny red. Two of the Cabinet-Secretaries now laid before him extracts of the letters which they had opened, together with various petitions and memorials. The Adjutant of the Royal Guard brought a Report of all strangers who had either arrived at or departed from Potsdam the day before. A similar report as to Berlin had already reached the King, inclosed in the first packet of letters. Next came the Adjutant-General, with whom Frederick was wont day by day to discuss and decide all the affairs of the army.

Having despatched these affairs, Frederick passed into his writing-room, where he began by drinking off several glasses of cold water flavoured with fennel-leaves, and employed himself with replies to his letters and notes on his memorials. At intervals he used to sip several cups of coffee, which, in the last twenty years of his life, were always mingled with mustard. Not unfrequently, also, he indulged in a little fruit which stood ready on the side-table; of stone-fruit, above all, he was passionately fond. Parsimonious as he seemed on most occasions, he would buy the earliest forced cherries in the months of December and January for his private eating at the rate of two dollars each.

It was the object of Frederick in this, as in other matters, to bring forward hidden merit. In a remote district an avenue of cherry-trees led, and still leads, from the village of Helmsdorf to the village of Heiligenthal. It excited little notice until Frederick, on one of his journeys, having tasted the fruit, was struck with its peculiar richness of flavour; and gave orders that some basketfuls of it should be sent every summer to Potsdam.

While still in his writing-room Frederick allowed himself daily half an hour's relaxation with his flute. But even this short relaxation was by no means lost time so far as business was concerned. He once said to d'Alembert that during his musical exercises he was accustomed to turn over in his mind his affairs of state, and that several of his happiest thoughts for their administration had occurred to him at those times.

Between eight and ten o'clock the King received the Cabinet-Secretaries separately, and gave them his instructions. These men, though inferior both in rank and salary, were the chief instruments of his sovereign will: for it is not the least among the singularities of his government, that only by exception, and on special occasions, did Frederick ever see his own Ministers. It

was in writing that they sent him their reports,—it was in writing that he sent them his commands.

After the Cabinet-Secretaries had been despatched, the occupations of Frederick until dinner were not so uniformly fixed as the preceding. Sometimes he attended the review of his guards at eleven; sometimes took a ride, sometimes a walk, sometimes read aloud to himself, and sometimes granted audiences. In these—at least with respect to his own subjects who were not of noble birth, nor admitted to his familiar intercourse—no Eastern Sultan ever maintained more haughty state. We have now lying before us two reports of interviews, as printed in the appendix to one of Dr. Preuss's volumes; the one from a President of the *Chambre des Domaines* at Cleves, the other from his colleague, a second President at Aurich; and it appears incidentally that although both of them parted from the King with full assurances of his approbation and favour, they were not admitted to kiss his hand, but only his coat!

But whatever might be the previous occupations, as the clock struck noon Frederick sat down to dinner. In his youth twelve had been the dinner-hour for all classes at Berlin; nay, his ancestor the Great Elector had always dined at eleven. But before the close of Frederick's reign the people of fashion gradually extended the hour till two; and ever since at Berlin, as elsewhere, it has become later and later. Well may a French novelist of our own time exclaim, 'Tous les jours on dîne plus tard; incessamment on ne dinera plus du tout!'

Since the close of the Seven Years' War Frederick had renounced suppers, and dinner became with him, as with Prince Talleyrand, his single daily meal. The King was a *gourmand* of the first water; and had he survived till 1802, would no doubt have received the honorary presidency of the *Jury Dégustateur*; or the dedication of Grimod de la Reynière's '*Almanach*,' preferably even to the Second Consul Cambacérès. The bill of fare was daily laid before his Majesty, comprising not merely a list of the dishes, but the name of the cook by whom each dish was to be dressed; and these bills of fare were always well considered, and often corrected and amended by the Royal hand. Sometimes, when they gave promise of some novel experiment or favourite dainty—as *polentas* and eel-pies—the King, in his eagerness, would order the dinner to be brought in ten or twelve minutes earlier than the appointed hour. After dinner he used to mark with a cross the names of those dishes which had afforded him particular pleasure. Of wine he drank sparingly; his favourite vintage being from the banks of the Dordogne, and in general diluted with water.

The

The King's meals, however, were highly social as well as gastronomic. He frequently invited guests in numbers varying from seven to ten, and entertained them with a varied and never-failing flow of conversation. There was no limitation as to rank in those whom he invited, nor any arrogance of Royalty in his behaviour towards them; but they suffered unmercifully from his wit, or as his butts, for he especially delighted in such jests as were most likely to give pain. Thus, then, came his guests, half pleased and half afraid:—

‘In quorum facie miseræ magnæque sedebat
Pallor amicitiae.’

Politics, religion, and history, with anecdotes of Court and war, jocular and serious, were his favourite topics, and were always treated with entire freedom and unreserve. When the guests amused him, or when the conversation took a more than usually interesting turn, the sitting was sometimes protracted from noon till past four o'clock; in general, however, it ended much sooner.

On rising from table Frederick allowed himself another half hour with his flute; after which the Cabinet-Secretaries brought in the letters which he had directed or dictated, and which now came before him again transcribed and ready for his signature. It was not unusual for the King when signing to enforce the object of the letter by adding to it a few clear sharp words. Many of these postscripts are still preserved. Thus, when he replied to an application for money, there are sometimes found appended in the Royal handwriting such phrases as ‘I cannot give a single *groschen*,’ or ‘I am now as poor as Job.’ Thus, when the celebrated singer Madame Mara sent him a long memorial against some intended arrangements at the Opera, the King's postscript is—‘*Elle est payée pour chanter et non pas écrire.*’* Thus, again, when a veteran General had asked permission to retire, the official answer bids him reconsider his request, and there follows, *manu propria*, the significant remark—‘The hens that will not lay I will not feed!’†

But, perhaps, the most curious of all is the following in five words to Baron Arnim, in which five words it will be seen that three languages are blended, and each of the three incorrectly:—‘*Scriptus est scriptus; nicht raisoniren.*’‡

In some, though not numerous, cases the postscript seems to us utterly at variance with the letter. Thus when Colonel Philip

* June 30, 1776.

† To General Von Lax-Dehnen, January 8, 1773. Two days after the King (according to his hint) granted the General his retirement, but refused him his pension.

‡ Oct. 26, 1776—*Urkunden-buch*, vol. iii. p. 196.

Von Borcke wished to retire from the army and to live on his estates in Pomerania, the King (May 30, 1785) desired a letter to be drawn out for his Royal signature, stating 'that the said Colonel has been always found faithful, brave, and irreproachable in times of war, and that his Majesty has been constantly satisfied with him;' but in signing this document the King added with his own hand some German words to the following effect:— '*Abschied* for a Prussian who will not serve, and one ought therefore to thank God that one gets rid of him.' Surely, whatever satisfaction or advantage the letter might be intended to confer must have been turned into the very opposite by such an addition.

When this correspondence was completed, the King sometimes took a walk—out of doors if the weather was fine, or through his saloons if it rained. Sometimes he conversed with his friend Colonel Guichard, whom he had by patent new-named Quintus Icilius, or some other staff-officer; sometimes he received the artists who had executed his commissions, or who brought him their works to view. But whenever his leisure served, the hours between four and six, or what remained of them, were devoted to his literary labours. It was during this interval that he composed nearly all the volumes in prose and verse which are now to be reprinted. Numerous, indeed, they are. As Voltaire says of him and to him (March 24, 1772), '*Il a fait plus de livres qu'aucun des princes contemporains n'a fait de bâtards!*'

It is very remarkable, however, and not easily explained, that though Frederick practised authorship for almost half a century—though every day he was reading and writing German for business and French for pleasure—yet he never in any degree mastered the spelling of either language. To the last we find the strangest errors even in the most common words. Thus he writes winter *HIVERD*, old *VIEU*, flesh *CHER*, actress *ACCTRISSÉ*, and the word which in private life he most disliked, *PEYER*.

It is also singular that up to the close of May, 1737, his Majesty always signed his name in French according to the usual manner, *FREDERIC*, but ever afterwards *FEDERIC*.

From six till seven o'clock the King had usually a small concert, in which only musicians or a few amateurs of the highest rank were admitted, and in which he himself played the flute. By long practice he had acquired excellent skill with that instrument. In his very last years, however, the decay of his front teeth deprived him of this daily recreation. Thus losing the power to execute, he lost also the wish to hear, music; and from that time forward he seldom appeared at any concert.

During Frederick's earlier years his suppers had become justly

justly renowned from the wit of the guests whom he there gathered round him and from his own. Voltaire thus alludes to them in a sketch at that period of his Royal Patron's daily life:—

‘Il est grand Roi tout le matin,
Après dîner grand écrivain,
Tout le jour philosophe humain,
Et le soir convive divin;
C’est un assez joli destin :—
Puisse-t-il n’avoir point de fin !’

But when, after 1763, the King discontinued his suppers, the void thus left in his evenings was supplied by still frequently receiving a circle of distinguished men, as some of his generals, the Marquis d’Argens, Lord Marischal, and Lucchesini. His usual plan was to begin by reading aloud to them a passage from some book, which served as a kind of text for the lively conversation which ensued. During the rest of the evening, or for the whole of it when no visitors came, the King was read to by one or more *lecteurs*, selecting either original French works or translations into French of the Greek and Latin classics. At about nine o’clock he went to bed.

Such was the daily life of Frederick; a life not at all varied on Sundays or other holydays, but diversified by annual reviews of his troops and journeys to his provinces. From his alternate toils in the field and labours in the administration, it might be supposed that he had in truth an iron frame; on the contrary, however, his health from his childhood was delicate and variable. But the want of bodily strength was well supplied by his ardent and indomitable soul. The following are his own expressions in a letter to Voltaire of the 7th September, 1776:—

‘Quant à ma méthode de ne me point ménager, elle est toujours la même. Plus on se soigne et plus le corps devient délicat et faible. Mon métier veut du travail et de l’action: il faut que mon corps et mon esprit se plient à leur devoir. Il n’est pas nécessaire que je vive, mais bien que j’agisse. Je m’en suis toujours bien trouvé. Cependant je ne prescriis cette méthode à personne, et me contente de la suivre.’

It may be observed that the sketch of the King’s daily life makes no reference whatever to a Queen Consort; yet in 1733, under his father’s dictation, Frederick had espoused the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern, who survived not only through his whole reign of almost half a century, but even for eleven years afterwards, namely, till 1797. This Princess was of exemplary character, filled with admiration for the great deeds of her husband, and grateful for the slightest token of his notice; and so benevolent, that of the 41,000 dollars assigned her yearly she devoted

devoted no less than 24,000 to purposes of charity. Like Frederick she had a taste for literature; but, unlike him, loved to encourage the German rather than the French; and, unlike him also, she was imbued with a deep and fervent, though unostentatious, feeling of religion. For some years Frederick, dreading the resentment of his imperious and brutal father, had lived with her on apparently good terms; but on his own accession to the throne he allotted to her the château of Schönhausen for her separate residence. To the end of her life she never even saw the new palaces at Potsdam. At Berlin, however, during winter, she had apartments in the Royal Palace: the King used to dine with her in state three or four times every year, and on all occasions showed her, as her character deserved, marks of his high respect and esteem. But the union had been, from the first, a constrained one; and he had little taste for hers, or indeed for any female, society; men were, on all occasions, his chosen and favourite companions.

There are some points however, real or alleged, in Frederick's private life, which we do not wish to discuss at large. We shall waive any further testimony, and merely insert without comment the following extract from a despatch of our own distinguished countryman, Lord Malmesbury, when Envoy at Berlin:—

‘At these moments when he (Frederick) lays aside the Monarch and indulges himself in every kind of debauchery, he never suffers the instruments or partakers of these excesses to have the smallest influence over him. Some few he has rewarded; discarded several; but left most of them in the same situation he found them.’*

The conduct of Frederick, as a master and in his household, cannot be held deserving of praise. Some of his warmest admirers, as Dr. Preuss, acknowledge that he was extremely harsh towards his servants, chary in wages or rewards to them; but, on the other hand, liberal of sharp reproofs and of blows both with his fist and with his cane. These, however, were their lighter punishments: when their offences seemed more serious they were at once discarded, or sent to prison, or enlisted as common soldiers. Thus, for instance, one valet de chambre named Deesen or Deiss was thought to have embezzled some money, and had been ordered to enter the army as a drummer, when, on the 23rd of July, 1775, the unhappy man put a pistol to his head, and fell a corpse in Frederick's own ante-chamber. The King was startled at the noise, and asked what had happened; on being told, he only remarked, ‘I did not think that the fellow had so much courage.’†

* Despatch to the Earl of Suffolk, Berlin, March 18, 1776.

† Compare Preuss, *Lebens-Geschichte*, vol. i. p. 424, note, with the despatch of Lord Malmesbury of July 29, 1775, giving a milder version of the King's reply.

Frederick used to show especial anger and displeasure whenever any man-servant contracted either matrimony or a less legitimate connexion with the other sex. The same prejudice subsisted against the marriages of his familiar friends and associates, as D'Argens, Quintus Icilius, and Le Catt. It is said, however, that in the last few years of Frederick's life, and when himself probably conscious of decay, he had become in all respects less ungracious and exacting to his household.

But although gusts and sallies of passion were by no means uncommon with Frederick, we scarcely ever find them impel him in the transaction of state-business. A few cases to the contrary might be gathered from Dr. Preuss's volumes, but should be considered as only exceptions. Thus, on one occasion, a young man, a *Land-Rath*, in Brandenburg, wrote to the King to state that a flight of locusts had appeared in his district. The King, in his answer, expressed his disbelief that any of the plagues of Egypt could have strayed so far north. Upon this the young *Land-Rath* sent to Court some of the locusts in a box with air-holes, which box was no sooner opened by Frederick than the locusts emerged and flew about the room, to his Majesty's great annoyance and ire. He immediately despatched a Cabinet order, which still exists, under the date of September 27, 1779, directing that in future no man shall be admitted a *Land-Rath* without being at least thirty-five years of age—his Majesty, it adds, being determined to have henceforth no 'children nor pert young fellows' in office—[*Kinder und junge nase-weise*].

Another curious point in Frederick's private life was his passion for snuff and for lap-dogs. Of the former, Lord Malmesbury (*Diaries*, vol. i. p. 6) speaks as follows:—

'The King is a great taker of snuff. I could not even get a sight of his snuff-boxes, of which he has a most magnificent collection. That he carries is of an enormous size; and he takes it not by pinches, but by handfuls. It is difficult to approach him without sneezing. They pretend that the perquisite that comes to the *valets de chambre* from the snuff they get by drying his handkerchiefs is very considerable.'

With respect to his four-footed favourites, the King had always about him several small English greyhounds; but of these only one was in favour at a time, the others being taken merely as companions and playmates to the fondling. Thus the others were carried out at night and brought in again in the morning, while the chosen one slept in his Majesty's own bed, and by day was allowed a special chair, well cushioned, and close at his side. All of them, however, had licence as they pleased to jump over or to sprawl upon the most costly articles of furniture; and stuffed leather balls,

balls, as playthings for them, were provided in the several apartments. Even during his campaigns Frederick went attended by these canine companions. Thus, on the 8th of December, 1760, when the Marquis d'Argens entered the King's quarters at Leipzig, he found Frederick seated on the floor with the dogs around, and a dish of fricasseed chicken before him, out of which his Majesty with a stick was pushing the most dainty morsels to his favourite. As these greyhounds died they were buried on the terrace of Sans Souci, with the name of each on a gravestone; and Frederick in his will expressed his desire that his own remains might be interred by their side—a parting token of his attachment to them and of his contempt for mankind! On this point, however, his wishes have not been complied with.

Of fine horses, also, Frederick, like most eminent commanders, was fond. Several chargers which he rode were killed or wounded under him during his wars. Many of them bore the names of celebrated and contemporary ministers, as Choiseul, Brühl, Kaunitz, Pitt, and Bute, not as being gifts from these statesmen, but as a compliment to them. But poor Bute's was a hard fate. When his namesake, the Scottish peer, forsook the alliance with Prussia, and concluded a separate peace with France, Bute, the thorough-bred steed, was in requital condemned to be yoked with a mule, and employed in drawing to and fro the orange-trees on the terraces at Potsdam.

During the last ten years of his life, Frederick's favourite horse for his own riding was called Condé. Almost every day he was brought before his Royal Master, and fed with his own hand with sugar, figs, and melons.

The strict economy of Frederick had been at first enforced from the straits in which his father left him: it was afterwards recommended by the poverty of his provinces. From such provinces it was no light matter to raise the sinews of war against Austria, Russia, and France combined. From such provinces, even during the later years of peace, it was no easy task to maintain the largest standing army in Europe, and to accumulate as treasure in reserve several millions of dollars in the vaults of Magdeburg. Yet still this great virtue of economy, to which, next to his military genius, Frederick owed his triumphs, when it came to be extended to trifles, or applied to points where splendour is one element of usefulness, seems to belong to the domain of Molière, and grow into the part of Harpagon. Thus, at the King's own table, not a bottle of champagne was to be opened without his own special command. Thus again, as we are told by Müller, the historian of Switzerland, Frederick on one occasion, when examining the budget

budget of his principality of Neuchatel, detected and exposed an error of only three *sous*. Thus, also, to the very close of his reign, he never enabled the Prussian Envoys at foreign Courts to assume a state at all commensurate to the importance which their country had acquired, but condemned them to languish in obscurity on most inadequate stipends, as during his father's reign. The tragic fate of Luicius, who had been the Prussian Envoy at the Hague in the time of Frederick William I., is told by Voltaire with much humour, and no doubt some exaggeration. During a severe winter this poor man had no money to buy fuel, and ventured to cut down for fire-wood some trees in the garden of his official residence; but the fact came to the ears of his Royal Master, who by return of post sent him a reprimand, and told him that he should be mulcted on that account a whole year's pay! Upon this, says Voltaire—'Luicius désespéré, se coupa la gorge avec le seul rasoir qu'il eut. Un vieux valet vint à son secours, et lui sauva malheureusement la vie.'

There were only two of the King's tastes in which he ever allowed himself to step beyond the bounds of the most exact economy—in eating and in building. As to the former, we have shown already that he belonged to the Apician school. But even there he closely weighed the cost. He might sometimes, though rarely, be extravagant beforehand, but when once the dainties were devoured, he would often murmur at the bill. Here is an instance. On the 9th of November, 1784, there were several additional dishes at his table, and an account of the extra expenses then incurred was next day presented to him. It amounted to 25 *thaler* 10 *groschen* and 1½ *pfennigs*. But his Majesty, with his own hand, wrote upon the margin: 'A robbery; for there were at table about an hundred oysters, which would cost 4 *thalers*; the cakes 2 *thalers*; the quab's liver 1 *thaler*; the cakes of Russian fashion 2 *thalers*; altogether it might be, perhaps, 11 *thalers*; the rest a robbery. To-day there was one extra dish; herrings with pease; it may cost 1 *thaler*; therefore everything above 12 *thalers* is an impertinent robbery. (Signed) FREDERICK.'

As to building—if we observe the passion for it, whenever it is once engaged in, it may perhaps deserve to be ranked among the highest and most engrossing of human pleasures. The case of Frederick was no exception to this rule. He took an ever fresh delight in the construction of new palaces and in the adornment of the old. In this department, as in most others, he had by his indomitable application acquired both knowledge and skill, and was able, though not always quite successfully, to direct his architects. There commonly lay at his side the volumes of Palladio and Piranesi, from which he would give designs, or suggest ideas, for any
of

of the new constructions in progress. He never issued any order for a building without a previous estimate of its expense. Yet, notwithstanding this wise precaution, when his palace of Sans Souci came to be completed, he was himself startled at the cost, and ordered that the accounts should be burned, so that no exact knowledge of them might reach posterity.

The correspondence of Frederick was most multifarious, extending not only to ministers and statesmen but to many eminent authors and familiar friends. On business his letters were always clear, brief, and to the point, and frequently deserve the praise of an humane and benevolent spirit greatly in advance of his age. Thus, when one of his subjects, in 1782, applied for the use of the Prussian flag in carrying on the slave trade, the King replies as follows:—

‘ La traite des nègres m’a toujours paru flétrissante pour l’humanité, et jamais je ne l’autoriserai ni la favoriserai par mes actions. D’ailleurs vous prétendez acheter et équiper vos vaisseaux en France et décharger vos marchandises de retour dans tel port de l’Europe que vous jugerez à propos, et c’est encore un motif de plus pour vous refuser mon pavillon. Toutefois si ce négoce a tant d’appas pour vous, vous n’avez qu’à retourner en France pour satisfaire votre goût! Sur ce je prie Dieu qu’il vous ait en sa sainte et digne garde. *FREDERIC*.’*

To estimate the full merit of this letter, let it be remembered how far in the rear was still the feeling of England on this subject at this date of 1782. How large a majority amongst ourselves were still firmly determined to maintain that infamous traffic! How many years of unrewarded toil were still in store for Wilberforce and Clarkson!

The letters of Frederick to his friends, personal and literary, seem to us greatly superior in merit and interest to any of his other writings. Though sometimes to our misfortune studded with his own mawkish verses, they are often instructive and almost always entertaining. The following may serve as a short but agreeable specimen of his lighter style. It is addressed to one of his Chamberlains, the veteran Baron Pöllnitz, who had just presented him with an unusual dainty—a turkey fattened upon walnuts.

‘ *MONSIEUR LE BARON*—Le diuon que votre Sérénité a eu la bonté de m’envoyer a été servi ce midi sur ma table. On l’a pris pour une autruche, tant il était grand et pompeux; le goût s’en est trouvé admirable; et tous les convives ont convenu avec moi que vous étiez fait pour vous acquitter bien de tout ce que vous entrepreniez. Il me serait douloureux, Monsieur le Baron, de rester en arrière vis à vis de vous, et de

* Potsdam, ce 18 Avril, 1782. *Urkunden-buch*, vol. iv. p. 220.

ne pas songer à votre cuisine comme vous avez eu la bonté de penser à la mienne ; mais comme je n'ai pas trouvé parmi les volatiles d'animal assez grand, et digne de vous être offert, je me suis rejeté sur les quadrupèdes. Je vous avoue que si j'avais pu trouver un éléphant blanc du Chah de Perse, que je me serais fait un plaisir de vous l'envoyer. Faute de cela, j'ai eu recours à un bœuf bien engraisé. Je me suis dit à moi-même ; un bœuf est un animal utile, laborieux et pesant ; c'est mon emblème ; l'âge qui me mine m'apesantit tous les jours ; je voudrais être laborieux et utile, et pour vous l'être en quelque façon vous voudrez bien accepter, Monsieur le Baron, le petit meuble de basse-cour que je prends la liberté de vous offrir ; et comme j'é ne me suis pas fié sur ma propre habileté, je l'ai fait choisir chez le plus expert de tous les engraisseurs. Sur ce, je prie Dieu, &c. *FEDERIC.**

'à Potsdam, ce 6 Février, 1765.'

We will subjoin the Baron's reply :—

'SIRE— Je supplie très-humblement votre Majesté d'agréer mes très-humbles remerciemens pour le bœuf qu'elle a bien voulu m'envoyer. Si je ne l'ai pas adoré comme le Dieu Apis, je l'ai du moins reçu avec toute la vénération que mérite son air respectable. Une foule de peuple l'a admiré à ma porte, et a cru que je l'en régèlerais, et l'a vu conduire avec curie dans mon écurie, dont il ne sortira que pour être sacrifié au plus grand des Monarques ; cérémonie qui sera accompagnée de cris sincères de Vive le Roi ! Votre Majesté me permettra de finir ma lettre par ce cri, que je réunirai toute ma vie au profond respect avec lequel je suis, Sire, &c. *POLLNITZ.**

'Berlin, ce 7 Février, 1765.'

But the favourite correspondence of Frederick at the time, as the most interesting to us now, was with Voltaire. Considering the violent and public breach between them in 1753—the contumelious arrest on one side, and the biting pleasantries on the other— it might have been supposed that these two eminent men would have ever thenceforth stood asunder ; but the King's admiration for his late prisoner at Frankfort was most ardent and sincere. He thoroughly believed, as he says in more than one passage of his writings, that Voltaire, as an epic poet surpassed Homer, as a tragic poet Sophocles, and as a philosopher Plato. He never doubted that the author of the '*Henriade*,' and of the '*Annales de l'Empire*,' would be the main dispenser of fame for his own day. On the other hand, Voltaire was by no means insensible to the honour of numbering a monarch amongst the imitators of his versification and the pupils of his philosophy. Nor can any man who writes history be insensible to the higher merits of him who makes it—who, instead of merely commemorating, performs great deeds. Thus, even in the midst of their

** Urkunden-buch, vol. iii. pp. 134, 135.*

quarrel, the seeds of reconciliation remained; and within a very brief period there again arose between them a regular correspondence, and an exchange of graceful compliments. In 1775, for example, the King sent to Ferney a bust of Voltaire in Berlin potcelain, with the motto IMMORTALI; and Voltaire replied in the following lines:—

‘ Je dis à ce héros, dont la main Souveraine
Me donne l’immortalité,
Vous m’accordez, grand homme, avec trop de bonté,
Des terres dans votre domaine !’

‘ Avoir vécu dans le siècle de Voltaire ; cela me suffit ! ’* exclaims the King. ‘ Je mourrai,’ cries the philosopher, ‘ avec le regret de n’avoir pas achevé ma vie auprès du plus grand homme de l’Europe, que j’ose aimer autant qu’admirer ! ’† The two friends, however, while thus exchanging laurel crowns, knew each other well ; and whenever they wrote or spoke to third parties were far from gentle in their epithets. Sir Andrew Mitchell, for many years our Envoy at Berlin, informs us : ‘ What surprises me is, that whenever Voltaire’s name is mentioned, his Prussian Majesty never fails to give him the epithets he may deserve, which are the worst heart and greatest rascal now living ; and yet with all this he continues to correspond with him ! ’‡ Voltaire, on his part, handled the character of Frederick with more wit, but equal rancour. In his secret correspondence with D’Alembert and others he often—besides other bitter jests—gives the King a covert nickname intended to convey a most foul reproach. And whenever during the Seven Years’ War any disaster befell the Prussian arms, there went forth two sets of letters from Ferney—the one to Frederick expressing his sympathy and sorrow—the other to some Minister or General on the opposite side, urging the Allies to pursue their victory and to complete the ruin of his friend.

The rich flow of Frederick’s conversation is acknowledged and praised by all who had approached him, and chiefly by those who had themselves a similar skill. In that respect there can be no higher testimony than the following from the Prince de Ligne :

‘ Il avait un son de voix fort doux, assez bas, et aussi agréable que le mouvement de ses lèvres, qui avait une grâce inexprimable ; c’est ce qui faisait je crois qu’on ne s’apercevait pas qu’il fût, ainsi que les héros d’Homère, un peu babillard mais sublime. On ne pouvait certainement pas trouver un plus grand parleur que le Roi, mais on était charmé qu’il le fut ! ’

It is plain, however, that the King, who was, as we shall presently

* A Voltaire, le 21 Juillet, 1775.

† Au Roi de Prusse, le 11 Février, 1775.

‡ See the Chatham Papers, vol. ii. p. 30.

see, a warm partisan of monopolies in commerce, used to extend the same system to his conversation. The Prince de Ligne, in the same account of his interview, adds with much naïveté: 'Encore, me disais-je à moi-même, il faudra bien que je dise un mot!'^{*}

With his own dependents Frederick loved to season his conversation with practical jests. Thus, finding that the Marquis d'Argens was a hypochondriac as to health, he was wont sometimes in their interviews to interrupt himself with an exclamation on the ill-looks of his friend, upon which the poor Marquis used to hurry home in affright and keep his bed for the twenty-four hours following! Thus again, one day with the Baron de Pöllnitz, who was always in want of money, and who had already changed his religion, the King slyly threw out some hints as to a rich canonry in Silesia then vacant and ready for a friend, upon which Pöllnitz, as Frederick had foreseen, swallowed the bait, and that very evening publicly abjured the Protestant for the Roman Catholic faith. But when next day he hastened back to Court to announce his conversion and to claim the benefice, he was told by Frederick to his great dismay, that the prize had just before been granted to another candidate. His Majesty added with a bitter taunt, though with affected sympathy, 'Que puis-je faire pour vous maintenant? Ah! je me rappelle qu'il me reste encore à nommer à une place de Rabbín; faites-vous Juif, et je vous la promets!'[†]

With strangers, on the contrary, or with those whom he wished to please, Frederick knew how to pay a compliment with inimitable taste and skill. How graceful, for example, his exclamation to General Laudohn, the most able of all his adversaries, during the interviews with the Emperor's Court in 1770, when he saw the General seated on the other side of the table: 'Pray, Sir, take a place at my side; I do not like to have you opposite!'

In his correspondence, as in his conversation, the King seldom referred to the Christian faith without a scoff or a sneer. Having entirely made up his mind against its truth, he seems to have considered it unworthy of serious argument or even of reverent mention. He alludes with peculiar contempt to the piety of the poorer classes: 'Ce paysan,' says he in one passage, 'qui parlait du Seigneur Dieu avec une vénération idiote!'[‡] But there were several points of philosophy or natural religion which Frederick loved to discuss and to hear discussed in his presence. Foremost among these was the immortality of the soul. It is not easy to say to which side of that great question his own belief inclined.

^{*} *Lettres du Maréchal Prince de Ligne*, vol. i. p. 46, ed. 1809.

[†] Thiebault, *Souvenirs de Berlin*, vol. iii. p. 84, ed. 1804.

[‡] *A Voltaire*, le 3 Février, 1742.

Passages on both sides might be cited from his writings. Nay, there is one letter to Voltaire which, as it seems to us, assumes each opinion by turns in the course of the same sentence:—

‘*Ma santé baisse à vue d’œil, et je pourrais bien aller entretenir Virgile de la Henriade, et descendre dans ce pays où nos chagrins, nos plaisirs, et nos espérances ne nous suivent plus, où votre beau génie et celui d’un goujat sont réduits à la même valeur, où enfin on se trouve dans l’état qui précède la naissance.*’ (31 Oct. 1760.)

Now, if, as the latter part of the sentence intimates, Frederick really held the gloomy faith of the ancient Roman:

‘*Quæris, quo jaceas post obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent?*—

—it is plain that there could be no prospect, as in the first part of the sentence, of communing with the spirit of Virgil or with any other. So inconsistent with itself is infidelity!

The private life of Frederick in his later years as we have now portrayed it, without, as we believe, either exaggeration or concealment, contains beyond all question much that is harsh and strange, many things which may be laughed at, and many which must be lamented. With such a life it seems at first sight incredible how even the interested adulation of the French philosophists could award him the epithet of ‘Great.’ Perhaps, too, our satisfaction at this epithet will hardly increase when we are told how freely it was adopted by himself,—how frequently the words ‘*FRIDERICVS MAGNVS*’ appear on his own inscriptions. But how changed the scene when we come to view the same character from another aspect—as a statesman or a warrior! The injustice of all his wars—since all arose in fact from his robbery of Silesia in the first year of his reign, with no other right than the right of the stronger, and no better plea than the wolf in the fable gives the lamb—this injustice, great and grievous though it be, can scarcely dim the lustre of his victories. Who could forget that immortal strife of Seven Years, when, with no other ally than England, Frederick stood firm against all the chief powers of the Continent combined? Who could fail to admire that self-taught skill with which he overthrew his enemies, or that lofty spirit with which he bore, and at last retrieved, reverses? How heroic he appears at Rosbach when scattering far and wide the threefold numbers of France! How heroic when, after that battle, which as he said himself had merely gained him leisure to fight another battle elsewhere (so closely was he then beset with foes), he marched against the Austrians in Silesia, disregarded their strong position, contemned the winter season, and declared that he was resolved to assail them even though they had intrenched themselves on the church-

church-steeple of Breslau! How glorious the day of Leuthen which followed, and which Napoleon has pronounced a masterpiece in war! How not less glorious in the succeeding summer the day of Zorndorf, when Frederick looked down on the heaps of Russian slain, and beheld the Czarina's army destroyed rather than defeated by his arms!

Nor, again, is the honour slight of having maintained in perfect discipline, and with unimpaired renown, during twenty-three years of peace, an army of an hundred and fifty thousand men. To the last, while Frederick lived, the well-earned military fame of Prussia was worthily upheld. Twenty years after his death on the field of Jena it was clearly proved how much the high merit of that army depended on his own. When at St. Helena Napoleon was asked which were the best troops that the world had ever seen, he answered—(not perhaps without some injustice both to himself and to his adversary at Waterloo)—‘The Carthaginians under Hannibal, the Romans under the Scipios, the Macedonians under Alexander, and the Prussians under Frederick!’*

Yet even this discipline had its dark side. In our own times experience has proved that the due obedience of soldiers does not depend on their ill-treatment. But far different maxims prevailed in Frederick's age, and the good order of his troops was maintained by a large amount of individual suffering. In the first place, the non-commissioned officers plied the cane without stint or mercy on the common men. If we were required to draw an emblematic picture of a Prussian soldier of those days, we should portray him covered with scars in front from his enemy, and covered with scars behind from his corporal! A veteran of Frederick's army, who was still alive in 1833, recently described the dreadful effect of those cruelties which he witnessed in Silesia—how many poor soldiers were flogged to desertion, how many to suicide, how many to madness!† Amongst the Prussian peasants such was the horror of entering the army that it became necessary to promulgate an edict against those who had cut off their own thumbs, hoping by such mutilation to disqualify themselves for the service! We may observe in passing, that according to Saumaise and Horne Tooke a similar practice gave rise to the French word *Poltron* (quasi *pollice truncatus*).

Among the officers the grievances were different, but scarcely less. Noble birth was in nearly all cases held indispensable for promotion. On any vacancy occurring in a regiment, the Colonel was required by the rules to recommend to his Majesty for appointment the most deserving subaltern, provided only that he

* *Mémorial de St. Hélène*, par le Comte de Las Cases, vol. vi. p. 6.

† *Schlesische Provinzial-blätter*, ix. p. 241, as quoted by Prouse.

was noble. In several instances, even foreign noblemen were, avowedly on the ground of their birth, preferred for officers' places to native plebeians. In like manner, none but youths of good family were allowed admission into the College of Cadets. So late as 1784 we find Frederick directing the expulsion of three brothers named Stephani as being deficient in this essential qualification—'not of true and right nobility,'* says the King himself. Celibacy, though recommended in most services, has never yet been so rigidly enforced in any other; as an instance, it is mentioned that when in 1778 the Baireuth regiment of dragoons was reviewed by the King, it contained seventy-four officers, and of these not one—from the commander, General Bülow, down to the youngest Ensign—was a married man! In other respects the duties were very severe, and the least departures from them punished by long arrests, while the pay was extremely small, and leave of absence seldom granted.

Scanty, however, as were the allowances of the Prussian army, they absorbed the larger share of the revenues of the state. In 1740, just before the accession of Frederick, it is stated that from a total income of 7,137,000 dollars, not less than 5,977,000 were devoted to the military department. At Frederick's decease in 1786, when the provinces had more than doubled in extent and population, and much more than doubled in productive industry, the income was twenty-two millions, and the expenses of the army thirteen. Yet notwithstanding this constant and enormous drain on his resources, such was the wise economy of Frederick, that he never seemed to want money whenever any object of public utility seemed to need assistance. We have already noticed his taste for building as shown in his costly palaces, but it would be doing him great injustice to suppose that it was confined to them; not only his capital, but his principal cities, such as Breslau, owed him the construction of libraries, theatres, and other stately public edifices, besides new streets and squares for private houses. In one of his letters of 1773, he is able to boast with just pride that he had that very year begun to rebuild some towns in Prussian Poland, which had lain in ruins ever since the pestilence of 1709.† In the same year he made arrangement for founding sixty new villages among the waste lands of Upper Silesia, and for rebuilding two towns in the same district, which had been destroyed by conflagration; 'they were of wood,' says he, 'but they shall now be of brick or of stone from the neighbouring quarries which we have opened.' In 1775 we find him establish and endow at once an hundred and

* Von wahrem und rechten Adel.

† To Voltaire, Oct. 24, 1773.

eighty schools in his new Polish province—some, of the Protestant, and others of the Roman Catholic communion.* Were there any veins of metal discovered in the mountains—did any district suffer either from drought or inundation in the plains—did any new manufacture call for bounties—was there any attempt of producing at home instead of importing from abroad—in all these, and many other such cases, and without distinction of province or of creed, the succouring hand of Frederick was extended. His subjects found that he would not give alms to compassion, but only aids to restoration or improvement; he would help them whenever they would bestir themselves. On his yearly journeys through his states he was always on the watch for old abuses to correct, or new works of public benefit to commence. His questions were ever: Why not drain yonder marshes? why should that range of hills remain bare? might not this sheltered hollow bear fruit-trees? should not a new bridge span that river, or a new road pierce that forest? Nor were these mere vague recommendations: they became the first germ of speedy plans and estimates, and when the King passed by in the ensuing year, or summoned his provincial officers to Potsdam, he insisted on ascertaining what real progress had been made. Activity of any kind is rare, when great wealth and power of indolence exist; but how much rarer still to find it thus well-directed and steady in its aim! We had once the high honour of being for a short time in the company of a Prince, whose mind struck us as a curious contrast to Frederick's; he asked nearly the same questions, but seldom paused to hear the answer, or cried, 'Right—quite right—exactly so'—whatever the answer might be!

To show more clearly how close and minute was Frederick's superintendence of his provincial affairs, we will give an account of one of his 'Ministers' Reviews,' as they were termed—that is a conference which he held every summer with the principal holders of office. Of the one which took place at Sans Souci on the 1st of June, 1770, a summary was drawn up by the Minister of State Von Derschau, for the information of an absent colleague:—

'His Majesty received us with a most gracious countenance, and said, "Gentlemen, I have caused you to come that we might examine our household affairs together." We replied that we had duly prepared ourselves for this investigation: upon which he proceeded to say that he had himself inspected in the Oder-bruch the district which had suffered this year by the inundations of the Oder, and had found the damage by no means so great as it had been represented to him. "One ought not,"

* Letter to D'Alembert, June 19, 1775.

he added, "to be too much dismayed by such calamities of Nature, however frightful they seem at first; since Nature is apt herself to repair, and at no long interval, the havoc she has made." At Freienwalde there were only two small breaches in the dam, and only about twenty-five houses slightly damaged, so that the whole real loss of the inhabitants would be scarcely more than a few cartloads of hay and the growing crops on the ground. His Majesty then proceeded: "I do not therefore see the necessity of such large sums as you have proposed to me to grant in remission of taxes and compensations for losses. However I will allow 60,000 dollars. When the water shall have flowed off again the Minister of State Von Hagen shall go to the spot and examine everything more exactly. But I cannot conceal from you how much I was dissatisfied at finding the new church in the Oder-bruch not yet completed. I desire that you will again send a sharp order to Lieut.-Colonel Petri to take measures for having the church ready soon, or it shall be the worse for him!"

' Upon this his Majesty took up the account of the sums proposed to be allotted, and said, "1. That as to the funds for repairing the Oder-dam they were already assigned. 2. That in addition he would gladly grant the 13,000 dollars proposed for the new sluice at Plauen. 3. That he would undertake the cost of the stables for the Cuirassiers' horses at Kyritz, and of the hospital and orphan-asylum at Belgard, since these expenses were both needful and useful. 4. That he would refer to the Board of General Direction the charges required for the harbours of Rügenwald and Colberg."

' When this was over, the King looked through with a keen eye the accounts of the *Chambre des Domaines* and of the *Caisse Militaire*, and signed them respectively. He then opened his desk, drew out a paper, and read to us a statement of the considerable sums which he intends this year, as far as he finds it possible, to devote to the benefit of his dominions. Among these sums we especially noticed 300,000 dollars for the nobility of Pomerania, 20,000 for the province of Hohnstein, and 30,000 on account to restore the towns in the March of Brandenburg. On the first item the King observed:—"Gentlemen. I recommend to you especially the upholding and supporting my nobility. I lay great stress upon that order, for I require it both for my army and my civil administration. You know how many valuable men I have already drawn from it, and what I have been able to do by its means."

' Before dinner the King spoke to us on sundry other matters, and said, amongst the rest, that it gave him pleasure whenever any of his subjects travelled into foreign states with views of improvement, and brought back useful knowledge to their native country. He added, that during his last journey through Pomerania he had seen at Colbatz the *Ober-Amtman* Sydow, who, together with his son, had been lately in England, and had studied the English system of husbandry. They understand how to grow lucerne, and what are termed TURNIPS (a white root for fodder, of which nine or ten often reach an hundredweight); and experiments in the culture of both have been made in Pomerania with

with excellent success. His Majesty wishes that the same may be done in Brandenburg. We are, therefore, to put ourselves in correspondence with these gentlemen, and receive from them the necessary instructions; and we are, also, to send some seisable *Wirthschafts-Schreiber* from various *Amter* in Brandenburg to Colbatz, to observe and afterwards adopt at home the cultivation not only of these turnips and lucerne, but also of the hops, which last his Majesty has recommended to us in the most pressing terms. The King observes that the country-people in Brandenburg are still too stubborn and prejudiced against any new discovery, however good and useful it may be. Therefore, says his Majesty, the men in office should always make a beginning with whatever promises well; and if it answers, then the lower classes will be sure to follow. "You would not think," added his Majesty with much animation, "how eager I feel to make the people advance in knowledge and welfare; but you must have often experienced, as I have, how much contradiction and thwarting one meets with, even where one has the best intentions." "

Our limits warn us to carry no further the report of this remarkable interview. We will therefore omit, though reluctantly, the King's remarks and directions as to the better manuring of pasture-lands—the reclaiming of several sandy spots near Löwenberg, Strausberg, Alt-Landsberg, and Werneuchen which he had noticed on his last journey—the draining of the great marshes at Stendal, and with the profits bringing over to the spot a colony of Dutchmen—the encouragement of bee-hives and silk-worms, for which last large plantations of mulberry-trees had been made several years before—the establishment of extensive nursery-gardens near Berlin to be manured from the sweepings of the streets and drains in that city—the planting of fruit-trees in other places likewise, so as to check the importation of dried fruit every year from Saxony, and 'to keep,' the King added, 'our money at home'—the working of the cobalt and coal-mines in Silesia, and how the coals should be transported, and how applied in bleaching-grounds, tile-kilns, and lime-kilns. After so many and such manifold orders this 'Ministers' Review' ended, we may observe, in a manner more agreeable than most Cabinet-Councils in England—by a general invitation to the Royal table that same day. 'During the repast,' adds our reporter, 'his Majesty was especially condescending and gay, made a great number of jests, and then bade us go—highly delighted at his gracious reception.'

In thus considering the administration of Frederick we must always bear in mind that his authority over his people was entirely and in all respects uncontrolled. Not only the treaties with foreign powers and the systems of foreign policy, the army, the ordnance, the shipping, the questions of trade and protecting duties, the imposition or remission of new taxes, and the application of the revenue received, were subject to his despotic sway, but

but even the decisions of the courts of law, which most other tyrannies hold sacred. Nay more, even beyond the frontiers of the state, personal freedom was so far controlled that no Prussian subject could travel without special permission from the King, and even when that permission was granted there was a Royal Ordinance of October 29, 1766, fixing the amount of pocket-money which he might take with him: if a nobleman or an officer, 400 dollars; if neither, 250. The government was, in fact, one of those which, when well administered, as was Frederick's, are called by friends Patriarchal or Paternal, which leave little to individual choice or enterprise, but direct every man to the path in which he should go.

It is remarkable that Frederick, who not only possessed but actively wielded this uncontrolled authority, and who never to his dying day manifested the slightest idea of relaxing it, yet in many of his writings expresses the most ardent aspirations for freedom. Thus in his epistle to the Marquis d'Argens:—

‘ Vous de la liberté héros que je révère,
O Mânes de Caton, o Mânes de Brutus!’

Or when he thus upbraids *Hermothème*:—

‘ Votre esprit est imbu des préjugés vulgaires,
Vos parchemins usés ne sont que des chimères.’

We remember that in ‘*Emile*’ Rousseau points an eloquent invective against those mock-philanthropists who profess unbounded zeal for the Tartars, but who will never help a poor neighbour at the door. In like manner we confess that we feel small reverence for those Kings who never part with one iota of their inherited despotism, who give a subject the hem of their garment to kiss, who bound their promotions to nobles, and who leave their peasantry serfs, and yet with all this love to prate of republicans and regicides—provided only that these lived many hundred years ago!

It is certainly true that Frederick, upon the whole, administered his despotic power with enlightened views and with public spirit for the good of his subjects, and it may perhaps be argued, as Montesquieu has done, that despotic power while thus administered, is the best of all forms of government. Take any Prussian town or district during the peaceful years of Frederick, and it will, we believe, appear that amidst very many cases of individual grievance and hardship the general progress of prosperity was rapid and unceasing. No instance can be stronger than that of Silesia. Here was a province won without a shadow of real right from Maria Theresa—a sovereign who, besides her legitimate title, had all the claims to her subjects’ sympathy which womanhood,

hood, youth, and beauty can bestow. Here were nobles of high lineage and loyalty compelled to acknowledge an usurping conqueror; here was a people of bigoted Catholicism ruled over for the first time by a Protestant prince. Under such circumstances what else could be expected than that Silesia should become to Prussia what Ireland has been to England—a perennial fountain of bitterness—an object to all statesmen of anxious solicitude, and to nearly all of afflicting disappointment—a battle-field of ever recurring political and religious animosities, and, like other battle-fields, laid waste by the contention! Yet so prompt and so prudent were the measures of Frederick in behalf of his new conquest—neither neglecting the interests of his subjects, as, for instance, Joseph the First, nor yet wounding their prejudices, like Joseph the Second—that within a few years' space Silesia became as firmly bound to him as Brandenburg, and that Maria Theresa, in her later attempts to recover the province, found no effective or general assistance from the Silesians themselves.

We must confess, however, that this praise of the general result of Frederick's government is not easily borne out on examining the particular steps of the process. Wide as are the differences amongst ourselves on questions of trade and taxation, we do not suppose that one man could now be found to vindicate the former system in Prussia. Severe Government monopolies laid on main articles of consumption, and farmed out to speculators from a foreign country, form perhaps the very worst system of finance which human ingenuity has yet devised. And such was Frederick's—as a short review of the items will show.

On meat there was established an excise-duty of one *pfennig* per pound; and moreover varying but always considerable *Droits d'Octroi* at the gates of towns on cattle and sheep. Thus at Berlin there was demanded for each ox one *thaler* thirteen *groschen* of *entrance-excise*, and ten *groschen* more of *market-excise*; besides which there was another duty on the hide and another on the tallow. Bread was not excised; but the *Octroi* on wheat and on flour amounted to four and six *pfennigs* the bushel respectively: the effect being, of course, to make bread dearer in the towns than in the villages or open country. On brandy there was an excise of one *groschen* the quart; on beer of eighteen *groschen* the barrel. Coffee, tobacco, and salt were not merely excised, but administered by and for the state as monopolies. For the most part the coffee was only sold ready roasted for use—the right of roasting it being reserved as a special favour for certain privileged classes, as the nobles, the officers of the army, and the clergy in towns. The duty retained by the Government

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was at first four *groschen* the pound : but, in 1772, was increased to six *groschen* and two *pfeunigs*. It was calculated, that, deducting the duty, a pound of coffee could not possibly be sold by the fair trader at less than four *groschen* and three-quarters ; yet the price of the pound of coffee at Berlin in the retail trade never exceeded ten *groschen* ; a clear proof of the prevalence and success of smuggling. Redoubled vigilance and severity on the part of the French revenue-officers in this department—the ‘coffee-smellers’ (*Kaffee-Riecher*), as the mob called them—were wholly unavailing, except to increase the animosity against themselves. Thus, in 1784, the King found it necessary to reduce the amount of the duty by one half, and it is remarkable that the revenue derived from it almost immediately doubled. In the preceding year this revenue had been only 300,000 dollars ; in the subsequent year it rose to 574,000.* It must however be observed that the King’s object in the higher rate was perhaps not so much financial as prohibitory. When the *Land-Stände* of Pomerania ventured to remonstrate against the increased duties on coffee and wines, his Majesty’s views were explained in his own Royal Rescript of August 27, 1779 :—

‘The great point,’ says that Rescript (which is written in the style of familiar conversation), ‘is to put some limits to the dreadful amount of consumption. It is quite horrible how far the consumption of coffee goes—to say nothing of other articles ! The reason is, that every peasant and common fellow is accustoming himself to the use of coffee, as being now so easily procured in the open country. If this be a little bit checked the people must take again to beer, and that is surely for the good of their own breweries, as more beer would then be sold. Here then is the object—that so much money may not go to foreign parts for coffee ; and if but 60,000 dollars went yearly, that is quite enough. As to the right of search, which the *Land-Stände* object to, it is needful to keep order, especially among their own domestics, and, as good subjects to the King, they should not even say a word against it. Besides, his Majesty’s own Royal Person was reared in childhood upon beer-soups (ale-berry), and why not then just as well the people down yonder ? It is much wholesomer than coffee. The *Land-Stände* may therefore set their minds at rest on the matter, especially since all noblemen residing on their own estates shall continue to have free of duty as much coffee and wine as they require for their own and their families’ consumption ; only care must be taken that this their privilege be guarded from abuse, and that no contraband traffic be carried on under their names. That cannot possibly be winked at for the future.’

Bad as was this system of impost, with the like monopoly of tobacco and salt, Frederick may be reproached for introducing

* De Launay, *Justification du Système*, p. 30.

another still worse. In 1763 there were first established in Prussia Government lotteries. At first the annual profits from this source were small, only 60,000 dollars, but they gradually increased, both during Frederick's reign and after it. The net proceeds in 1829 are stated at 684,000 dollars.

No mode of administration, as we conceive, could have made the main Government monopolies welcome to the people. But certainly they were much aggravated in practice by the system which the King selected. Three years after the peace of Hubertsburg, Frederick summoned over from Paris several French farmers-general, the chief of whom was La Haye de Launay, and by them exclusively he administered his principal monopolies, as tobacco and coffee. This system, under the name of *La Régie*, was steadily maintained for twenty years, that is, during the remainder of Frederick's reign, but was immediately afterwards cancelled by his successor.

Nor was the French importation limited to the principal contractors; they drew over in their train several hundred of their countrymen, who were forthwith distributed over the Prussian states as men in office, with various grades and denominations: *Directeurs, Inspecteurs, Vérificateurs, Contrôleurs, Visiteurs, Commis, Plombiers, Contrôleurs ambulants, Jaugeurs, Commis rats de cave*, and, above all, *Anti-contrebandiers à pied et à cheval*! To these were adjoined also a great number of Germans, but always in a subaltern situation to the French. The whole establishment was far too numerous and costly, Frederick himself being the judge: for when, in 1783, he came to revise its details, he found himself able to suppress no less than 834 *employés*, and to effect a saving of 150,000 dollars yearly. Nor was the general financial result satisfactory. It has been ably shown by Dr. Preuss that the average annual receipts since the French financiers came in exceeded the former ones by only 857,000 dollars; a result not at all commensurate to the additional taxes imposed, nor to the growing population and prosperity of the Prussian states.

Undoubtedly, however, the main fault of the system was the deep humiliation of the Prussians at finding themselves thus excluded from the administration of their own finances, and declared incapable of filling the best employments in their native country. It may likewise be imagined that ignorant or careless as were many of the French excisemen of any foreign language, the collisions between them and the native population were both frequent and angry. We are far from disputing the financial merits of our nearest neighbours whenever employed at home. But we really doubt whether even the Egyptian locusts, whose appearance so greatly irritated Frederick, could have proved a

worse

worse plague to his subjects than these French excisemen. It will be observed that they (although the excise itself was of long standing) were not appointed until some years after the Seven Years' War. Had they been at work previously, we are strongly of opinion that the King would have felt their ill effect from the anger and alienation of at least his Silesian subjects.

Passing to another branch we may observe, that in many parts of the Prussian monarchy the peasants continued to be feudal serfs—*ascripti glebæ*. Such Frederick found them at his accession—such he left them at his death. It is due to him, however, to observe that he issued several edicts to secure them as far as possible from any wanton ill-usage of their masters. With regard to these, the proprietors of the soil, there was a wide distinction maintained between those who were and those who were not of noble birth. None of the former class were allowed to alienate their lands to the latter without a special Royal licence; and this licence, for which we find many applications in Frederick's correspondence, was almost invariably refused; the object being, that if even some noblemen should be ruined, the estates of the nobles as a class should undergo no diminution.

This system, however irreconcilable with the French philosophy of Frederick, was no doubt in accordance with the temper and feelings at that time of his principal subjects. But it is difficult to understand what prejudice was gratified, or what advantage beyond facility of taxation it was expected to secure, by another system not less rigidly adhered to—the confinement of all manufacturing industry within town walls. By an Edict of June 4, 1718, which was not repealed till 1810, no kind of handicraftsmen were allowed to ply in the villages or open country, except these six: smiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, weavers, and tailors. There were certain exemptions for breweries and distilleries, especially in the provinces between the Oder and the Vistula, but the general rule stood as we have just described it. Thus the many new manufactories and branches of industry which Frederick loved to found or foster had to struggle against both the confined space and the larger expenses of the towns.

All such new manufactories, however, during Frederick's reign, were not only guarded by protective duties against their foreign rivals, but propped and encouraged by bounties. Large sums were often and readily devoted to this end. Some points, however, in Frederick's commercial policy, as in his financial, would be in the present day universally condemned. Thus, wishing to secure to the woollen manufactures of Prussia a cheap and constant supply of their raw material, he absolutely prohibited the export of wool from his dominions; nay, more, by an Edict of
April 3,

April 3, 1774, he decreed that the export of wool or fleece should thenceforward be a capital offence!

The Corn-Laws of Frederick were also, to say the least of them, rather stringent. There was a general order issued at the very outset of his reign, that whenever in any district or at any season the land-owners were unwilling to dispose of their stocks of grain, it might be seized by the Government officers and forcibly sold by auction. He also insisted that in common years his granaries and garrisons should be supplied at a low fixed price as named by himself. On the other hand, however, these granaries were always opened in a year of scarcity, and their contents being sold at moderate prices tended in so small degree to counteract the prevailing dearth.

‘For Universities and schools,’ says Dr. Preuss, ‘Frederick did much less than might have been expected from so warm a friend of civilisation and knowledge.’ On one occasion indeed, as we have elsewhere mentioned, he founded nearly 200 schools for his new province of West Prussia; but in general he supplied for the schools in his dominions only his advice, and not his money, of which they stood in urgent need. The office of village school-masters was so wretchedly paid that of course it was wretchedly filled; most of them, as the King informs us, being tailors! Still far worse, however, grew the state of things when Frederick, in 1779, hit upon this expedient for providing without expense to himself for his invalided soldiers. The veterans thus turned into pedagogues were found for the most part wholly unequal to the task, as many of them frankly owned; nay, we are even assured that in the better-conducted schools the new master appeared to know much less than his pupils. Wretched, however, as must have been such attempts at teaching, the subjects of Frederick had no choice or option in resorting to them. It was enjoined on every Prussian of the lower class to send his sons to these, and no other, schools. In like manner Frederick attempted to prop up his defective Universities by his favourite expedient—monopoly. He had issued a Decree that any Prussian subject educated abroad or passing less than two years at a Prussian University should be held disqualified for any civil or ecclesiastical appointment in his service.

But though in the Prussian states one form of education was thus made imperative, every form of religion was left perfectly free. Viewing as did Frederick all sects of Christianity with most impartial contempt, it cost him of course no effort to treat them all alike. Every zealot in exile or under persecution—from the Jesuit down to the materialist, like La Metrie, to whom indeed

deed he granted a pension—found in his states a cordial welcome and a quiet refuge. With equal readiness did he apply himself to provide churches for the Lutherans at Breslau, and a Cathedral for the Roman Catholics at Berlin. It may, however, be observed that he made no attempt to conciliate the good will of the latter by increasing their endowments or remitting their taxation. From all the convents and religious houses of Silesia he claimed the payment of 50 per cent. from their net incomes, and on the partition of Poland we find him establish the same scale in his new province of West Prussia.

We may likewise remark that, in corresponding with clergymen of whatever persuasion, Frederick was not led by any views of policy to refrain from his customary scoffs and sneers. He loved especially to taunt them with texts of Scripture misapplied. Once, he was building arcades around the windows of the town-church at Potsdam, and received a remonstrance from its clergy, entreating his Majesty to suspend the work, for that otherwise they would not be able to see. The King answered, ‘Blessed are they which have not seen and yet have believed!’ On another occasion the Pastor Pels of Bernau, finding that he could not subsist on his yearly stipend of less than 40*l.* English, applied for some augmentation—a request which in England at least would not be thought unreasonable; but he received the following as the Royal reply:—‘The Apostles did not thirst after lucre. They have preached in vain, for Herr Pels has no Apostolic soul!’—It is surprising that such mockeries do not seem at that time to have stirred up any of the religious resentment and indignation, which would undoubtedly be found to result from them at present.

The tolerant maxims of Frederick scarcely extended to the Jews. He appears to have felt a prepossession against that race; founded, perhaps, on their real or supposed unaptness for war. Alone among his subjects they were liable to an ignominious poll-tax, like so many heads of cattle—a tax not abolished until 1787, the year after Frederick's death. Many branches of trade were prohibited to them, as breweries and distilleries, or the sale of any article of food, except amongst themselves. Several towns, as Ruppín, were confirmed in the privilege, as they deemed it, that no Jew should ever sleep within their walls. In all other towns the number of Jewish families, as once settled, was on no account to be exceeded—(a rule, however, relaxed in practice); and these families were held liable collectively for the imposts due by any one of them. And such were the shackles in Prussia even on the more privileged, or, as called by courtesy, the ‘protected Jews’ (*Schutz-Juden*); and, heavy as they seem, yet lighter than

than those they bore in many other parts of Germany! Even down to 1833, as we learn from Dr. Preuss, and as we believe even to the present year, no Jew, though of the highest character, was considered in the Prussian courts of law as what they term *testis omni exceptione major*; nor can his testimony ever be held fully equivalent to a Christian's! * Surely the resisting any further political concessions to that race is by no means incompatible with the denouncing such civil restraints upon them as most oppressive and unjust.

Nor can it be said that these restraints and hardships in the Prussian states under Frederick's reign were lightened by any peculiar gentleness of manner in his Majesty. Thus in November, 1764, we find him issue an angry order against the presumption of certain Jews who had taken cows on hire. And when Benjamin Meyer, of Magdeburg, in 1765, applied for equal rights with the Christian tradesmen of that town, the Royal reply was as follows:—'Let the Jew immediately take himself away from Magdeburg, or the Commandant shall kick him out!'

In Prussia, as in other German states at that period, the press was far from free; there was both a censorship before publication, and after it at any time a power of seizure. Frederick was not a man to bear any attacks upon his policy, if by such attacks that policy could be thwarted or endangered; but when his own person and character only were concerned, he displayed the most magnanimous forbearance. During his whole reign libels against him might be circulated, and libellers go free. Thus, in 1761, a little pasquinade, whose venom may be discovered even in its title, *La Luis Philosophie*, was sold without obstruction in the Prussian capital. Frederick himself with a lofty spirit declared, 'C'est à moi à faire mon devoir, et laisser dire les méchans.' In the same tone he writes to Voltaire on March 2, 1775:—

'Je pense sur ces satires comme Epictète: "Si l'on dit du mal de toi, et qu'il soit véritable, corrige-toi; si ce sont des mensonges, ris-en!" J'ai appris avec l'âge à devenir un bon cheval de poste; je fais ma station, et ne m'embarrasse pas des roquets qui aboient en chemin.'

In 1784 a severer trial awaited the King's magnanimity from Voltaire himself, when there came forth the witty and scandalous *Vie Privée*—that Parthian arrow which Voltaire had drawn on his flight from Berlin in 1753, but had concealed until his own death. Yet of this *Vie Privée*, teeming as it does with every topic of invective and ridicule upon the King, a whole edition

* We find, however, from the *Allgemeine Preussische Zeitung* of August 7, 1847, that a *Projet de Loi*, to remedy most of the remaining grievances of the Jews, has been recently submitted by the Government to the States, and in part adopted.

was leisurely disposed of by Pitra, the King's own bookseller, at Berlin!

Caricatures upon Frederick were treated by him with the same lofty unconcern. One day, as he was riding along the *Jäger-Strasse* at Berlin, he observed a crowd pressing forward and staring at a paper stuck high upon the wall. As he drew near, he perceived that it was a satirical representation of himself, as engaged in the coffee-monopoly, with one of his hands turning a coffee-mill and with the other greedily picking up a single bean which had fallen to the ground. Frederick turned coolly round to the Heyduke who attended him and said, 'Take down that paper and hang it lower, so that the people may not strain their necks in looking at it.' And this the Heyduke was proceeding to do, when the people, struck at their King's magnanimity, broke into loud buzzas, and tore the injurious portrait into a thousand pieces.

It was once observed by Dr. Johnson, with his usual admirable sense, that 'no man was ever written down, except by himself;' and certainly it was not from the publications of others, but from his own, that King Frederick suffered both in fame and fortunes. To this day his leaden volumes of poetry, of that kind of mediocrity, not, as Horace says, to be borne by Gods or men, form a counterpoise to his military glories and administrative skill. And during his lifetime it was truly surprising to find a prince so provident and wary on any other affair, beyond all measure rash and reckless in his satirical attacks on Madame de Pompadour at the height of her favour, and on the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. There is no doubt that the biting verses, imprudently written, and still more imprudently promulgated, on the private life of both these ladies, were among the main causes of the greatest danger which he ever ran—of that all but irresistible confederacy formed against him in the Seven Years' War.

At other times, however, Frederick, versed as he was in the secrets of the press, made use of them for his own objects in a manner seldom tried by princes. Thus, in 1767, the King found the public at Berlin inclined to tattle on the chance of another war. To turn their attention he immediately composed and sent to the newspapers a full account of a wonderful hail-storm stated to have taken place at Potsdam on the 27th of February in that year. Not only did this imaginary narrative engross for some time, as he desired, the public conversation, but it gave rise to some grave philosophical treatises on the supposed phenomenon!

Over the administration of Justice, Frederick, as we have already said, held despotic sway. Whenever he found fault with the decision of a Court of Law, he thought himself entitled

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not only to reverse the sentence but to punish the judges. But it is due to him to add that he never exercised this authority on any grounds of powerful influence or personal regard. His state-papers and correspondence teem with applications from persons of the first rank in the Prussian monarchy, entreating him to suspend some decree of the courts which they found inconvenient, but the King invariably refuses, 'since,' as he often adds, 'the laws must govern all alike.' It was his maxim, that before a judicial court a prince and a peasant should be entirely equal; and this was not, like some of his others, a mere holiday maxim, to be paraded in a French poem or a French pamphlet, and never thought of afterwards; but again and again did he press it on his Chancellor and judges, both urging it in words, and enforcing it in action.

In explanation of this last point it is to be observed, that although Frederick would never consent to reverse a judgment from motives of friendship or favour, he was prompt to do so whenever he thought that the poor had been injured or despoiled by the rich. Nor was it merely such a case of oppression, real or supposed, which roused him: his keen eye discerned how frequently a delay is equivalent to a denial of justice. Sometimes, therefore, he would interfere to simplify and shorten the wearisome forms of jurisprudence, and cut through, as it were, with his sword those Gordian knots which lawyers love to weave. Of the technicalities in other countries he spoke with caustic disdain. Thus he writes to Voltaire, January 27, 1775, on the case of a French officer preparing to enter his service and perplexed by a law-suit at home:—

'A vue de pays son procès pourra bien traîner au moins une année. On me mande que des formalités importantes exigent ces délais, et que ce n'est qu'à force de patience qu'on parvient à perdre un procès au Parlement de Paris. J'apprends ces belles choses avec étonnement et sans y comprendre le moindre mot.'

It must be owned, however, that Frederick did not join to his horror of injustice sufficient thought and care, and that he sometimes caused the very evil which he dreaded. The story of the miller Arnold has been often told. The King, believing that here a poor man had been wronged through the undue influence of a nobleman his neighbour, took up the affair most warmly, discarded his Chancellor, sent three of his Judges to Spandau, and forcibly reinstated Arnold in possession of the mill. It was afterwards proved by incontrovertible documents, and is now universally acknowledged, that the miller was a knave; that the Chancellor had taken no part in the business; and, above all, that the Judges had decided according to right, and were there-
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fore punished without reason. Nay more, we are assured that the King himself admitted his error to one of his familiar attendants, but added, that the mistake being already made, could not, without loss of dignity, be recalled. Such painful cases imply (for really the arguments here lie upon the surface) great want of care and attention in the Royal arbitrator. They also prove that no prince should ever in any country be invested with a despotic power above the laws. But while we deprecate despotic power, and while we demand vigilant care, we must, even in the teeth of such cases, express our sympathy in any endeavours to clear from rubbish and to open wider the portals of the Temple of Justice. In our own Court of Chancery we may perceive how, by never swerving from established forms, a most faulty system may consist with the most upright intentions, and with the most learned men. Our Lord Chancellors for the last century and upwards have been above all suspicion and reproach. We had lately Lord Lyndhurst, eminent as a judge, orator, and statesman. We have now Lord Cottenham, eminent as a judge. Every legal decision of either would command implicit and deserved respect. Yet in the courts over which they presided or preside, how often are old technicalities more powerful than they; how often are large fortunes lavished to secure the clearest right; how often is the clearest right relinquished or forborne rather than be asserted at such cost and time! Surely, even a 'killing Decree,' as poor Aubrey called it in Lord Bacon's time, would weigh more lightly on the suitors than the prospect of no Decree at all—the prospect that by the time the suit has grown to years, and the solicitor's bill to thousands, they should still be met by some fresh *Demurrer* or some renewed *Reference to the Master*!

We ask pardon of our readers for this digression, and are warned by it to forbear from entering upon other topics—as of Frederick's foreign policy—which might lead us too far. The partition of Poland especially is so momentous an episode that it cannot be disposed of in a single paragraph. Yet, perhaps, not merely that transaction, but the whole foreign policy of Frederick was once aptly described by some Polish borderers in a single word. When they saw displayed on the flagstaff of the newly gained frontier the Prussian Eagle, with the motto *SUM CUIQUE*, they sily wrote beneath *RAPUIT*! These questions, however, we shall for the present pass by, and proceed to relate the circumstances of Frederick's last illness and death.

During many years he had sustained periodical fits of gout, and also frequent stomach disorders, the result of his errors or excesses at table. Still, however, by early hours and regular exercise his constitution had since his early youth gained much
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in vital strength, and enabled him to recover promptly and completely from such attacks. When sick, he invariably became far more gentle and forbearing to all around him ; and thus also, as we are told by his chief valet-de-chambre, Schöning, the surest sign of his convalescence was his ill treatment of those with whom he had seemed well satisfied during his sickness. In August, 1785, when the King was directing the annual review in Silesia, in the presence of many foreign generals and princes, the weather became cold and stormy, and he was earnestly entreated to forbear from appearing on the ground. But Frederick was determined never until the last necessity to relax from a single one of his Kingly duties ; accordingly he sat on horseback to see the troops defile during six hours of heavy rain, and on his return home was seized with fever and ague. These for the time he shook off ; but, through the whole of the ensuing winter, his health grew subject to daily variation ; many slight attacks soon recovered from, but ever again recurring.

It is probable, however, that his life might have been prolonged during several years, had he been only willing to use some degree of prudence and restraint in his diet ; but on this most tender subject he would hearken to no counsel. Thus, for instance, while at Breslau after his short campaign of 1778, he was suffering severely from colic and indigestion ; and his physician, Dr. Möhsen, ventured to intimate, with the utmost deference and humility, that it might be better for his Majesty to abstain from Parmesan cheese in his favourite *polentas* until after his Majesty's stomach had by proper remedies recovered its tone. '*Alle Teufel !*' cried the King, with a loud and angry voice, 'are you reprimanding me ? Get you gone, I have no further occasion for you !' Poor Dr. Möhsen hastened back to Berlin with all precipitation, and greatly discomfited. Nearly in the same way it fared with his successor, Dr. Selle, at the commencement of the King's last illness. In other respects likewise he was a far from tractable patient. As in state-affairs he would take nothing on trust, but required to have everything made clear to his own perception ; and he expected from any medicine some decisive and speedy effects—otherwise, the medicine itself was soon discarded.

Under these circumstances the King grew worse and worse in the first months of 1786. He was often sleepless at nights, but, on the other hand, would fall into short and uneasy slumbers by day. His strength was so far reduced that he could only ride occasionally, and when lifted on his horse. A short dry cough set in, and his breathing became so difficult that he could not lie down in bed, but only sit through the twenty-four hours bending

forwards on the same arm-chair. Symptoms of dropsy also began to show themselves both in his body and his limbs.

With all this, however, the King's activity and zeal in transacting business never for one moment abated. He continued to read every despatch and memorial, to dictate and sign his answers, and to carry on all the current business for the public good with the same punctuality and clearness as ever. Such was the intention which he had long ago expressed in his 'Epître au Maréchal Keith :—

'Où, finissons sans trouble, et mourons sans regrets,
En laissant l'univers comblé de nos bienfaits ;
Ainsi l'astre du jour au bout de sa carrière
Répand sur l'horison une douce lumière,
Et ses derniers rayons qu'il darde dans les airs,
Sont ses derniers soupirs qu'il donne à l'univers.'

This is the only piece of poetry by Frederick with which we intend to trouble our readers, and we think that they will be inclined to forgive its poverty of versification and confusion of metaphor (sunbeams turned into sighs!) for the sake of its noble and lofty sentiment—a sentiment, be it observed, not merely put forth in high health thirty years before, but courageously fulfilled and carried through when there came the hour of trial.

Nor yet, amidst all his suffering, did his gaiety and love of jest forsake him. When the Duke of Courland came to see him at this period, the King asked him whether he stood in need of a good watchman, 'for if so,' added his Majesty, 'allow me to offer myself, being well qualified for such a post by my sleeplessness at nights.'

Finding little benefit from medicine, and unwilling to try abstinence, Frederick placed his own hopes on the return of fine weather, and as the spring advanced often caused himself to be set in a chair on the sunny side of the palace to inhale the balmy air. But no real improvement having ensued, the King, in the course of June, wrote to summon from Hanover the celebrated Swiss physician, Dr. Zimmermann. Accordingly, Zimmermann came, and on a careful consideration of the symptoms, prescribed as a stomachic the daily use of the Extract of *Taraxicum*—the common meadow Dandelion. But he heard with dismay, from the valet-de-chambre Schöning, how great continued to be the King's errors of diet. 'The most indigestible dishes,' said Schöning, 'are the favourites with his Majesty; and whenever he is prevailed upon by a physician to try any medicine, he does not on that account put any restraint on his immoderate eating.' The truth

truth of such accounts was soon apparent to Dr. Zimmermann from his own observation. We will give in his very words his report of the King's dinner on the 30th of June:—

‘ This day the King took a very large quantity of soup, and this consisted, as usual with him, of the very strongest and most highly spiced ingredients ; yet, spiced as it was already, he added to each plate of it a large spoonful of pounded ginger and mace. His Majesty then ate a good piece of *bœuf à la Russe*—beef which had been steeped in half a quart of brandy. Next he took a great quantity of an Italian dish, which is made half of Indian corn and half of Parmesan cheese ; to this the juice of garlic is added, and the whole is baked in butter until there arises a hard rind as thick as a finger. This, one of the King's most darling dishes, is named *Polenta*. At last,’ continues Zimmermann, ‘ the King, having expressed his satisfaction at the excellent appetite which the Dandelion gave him, closed the scene with a whole plateful of eel-pie, which was so hot and fiery that it seemed as though it had been baked in Hell ! Even before leaving the table on this occasion he fell into a doze, and was seized with convulsions. At other times again,’ adds the Doctor, ‘ the King would eat a large quantity of chilling and unwholesome fruits, especially melons, and then again a vast number of sweetmeats.’

With such irregularities on the part of a septuagenary invalid—still persevered in, notwithstanding all Dr. Zimmermann's warnings—our readers will not be surprised to learn that his ailments during the month of July became greatly aggravated, and that every hope of amendment, or even alleviation to them, disappeared. The last time that he mounted Condé was on the 4th of July, when he was with great difficulty placed in his saddle, and after a short gallop manifested extreme exhaustion.

Through the whole of his long illness there was no word or deed of the King which referred to religious feelings, or betokened any idea of a future state. All his thoughts apparently were of this earth—to fulfil his Royal duties and also enjoy his personal pleasures to the last. On one occasion, when he received a letter from some zealous persons urging his conversion, he handed the letter to one of his Secretaries for reply, merely saying with unusual gentleness, ‘ They should be answered kindly, for they mean well !’

Frederick does not appear, during his last illness, to have seen or wished to see any member of his family ; but almost every evening he received as usual his circle of literary friends. He never wearied them with complaints of his painful state, nor even mentioned it, but conversed cheerfully on the events of the day, and on various points of history and horticulture, literature and philosophy. He also continued both to read himself and be read to. The last works which he perused were a ‘ History of Henry

IV. of France;’ the ‘*Siècle de Louis XV.*’ by Voltaire; and the ‘*Twelve Cæsars*’ of Suetonius as translated by La Harpe.

Conscious as was Frederick of his daily declining health, and hopeless as his state had now become, it is not clear how far he was himself aware of his near approaching dissolution. On the 10th of August he wrote as follows to his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick:—

‘*MON ADORABLE SŒUR—Le Médecin de Hanovre [Zimmermann] a voulu se faire valoir chez vous, ma bonne sœur; mais la vérité est qu’il m’a été inutile. Les vieux doivent faire place aux jeunes gens pour que chaque génération trouve sa place; et à bien examiner ce que c’est que la vie, c’est voir mourir et naître ses compatriotes. En attendant, je me trouve un peu soulagé depuis quelques jours. Mon cœur vous reste inviolablement attaché, ma bonne sœur. Avec la plus haute considération, je suis, etc.,*
FÉDERIC.’

Next day, however, we find the King, as if in expectation of a longer life, dictate a letter to the bookseller Pitra, for a supply of new publications to his library in the ensuing year.

To the last, Frederick displayed the same unconquerable application, the same ardent zeal for the improvement of his states. Thus, on the 1st of August, we may observe that he dictated both instructions and inquiries as the first step towards the reclaiming of a large morass near Tilsit. To the last, also, there continued the same care and thought for the gratification of his palate. Some of the daily bills of fare laid before him within a fortnight of his death, and corrected by his own hand, are still preserved. Thus on the 4th of August, one of the dishes proposed to him was *Des gateaux à la Rothenbourg*, to be executed by one of his culinary artists with the classic name of *Dionysius*; but on reflection his Majesty deemed it better to substitute another dish and another cook to dress it. Accordingly he effaced the names which we have just quoted, and wrote upon the margin: ‘*Gosset—Filet de Poulets au Basilic*; mais que la sauce ne soit pas trop épaisse.’

On the morning of the 15th, Frederick, far contrary to his usual habit, dosed till eleven o’clock; then, however, he received his Cabinet-Secretaries, and gave them directions with a feeble voice, but with his customary clearness. He also drew out for General von Rohdich, the Commandant of Potsdam, a plan of some manœuvres which he wished the garrison to execute on the morrow—a plan perfectly accurate, and well adapted to the ground. At dinner he ate half a lobster, the last food which passed his lips. In the afternoon he fell into a kind of stupor, which continued more or less through the night. Early on the 16th a rattle was heard in his throat, and he seemed at the very point

point of death. When it was announced to him, as usual, that the Cabinet-Secretaries had come, and were ready in the antechamber, he could scarcely gasp out words to desire that they should wait, and that he would see them presently. They remained outside, but in the course of the morning General Von Rohdich entered his room. As that officer appeared before him, it was painful to observe how the dying Monarch strove to collect his failing energy and fulfil his daily task; how he laboured, but all in vain, to raise his drooping head from the corner of his chair, to fix his glassy eye, and to move his speechless tongue. The General put up his papers, and withdrew in silence, with a handkerchief before his face. When, in the afternoon, at the desire of the Prince of Prussia, Dr. Selle came from Berlin, he found that his Royal Patient had slightly rallied, being able to stir a few steps, and articulate a few words;—but for the first time during his long reign, he never mentioned, and seemed to have forgotten, the current business, not yet despatched, of the day—a surer symptom than any other, observed Dr. Selle, of his close approaching dissolution. About seven o'clock the King had a short but quiet and refreshing interval of sleep. As the clock placed above his head struck eleven, he inquired the hour, and on being told, he added, 'At four o'clock I will rise.' About midnight his Majesty observed that his favourite dog had sprung from the allotted cushion by his side, upon which he inquired where he was, and desired that he might be put back again. These were the last words he spoke. Soon after the rattle in his throat returned, his breathing grew fainter and fainter, and at twenty minutes past two on the morning of the 17th of August he expired. He was seventy-four years and six months of age.

It is remarkable that during all this time—so strict was the discipline in the Royal Household—the King's imminent danger remained a secret not only to most of the Foreign Ministers at Berlin, but also to most members of the Royal Family. Even on the 16th, when the King was at the last extremity, the Queen gave an afternoon party at Schönhausen. Mirabeau, who had just returned from a visit to Prince Henry at Rheinsberg, was present, and states that the Envoy of France was by no means aware of the crisis being so near at hand, and that the Queen herself was equally unconscious. In Mirabeau's own words, '*La Reine ne s'en doutait pas; elle ne me parla que de mon habit, de Rheinsberg, et du bonheur qu'elle y avait goûté étant Princesse Royale.*'* Thus was her Majesty talking of her honeymoon in the last hours of her married life!

* *Histoire Secrète de Berlin*, vol. i. p. 84, ed. 1789.

In the portrait which we have now endeavoured to draw of Frederick's private character in old age and his system of administration in peace, we are conscious that many of the features may appear scarcely consistent with each other, or as appertaining to one and the same mind. As in the giant figure of Dante's vision :—

‘Dentro dal monte sta dritto un gran veglio :

* * * *

La sua testa è di fin' oro formata,
E puro argento son le braccia e 'l petto ;
Poi è di rame infino alla forcata ;
Da indi in giuso è tutto ferro eletto,
Salvo che 'l destro piede è terra cotta,
E sta 'n su quel, più che 'n nell' altro eretto :
Ciascuna parte, fuor che l'oro, è rotta !’

Thus also in King Frederick the clay was strangely blended with the gold ; it is impossible to deny with truth the presence of either, and it remains only to assign precisely the different proportions.

Mr. Macaulay, in a most able sketch of Frederick's early life and campaigns—a sketch which first appeared in the pages of a contemporary journal, but since among his own collected Essays—calls his Prussian Majesty ‘the greatest King that has in modern times succeeded by right of birth to a throne.’ With very sincere respect for Mr. Macaulay's critical authority, we must here however dissent from his conclusion. Several Royal and legitimate names occur to us as deserving to stand higher on the rolls of fame. Thus, upon the whole, and not without a consciousness of many blemishes and errors in our hero, we should prefer to Frederick, the Fourth Henry of France. But without any doubt or hesitation we should assign the palm over both to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. As with Frederick, his grandfather was the first King of his race ; to that King, like Frederick, he was lineal and peaceful heir. Succeeding to the throne at a far earlier age than the Prussian monarch, he fell in the field of glory when only thirty-seven—that age so often fatal to genius—yet within that narrow space, during those few and youthful years, how much had he already achieved for immortality ! As a statesman he may be held to have surpassed ; as a warrior to have equalled, Frederick. And if lofty principles and a thought of things beyond this earth be admitted as an element of greatness (as undoubtedly they should be), how much will the balance then incline to the side of Gustavus ! The victory gained by the Prussian King at Rosbach was, we allow, fully equal to the victory gained by the Swedish King at Leipsick on nearly the same ground

ground one hundred and twenty-seven years before. The two Monarchs were alike in the action; but how striking the contrast between them in the evening of the well-fought day! Gustavus kneeling down at the head of all his troops to give God the glory! Frederick seated alone in his tent, and composing his loathsome Ode!

The character of Frederick is now, we rejoice to think, viewed by his own countrymen in a fair and discriminating spirit. On the one hand there is, and there ought to be, the greatest admiration for his military genius and renown; on the other hand there is no leaning to his infidel philosophy, or to his iron despotism, or to his fantastic notions of finance. The French language is not now preferred to the German by the Germans themselves, nor is the literature of Berlin any longer the pale reflex of that of Paris. On the contrary, there appears to grow on the banks of the Elbe and the Rhine the inclination to a careful study of the kindred tongue—to a generous emulation with the kindred race, of England. Even now such names as Humboldt and Hallam, as Eastlake and Cornelius, may worthily stand side by side. Nor, we hope, is the day far distant when the progress of Prussia in her constitutional rights shall enable her statesmen to vie with ours in the principles of free institutions, and in that manly and unpremeditated eloquence which free institutions alone can produce or preserve.

ART. II.—*The Lives of the Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England.* By John, Lord Campbell, A.M., F.R.S.E. Second Series, Vols. IV. and V., 1846. Third Series, Vols. VI. and VII., 1847. London. 8vo.

HAVING, unluckily for ourselves, omitted to review the second series of this work at the time of its appearance, we now find four bulky volumes all at once on our table; and how to deal with such a mass of matter, comprehending in fact not only the biography of a dozen of the most distinguished of Englishmen, but a historical review of our jurisprudence and our politics from the Revolution of 1688 to that of 1832, we must confess is puzzling. To do justice to four such volumes in one of our articles is evidently impossible. We must throw aside any notion of examining even one of these *Lives* in a regular manner; we must also, we think, make up our mind to dwell with comparative brevity on the greatest names, because, as might have been anticipated, the world had already been in possession of comparatively satisfactory statements in connection with them; and finally, not doubting

doubting that the whole work is to maintain a permanent place, we suppose there will be no harm if we endeavour at present to select points and passages likely to be particularly interesting to our own contemporaries, as bringing before them the views of the author in respect to recent occurrences and questions still undetermined. This is the performance of an ex-Chancellor, who now holds a Cabinet office; and *obiter dicta*—although presented not unfrequently in a light colloquial form, occasionally perhaps even in a somewhat over-jocular familiarity of phrase—may be hardly less deserving of consideration than his lordship's most elaborate specimen of biographical narrative, legal criticism, or political disquisition.

There is indeed one feature which must attract everybody's notice, and may be smiled at by many—the perpetual recurrence, we mean, of foot-notes in which the noble and learned author's own personal history is expressly quoted or alluded to. We too, it must be owned, have now and then smiled; and Lord Campbell will readily pardon us when he finds (as he will do on examination) that such ebullitions often occur at the bottom of the very page in which he has been rebuking the egotism or some kindred weakness of an ex-chancellor long since hearsed in marble. But, on the other hand, while several of these references to his own experience are valuable to the history of manners in his profession—and others are honourable to him as unaffected effusions of warm feeling towards old friends of obscurer days—we must say that we, as mere critics, are well pleased to have the evidence which this prevailing indulgence affords of its being ever in his mind who it is that is addressing the public, whether in solemn text or sportive or pensive annotation. He never, it is clear, forgets either his own past or his own present, or is unmindful of what things may be in store for him. He never dallies with the business of the Law or the State; if he cracks a jest in his *robe-de-chambre*, the ermine at least hangs within view; we are never tempted to listen as if he were amusing himself with a *pocourante* speculation of human affairs, contemplating the working world like some placid sophist of Ancient (or Modern) Athens from a basket in the clouds.

It follows that Lord Campbell is always before his reader in the avowed character and attitude of a Whig; and this is by no means a disagreeable circumstance. We entirely acquit him now, as we did when dealing with his first series, of any design to exalt and purify one dead man merely because he was a Whig, or to depress or blacken another merely because he was a Tory. There are few historical critics, of whatever political sect, that stand more clear of such an imputation. But the party-

party-prejudice was so worked into him long years before he thought of chronicling chancellors, that he could no more get rid of it now, even if he were aware of its existence, than he could of his veneration for John Knox or his pride in the Macallammore. It is a part of the man—and he is probably as unconscious of its operation on his judgment as he is of the machinery that circulates his blood. Every reader before he has gone through half a dozen pages perceives this: it is not like a mark distinguishable here and there at the turning of a fold, but a thread interwoven throughout the whole web;—therefore we all know how the case stands, and there is no more chance of our being deceived than there had been intention to deceive us.

There is another thread, a finer and less obtrusive one, and which occurs less regularly—yet we think it may be so often traced, especially as we reach modern dates, that it deserves mention. Lord Campbell tells, and we believe quite truly, that David, Earl of Buchan, brother to Lord Erskine, regarded the Lords of Buchan from the beginning of their peerage, as constituting a sort of corporation, or rather as a real undying essence *per se*, insomuch that he, the then visible and tangible Peer, not only represented in an heraldic sense, but continued, carried on, and embodied, as a human creature, the very physical and intellectual being of the antecedent Earls of Buchan one and all—to this literal extent, that he had no more hesitation in talking about what ‘I’ dared or suffered in the cause of the Queen of Scots, than about what ‘I’ spouted or scribbled in glorification of General Washington. That old gentleman seems to have been a caricature of every harmless eccentricity; but in this particular he perhaps merely exhibited in magnified and monstrous development a sort of feeling that pervades every body of hereditary nobility; and it is of trite observation how soon all the habitual feelings of such a class are imbibed by those who once find themselves admitted within its pale. We think we perceive its influence in Lord Campbell’s book. He seems to have before his eyes either a suspicion that the present heir will consider himself as to a certain extent damaged by any aspersion that may be thrown upon his remotest ancestor—or that other living men, peers or commoners, will be apt to take some such view of the matter. He writes now and then of a doubtful character, who has been dust and ashes for a hundred years, with the same cautious politeness as if he were to flank or face himself in the flesh the next time he goes down to help Lord Cottenham with the appeals. For the effect is occasionally as observable when the actual wearer of the coronet is a political heretic, as we may naturally expect when he happens to have been nurtured among or
adopted

adopted by the orthodox. Lord Campbell could not indeed help feeling himself involved in additional difficulty in cases (and these were not few) where Tory families had at his request intrusted him with the private diaries and correspondence of their ancestors—in all likelihood but slightly pre-examined. Such courtesy and confidence could not but bring fresh embarrassment to a position already sufficiently complicated.

Some notion of the delicacy of his task may be drawn from certain statistics of the *postscript* to vol. vii. The first 'law lord' ever created was *Scrope*, under Richard II., but his peerage is in abeyance. Probably other Cancellarian peerages are also in abeyance, and very many are extinct. Yet he enumerates seventeen peers, his contemporaries, who are descended in the direct male line from Chancellors of England—namely, two Marquises, Winchester and Camden; two Barons, Montfort and Erskine; and no less than thirteen Earls, viz. Fortescue, Bradford, Coventry, Shaftesbury, Winchelsea and Nottingham, Guilford, Cowper, Macclesfield, Lovelace, Hardwicke, Talbot, Bathurst, Eldon. It signifies nothing that some of these houses did not actually owe their *nobility* to the Marble Chair—as Winchester, Shaftesbury, Bathurst: from the Chancellors they are sprung,—in almost all the cases to the Woolsack they owe their highest titles—in all a large proportion of their hereditary wealth. Several other Chancellors are represented in the House of Lords through females and fresh creations:—for example, Littleton, Clarendon, Trevor, Somers, Thurlow, Loughborough.

In all, the Chancellors and Lords Keepers, beginning with Augmentus in A.D. 605, and ending with Lord Eldon, who died in 1838, are in number *one hundred and sixty-seven*. Of these high magistrates only one appears to have come to a violent end while in office, viz. Simon de Sudbury, murdered by the mob in 'Wat Tyler's riots'—to borrow the gentle phrase of an ex-Attorney-General; but More and several others were beheaded after resigning the Great Seal. During the last 300 years *six* have been impeached—Wolsey, Bacon, Finch, Clarendon, Macclesfield, and Somers—which last alone was acquitted.

Down to the time of Edward I. it was nothing uncommon to see a Chancellor who could not speak a word of English; but since then they have all been born subjects of the British crown—and only one of them born in a colony, Lord Lyndhurst. Our author says—

'When the English and Irish bars are amalgamated, *as they are soon likely to be*, Irishmen, it may be hoped, will often be Chancellors of England.'

As yet the rule has been, as in London advertisements for house-maids,

maids, 'no Irish need apply.' But we need not say that already many Englishmen and one Scotchman have held the Great Seal of Ireland, and three natives of Scotland have been Chancellors of England—Loughborough, Erskine, and Brougham (this last being however the son of an Englishman). Lord Campbell remarks that one antique dignitary was Chancellor of England and Ireland at the same time—but this precedent is not likely to be followed. He further reminds us that 'another was Chancellor of England after having been Chancellor of Ireland' (vol. vii. p. 723).

We have already given *italics* to one of those *obiter dicta* which merit attention. It is to be presumed, then, that the Government have it in view to propose the amalgamation of the English and Irish bars. This may be highly desirable—but we hope Lords Cottenham and Campbell and the present much respected Irish Chancellor will see that, if the thing is to be done, it requires to be set about with grave deliberation. The English public, without dreaming of infallibility, have great confidence in the Benchers of our Inns of Court. Will they at once feel disposed to regard with equal confidence the authorities by whom admission to the Irish bar is regulated? The amalgamation of the Common-law Benches in the two countries would, we suppose, form part of the same measure—and perhaps the most important part. We have often of late years heard it discussed seriously by English barristers—among whom there seems to be great difference of opinion on the subject; but we believe we may venture to say that the innovation would have the support of those English Judges (not being chiefs of courts) who at this moment rank highest in public estimation—as well as of those Irish Judges whose advice ought to have the greatest weight with the constitutional authorities of *The United Kingdom*. We have no apprehension that the administration of justice at an English assizes would be crippled by the introduction of an Irish Judge, and we share with our betters a strong impression that the presence of an English Judge in an Irish court would produce a salutary effect on both witnesses and jurymen—and would be beneficial, in various ways besides, to the Irish magistrate associated with him.

To come back to statistics. Since Lord Campbell stooped to that humble department, we think he might as well have presented us with one table exhibiting in a summary way the sort of pedigree and early education of the holders of the Great Seal, since the time when it came to be exclusively held by laymen. The last clerical Lord Keeper was Bishop Williams (1621-1625); and we shall endeavour to supply the blank as to the subsequent series :—

Coventry—

- Coventry**—was the eldest son of a Judge of the Common Pleas, and heir to a handsome fortune. *Oxford.*
- Finch**—son of an eminent barrister—one of an ancient and distinguished *famille de la robe*. No university mentioned either here or in Collins.
- Littleton**—a lineal descendant of the great Chief Justice—son of a Welsh Judge, and heir to a good estate. *Oxford.*
- Lane**—of obscure origin—neither pedigree nor place of education ascertained.
- Whitelocke**—only son of an eminent and wealthy Judge of the King's Bench. *Oxford.*
- Herbert**—son and heir of a country gentleman of noble descent. *English University.*
- Clarendon**—son and heir of a considerable squire, and nephew of a Chief Justice. *Oxford.*
- Shaftesbury**—born to a baronetcy and 8000*l.* a-year—an immense fortune two centuries ago; an Earl and Cabinet Minister before he became Chancellor. *Oxford.*
- Bridgeman**—son to a bishop, and heir to a good fortune. *Cambridge.*
- Nottingham**—son and heir of an eminent and wealthy barrister, who was Recorder of London and brother to Lord Keeper Finch. *Oxford.*
- Guilford**—second son of the heir to a barony—but began the world in great poverty, and in his rise to the Seal owed little or nothing to his birth. *Cambridge.*
- Jeffreys**—younger son of a poor Welsh gentleman, who wished to bind him apprentice to a shopkeeper. *No public school nor university.*
- Maynard**—eldest son of a considerable squire. *Oxford.*
- Trevor**—second son of a very poor Welsh gentleman, but nearly related to Jeffreys. *No public school nor university.*
- Somers**—son of a country solicitor. *No public school nor university.*
- Wright**—son of an obscure clergyman. *Cambridge.*
- Cowper**—heir to a baronet of good estate. *No public school nor university.*
- Harcourt**—heir to a very honourable family, but miserably impoverished through the civil wars. *Oxford.*
- Macclesfield**—‘could not distinctly tell whether he had a grandfather;’—his father a country solicitor. *No public school nor university.*
- King**—son of a provincial shopkeeper. *Leyden.*
- Talbot**—eldest son of a bishop of noble descent. *Oxford.*
- Hardwicke**—‘son of a small attorney at Dover, of respectable character, but in very narrow circumstances.’ *Never at public school or university.*
- Northington**—heir to a genteel family, but the estate grievously encumbered. *Oxford.*
- Camden**—His father was a Chief Justice, but died poor when he was only ten years of age. *Cambridge.*
- ‘**Charles Yorke**, the second son of the great Lord Hardwicke, was born

born on the 10th of January, 1723, in a splendid mansion in Great Ormond-street. His father, then Attorney-General, and making a larger income than had ever fallen to the lot of an English barrister, continued near forty years afterwards to fill the highest offices of the law, accumulating immense wealth, and able to make a splendid provision for all the members of his family. Yet Charles, even under the enervating influence of a sinecure place which was conferred upon him,—from a noble love of honourable distinction, exerted himself as strenuously and perseveringly as if, being the son of a *poor Scotch clergyman*, who could give him nothing beyond a good education, he had depended entirely on his own exertions for his bread, and for his position in the world.'—vol. v. p. 367. *Cambridge.*

Bathurst—second son of an eminent politician, created an Earl, whose coronet eventually descended to him long after he had won for himself the Barony of Apsley. *Oxford.*

Thurlow—son and grandson of country clergymen; could carry his descent no higher—used to say among fine people that he believed the founder of the family was a carter. *Cambridge.*

Loughborough—son of a Scotch judge, and heir to a small estate. *Edinburgh.*

Erskine—third son of a very poor Scotch Earl; entered at Cambridge in his twenty-sixth year; may be said to have been wholly self-educated.

Eldon—younger son of a provincial tradesman. *Oxford.*

We have enumerated thirty Chancellors or Lord Keepers: of these, nineteen (probably Finch also*—making twenty) had received what we call a regular gentleman's education at an English university, most of them having also been at great English schools; one had every advantage of instruction at Edinburgh in the brightest days of that university; another spent some time at a Dutch university; a third was never matriculated at any university until he had reached the maturity of manhood—had a wife and children—and had been successively an officer in the navy and the army; nine (perhaps *ten*) had never been at any public school or university whatever—and among these we find the splendid names of *Somers, Cowper, Macclesfield, and Hardwicke*. The Oxford men are twelve; of one Lord Campbell does not distinguish the university; Cambridge claims only six; but the balance of late years leans to her side as to all the honours of the Law. In the earlier part of our series only one rose from obscurity to the Great Seal—and the honourable but unfortunate *Lane* has,

* Anthony & Wood somewhere remarks that it is not easy to trace the Oxonian Finches, so many of that family had belonged to his Alma Mater. The only considerable defect in Dr. Bliss's edition of the *Athenæ* is the want of a good general index. Such an index, embracing both his volumes and those of Gutch, would be a very acceptable present to the student of literary antiquities.

after all, but a shadowy claim to a place in the list; he never ascended the marble chair—never tasted the sweets of its emolument. In the later period success, where there had not been the early pressure of the *res angusta domi*, is a very rare exception to the rule. Since the Revolution we can hardly place any in this category except *Talbot* and *Charles Yorke*—which last not only laboured in spite of wealth, but achieved greatness of his own in spite of the dangerous splendour of his father's still unrivalled fame. *Couper* is but a *primâ facie* exception. Of our thirty Chancellors eight belonged to families previously distinguished in the English law:—five were Judges' sons—but only two of these are since the Revolution—*Yorke* and *Camden*. The Scotch Law and Bench send one—*Loughborough*. The Seal has been held since the same date by two sons of country parsons—*Wright* and *Thurlow*—who could give them nothing but their education, and pinched themselves blue to give them that; by two sons of country tradesmen—*King* and *Eldon*; and by three sons of country attorneys—*Somers*—*Macclesfield*—*Hardwicke*. There can be no offence in adding the chancellors subsequent to Lord Eldon—not one of whose epitaphs, we are sure, Lord Campbell wishes to write:—

Lyndhurst.—Son of a celebrated Royal Academician.—*Cambridge*.

Brougham.—Representative of a very ancient and honourable family, but inheriting a diminished estate.—*Edinburgh*.

Cottenham.—Second son of an eminent physician, who rose to a baronetcy, of which the Lord Chancellor is now heir-presumptive.
—*Cambridge*.

Of the whole 167 Chancellors on record the great majority were themselves bishops. Since the last Bishop held the seals they have been in the hands of two bishops' sons (*Bridgeman* and *Talbot*), so that in all the Church, during the reigns subsequent to James I., has sent *four* to the Marble Chair. Physic appears to have supplied but one, and Art—we mean the artistical profession—no more.

Of the thirty since Bishop Williams, *one* was already a peer—*Shaftesbury*: *four* were *honourables*, of whom two ultimately *inherited* peerages—*Guildford*—*Yorke*—*Bathurst*—*Erskine*. Two inherited baronetcies—*Shaftesbury* and *Cowper*. We need hardly remind anybody that the two highest ranks in the peerage cannot immediately produce Chancellors. The bar is not considered a field for the son of a duke or marquis—and they are in like manner excluded from the most lucrative of all the learned professions, Medicine—circumstances over which we understand some Lord Johns and Lord Charleses have occasionally, in recent pinching times, been heard to grumble. In Physic
a graceful

a graceful Lord Charles (with 'a sweet bed-side manner') might be very formidable; and by degrees the awkwardness of the fee would be got over. As affairs go, it is somewhat rash for an earl to get himself lifted a step. How lucky for Erskine that he was not Lord Thomas! The first movement, however, should be among the *honourables*. How long will they continue to think that it is anything but ignoble to be a clerk in a public office, with 100*l.* a-year to begin with, and no great chance of ever rising beyond a salary of 500*l.* or some petty commissioner-ship or consulate;—but that their blue *ichor* (owing its hue peradventure to some bed of city tin) would be contaminated by the position of a Halford or a Brodie? The awful difficulty of taking the fee has already been got over in their case. A patient's guinea could be no worse than an attorney's.

Lord Campbell dwells with just satisfaction on the high station in public esteem held by many families of Cancellarian nobility; and he has compliments in abundance for some of the living heads of such houses; but in his long list he cannot point to more than four Chancellors' sons who can be said to have at all distinguished themselves. Of these the second Earl of Macclesfield, though he attained considerable reputation as a student of the mathematics, and will always be remembered for the introduction of the New Style, appears, out of his diagrams, to have been a dull ordinary man;—and the late Earl Bathurst, a most respectable and useful minister, never originated any great measure, nor led public opinion in any direction;—in short, the author of the 'Characteristics' and Charles Yorke form the only very conspicuous exceptions to the general law. Pope includes several names of the class in his *Dunciad*, and then exclaims—

'How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.'

We suspect that if the matter were scrutinized, the general result and its rare exceptions would equally tend to the confirmation of Napoleon's opinion that men commonly owe their intellectual endowments to the mother more than to the father. Most lawyers have married too early or too late in life—a mistress for passion or a housekeeper for convenience. Lord Hardwicke, in the right prime of eight-and-twenty, made an ambitious and politic alliance, though with a very pretty woman, and all his biographers agree that she was a woman of remarkable abilities. 'Charles Yorke,' says our author, 'was, like Lord Bacon, most fortunate in his mother,' and though he was the only genius among her sons, the least of the rest would have been a star in any other family.

One of the most interesting rooms in England is that genuine fragment of the old Palace of Whitehall, the great dining-room at the Treasury in Downing Street—containing portraits of Lord-Treasurers and First Lords, now a very extensive series. It is a pity that there is no similar series at the Foreign Office—at the Admiralty—at the Horse-Guards;—but if the Cancellarian line from More to Lyndhurst were exhibited in one apartment, what a splendid procession it would be—what a field for the physiognomist! It is needless to say that they have been, with scarcely an exception, men of very extraordinary talents—but no rule, perhaps, admits fewer exceptions than that a great *physique* is indispensable for a great lawyer. Almost all of these have been men of athletic mould—not a few of them giants in body as well as mind—capable of and delighting in labour that would have baffled or soon killed off punier aspirants—addicted also to violent bodily exercise of some sort, and sustaining the eternal tear and wear of Herculean energies by abundant provender and still more copious potations. They have, moreover, been comely children of Anak—worthy to have been modelled by Roubilliac or Chantrey and painted by a Velasquez or a Grant. Sir Christopher Hatton, we suppose, was the only Chancellor who owed his dignity to his beauty; but if mere beauty had been the general principle for selection, not a few besides him might have left their effigies for the series that we desiderate. In various styles, but true specimens of the noblest of the human races, were—without we believe one exception—all the most illustrious of our Chancellors—Ellesmere, Bacon, Clarendon, Somers, Cowper, Hardwicke, Eldon. Not less so several of the secondary names from Harcourt to Erskine. Even Jeffreys must have been a fine-looking man until the brandy took effect; and we may say the like of Northington, whose countenance stood the battery longer, as he adhered to port—which could never mar the Jove-like majesty of Thurlow's visage, nor the serene ivory of Eldon's beautiful lines. We dwell on this subject in the hope of stimulating Mr. Finden to give us a quarto of *illustrations* for our now completed *Biographia Cancellariana*. Every window sets forth 'Loves of the Poets,' 'Heroines of Rogers,' 'Land and Lasses of Burns,' 'Beauties of Moore,' &c., &c. Why not Beauties of Campbell, with cuts of the Homes and Haunts of the *Clavis Regni*?*

‘Les

* The remains of the most illustrious of these Homes and Haunts would not overtax an artist's patience. Small but exquisitely graceful is the existing fragment of the old Gorhambury. What a pity that the descendants of another great lawyer should have treated with such irreverence the favourite creation and ever-memorable retreat of Bacon—

‘*Les hommes et les nations,*’ says Bossuet, ‘ont toujours eu des qualités proportionnelles à l’élévation à laquelle ils étaient destinés. Qui a prévu le plus loin, qui s’est le plus appliqué, qui a duré le plus long temps dans les grands travaux, à la fin a eu l’avantage.’ To this there have been few exceptions anywhere, and nowhere fewer than in the law of England.

As might be expected, and as all must be pleased to see established, he who is to reach the Marble Chair must, as the general rule, think of little but the law until eminence in his profession naturally invites or forces him to take an active part in politics. There are, however, several examples of men attaining the summit of legal ambition, although they had not settled themselves to legal study until after passing through a considerable period of dissipation; while others had given the vigour of early manhood to occupations more worthy, but still alien from the proper training for the woolsack.

Somers, though in boyhood noted among the friends of his domestic circle as an intellectual prodigy, did nothing to distinguish himself at school, nor while a young undergraduate at Oxford, and even after he was called to the bar he was thought of merely as a lively, agreeable Templar—the boon companion of profligates of rank much above his own, loose enough in his personal morals, and with little of fixed principle of any sort about him, excepting the hereditary Whiggery. Suddenly, from some cause left in the dark—but most probably either a disaster at the gaming-table or a rebuff in love—he seems to have awakened as from a dream, rubbed his eyes, and perceived that the sun was high in heaven and he yet a waster of the light. At four-and-twenty the barrister quitted the Temple—broke off at one plunge from all the entanglements of his London society—went back to his college, and there voluntarily submitted himself to a regular course of study—a solitary man with no company but his books and his old tutor. It was thus and then that he made himself the ripe scholar—it was thus also that he made himself the great civilian—the universal jurisconsult. When after the lapse of three or four years he re-appeared in town, he was seen to be another man: his father being a very prosperous solicitor at Worcester, he could not, now that

Bacon—clearing away as eyesores and abominations all vestiges of his evergreen labyrinths and trim gardens and stately sculptured terraces—leaving but one crumbling wall of a palace that might have lasted as long as Hatfield or Hardwick—and substituting, among the shrubberies of a modern citizen, within a stone’s-throw of the sad wilful ruin, a square, squat, comfortable tenement like a woolsack with windows!

he desired it, he long without some opportunity of showing what was in him; a few appearances were sufficient to fix him in plentiful practice; and although Lord Campbell observes (*obiter* again) that ‘the aristocratic Whigs have ever been slow to associate with themselves in high office any one who cannot boast of distinguished birth’ (iv. p. 98)—every subsequent step—with the woolsack and earldom at the close—may be easily accounted for by the surpassing strength of his faculties, his unwearied diligence and honourable bearing in his profession, and the sharp adroitness of his political movements—all on the winning side.

Peter King, a grocer’s son, and sent about the streets of Exeter, as soon as he could walk, with parcels of tea and sugar, was nevertheless a bookworm by nature—(his mother was Locke’s sister)—and his parents at last gratified his inclinations by sending him to Leyden; but though he pursued his studies there with laudable ardour, there seems, from the direction they took, no reason to doubt the tradition that his views were fixed on the pulpit. He came back to England well seen in Hebrew and Divinity, and first made himself heard of by a ponderous Treatise on the Primitive Church. But as his Dutch education had confirmed him in the Presbyterian tenets of his family, and those tenets were manfully upheld in his Treatise—as soon as Charles II. had settled himself on the throne, it was clear that Peter King, if he took to the sacred office, must do so as a Dissenter—a line which offered no chance of wealth or distinction such as this pious predestinarian had always steadily aspired to. He therefore, by Locke’s advice, tried Physic; but that study, in whatever way he set about it, did not please him; so at the age of thirty he was numbered in the ranks of the Law; and poring on in this new line with the unflinching assiduity of a Dutch commentator, his character as a profound black-letter jurist was by and bye established. His Dissenting friends could help him in the Western Circuit, and he presently acquired good employment in Westminster Hall too. Ten years after he was called to the bar we see him Sir Peter, Recorder of London, and one of the leading Whig counsel in the prosecution of Sacheverell. The rest followed very naturally.

Parker’s early story is as striking. The son of a country attorney, he became an attorney at Derby himself, and so throve in his calling, that in no long time he had laid by as much money as he thought would be sufficient to support him for a certain number of years. And then he determined to set all upon a cast; he gave up his business—entered himself at an inn of court—laboured in the higher branches of legal study

most

most earnestly—and being at last called, and of course befriended by old friends among the solicitors, his progress was rapid. Within thirteen years he was Recorder of Derby and Member of Parliament for Derby, and of such eminence that the House appointed ‘the silver-tongued Parker’ one of the managers in the Sacheverell impeachment:—in which worthy concern he acquitted himself with higher applause than either Eyre or Jekyll or King; so much so that within the month—even before the judgment on Dr. Sacheverell was pronounced—he became *per saltum* Chief-Justice of England. Six years later he became Lord Macclesfield—and after two years more he was promoted, most unfortunately for himself, from the King’s Bench to the Marble Chair. Though by no means the only attorney’s son among the Chancellors, he is the only one who had himself been an attorney. Indeed Lord Campbell observes that, though there have been a few ‘splendid exceptions,’ the failure of attorneys turned barristers is matter of proverb—the danger being, as he says, ‘that a man who begins with the less liberal department of forensic procedure, may not be able to enlarge his mind so as to perform the duties of a good advocate, and that when pleading before a special jury or at the bar of the House of Lords, he may dwell earnestly on small and worthless points.’ We are always glad to hear our author’s *practical* remarks—a most keen observer of this world’s doings he has ever been; and our readers will thank us for quoting also his speculations on the grand step of Parker in abandoning his business, ‘which in extent and respectability equalled that of any attorney in Derbyshire:—

‘We may imagine that, when the assizes came round, he was at first struck with immense awe at beholding the Judges in their scarlet robes, and could scarcely venture to speak to the leaders of the Midland circuit on delivering them briefs in the causes which he had entered for trial; that his reverence for these dignitaries gradually dwindled away; that he began sometimes to think he himself could have examined witnesses quite as well as the barristers employed by him, and even by making a better speech to the jury have won verdicts which they lost; that he was likewise hurt by the distance at which he was in public kept by all members of the superior grade of the profession, *while some of them were intensely civil to him in private*; that he thought it hard, having with great labour prepared a case of popular expectation so as to insure victory, another should run away with all the glory; that he measured himself with those who were enjoying high reputation as advocates and had the prospect of being elevated to the bench; that, possessing the self-respect and confidence belonging to real genius, he felt himself superior to them; and that he sickened at the thought of spending the rest of his days in drawing leases, in receiving instructions from country bumpkins to bring foolish actions, in preparing briefs, and in making

out bills of fees and disbursements which any discontented client might tax before the Master. Whatever his train of feeling or of reasoning, he resolved that he would quit his position.'—vol. iv. p. 504.

Well for him if, quitting the position, he could also have quitted all the habits; and yet we agree with Lord Campbell in thinking that Macclesfield was hardly used in his impeachment. He had not originated any improper practice—he had only gone on in the line of his predecessors; and Sir Robert Walpole acted most shabbily in abandoning him—Walpole, whose whole government was notoriously, nay avowedly, carried on by means of bribes and corruption, and whose own immense accumulation of wealth during his tenure of office has never to this hour been in any shape or manner explained. The public were in a state of phrenzy at the explosion of the South Sea bubble. It was undeniable that Masters-in-Chancery had speculated with the suitors' funds. In the hope of the opportunity for such traffic the price hitherto given to the Chancellor for a Mastership had been raised; and no one would believe that the *ci-derant* attorney had not been quite aware of the reason why his own commodity came to fetch a higher sum in the forensic market. The Earl of Macclesfield therefore was to be the scapegoat—and he literally retreated into the wilderness. He never again was visible in the upper world—he never more inhabited either his London mansion or the palace he had acquired in the country—but shut himself up in a small hired house in one of the wildest glens of his native Derbyshire. There is an overawing effect in real shame and confusion of face:—perhaps no circumstance in this book affects the reader more powerfully than the complete humility and darkness of this most energetic man's old age.

Of Parker's early refusal of an offer of the Great Seal from the *Tories*, Lord Campbell says—

'He is much lauded for his virtuous self-denial, and it is sarcastically observed that "he is the first lawyer who ever refused an absolute offer of the Seals from a conscientious difference of opinion." I am very sorry to detract from his merit; but in the first place, principle not considered, he would have acted very foolishly to have given up his place of Chief Justice, which he held for life, in exchange for an office, the tenure of which would have been very insecure; for till after Guiscard's desperate attempt, Harley expected almost daily to be turned out;—and at any rate such a sudden change to the High Church party by the most distinguished manager of the late impeachment, would have reasonably led to the conclusion that he would give his first piece of preferment to the "Doctor," and would have covered him with such infamy that he must have been treated contumeliously by his colleagues, and kicked out by them whenever they wished to get rid of him.'—iv. p. 514.

—A notable

—A notable *excursus*—to which we may as well append what our author says of Peter King's not ratting to the Tories on his first introduction to the House of Commons. Every word here carries double :—

'The Whigs, whose principles he approved of, were at this time very low. According to a very common professional course followed before and since,—so often as to be free from lasting disgrace,—the ambitious young lawyer should have *ratted*,—asserting that his old friends had changed their principles, and were now going such lengths as he could not consistently support;—but through good report and evil report he steadily adhered to the cause of civil and religious liberty. It happened in his instance that honesty led to prosperity, and he was applauded; but if he had failed, he would have been laughed at, and he would have seen successful renegades enjoying much more of general consideration than himself.'—iv. p. 572.

But to come back to Parker—on his promotion to the Chancellorship (1718) we find a passage which will interest readers of the long robe—

'Notwithstanding his high reputation, the old Equity practitioners grumbled at his appointment, because he had not been trained to draw bills and answers, and had never regularly practised at their bar. Although occasionally he had been called in to assist them in cases of importance, his regular routine had been to ride the Midland Circuit, and to sit first in the Court of Queen's Bench, and then in the Court of Common Pleas, till he was made a Judge. Never having been Attorney or Solicitor General, he had never, even for a single term, transferred himself to the Court of Chancery. The consequence was, that although he was regarded generally as a "dungeon of law," yet by those who knew little beyond the technical rules of Chancery pleading, it was thought he never could be made to understand them, and, therefore, that he was quite unfit for his office. He turned out to be *one of the greatest Equity Judges* who ever sat in the Court; and not only is he entitled to the *equivocal compliment* that none of his judgments were reversed, but his authority upon all points, whether of a practical or abstruse nature, is now as high as that of Nottingham, Somers, or Hardwicke.'—iv. p. 523.

Cowper, already mentioned as almost a solitary instance of a Chancellor born to a title, may also be quoted among those who did not owe their rise to regular professional devotion *ab initio*; but he did not rise without feeling and obeying the stern spur of an empty purse. He became a Templar at eighteen, but without any notion of making the law his business. He was an exceedingly dissolute, gay fellow, and seldom out of scrapes with women; he fell in with some black-letter Templars, who happened to be also pleasant companions, and from them he imbibed a taste for the antiquities and curiosities of the British
Themis;

Themis; but the attention he gave to these things was by fits or starts—he was, at best, a mere legal dilettante. However, he at last really fell in love, and though his family opposed him strenuously, he would marry the young lady of his honest choice. He did marry her in spite of them; but his father, the Hertfordshire baronet, was furious and inexorable. No supplies! There was nothing for it but to go to the Jews, or else get called to the bar—mount wig and gown in serious earnest—and win a livelihood like a man. He escaped the Mosaic temptation—perhaps he had already burnt his fingers; and with talents, manners, spirit, and by-and-bye learning of the first order, we need not wonder at the subsequent splendour of his career.

The only obstacle he had to overcome was the prevalence of a rumour which Swift has taken good care to immortalize in verse and in prose, and not least by the *sobriquet* of *Bigamy Will*; and this, Lord Campbell admits, he could hardly have got over but for the potent advocacy of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, 'who, without scandal, was supposed to be much touched with the beauty of his person' (vol. iv. p. 291). Voltaire also, during his visit here, took up the story, and in due time gave it currency throughout Europe, not to the advantage of our national reputation for morality and decorum; for in the *Philosophical Dictionary*, under the word *Femme*, in the section entitled '*De la Polygamie permise par quelques Papes et par quelques Réformateurs*,' we read these words: 'Il est public en Angleterre, et on voudroit le nier en vain, que le Chancelier COWPER épousa deux femmes, qui vécut ensemble dans sa maison avec une concorde singulière qui fit honneur à tous trois. Plusieurs curieux ont encore le petit livre que ce Chancelier composa en faveur de la Polygamie.' Nay, Lord Campbell has been told that in another passage (which however he has not found) the Patriarch of Ferncy writes, that 'to keep as many wives as one pleases is among the distinctive privileges of the English Chancellors, whence they are in common parlance called *Lord Keepers*.' Lord Campbell entirely rejects this imputation on Cowper, though he repeats, without disturbance of his muscles, the perhaps as marvellous story of another eminent equity lawyer of that age, who is said to have had two wives in separate parts of the town, but to have accurately divided his night between them, lamenting to the one that his consultations forced him to stay late at chambers, and to the other that his briefs summoned him to the Temple by 4 o'clock in the morning. His lordship, we say, rejects, not only the 'petit livre' of Voltaire's article, but the legend *in toto*:—according to him Swift did not merely heighten and circulate

culate the charge—‘nothing could satisfy the Dean’s malignity but a sheer invention.’ With great submission, Swift was too consummate a master in malignity for that—he knew better—it is the exaggerated and embellished slander that both hits and sticks. There were no two wives in the case, we well believe; but we are afraid that during part of the second Lady Cowper’s time there was also a concubine. Whether her ladyship was cognizant of the partnership is another question. Lord Campbell says, if she had been so, there must have been some allusion to it in her Diary, which he has seen, and from which he gives some curious extracts; but if—she on whatever grounds assenting to the arrangement—the peace of the ‘home’ was preserved systematically, the noble matron’s diary is about the last record in which we should have expected to meet with any allusion to the fact. Lord Campbell, however, fairly inserts a letter from the Chancellor to his countess, in which he refers (she being then on a visit at a distance) to an overturn of his coach on the road from London to Hertfordshire, and adds—

‘I thought I had before acquainted you with my design of carrying y^e Lady you mention down wth me, and therefore inferred y^e frō my writing she was here, you would inferr I did so: We were run upon a bank in y^e dark, and y^e coach was in some danger, as wee could just see, of falling into much lower ground. At that instant I could not but think of y^e fable, wher y^e man that’s going to be cast away is pleased that y^e end of y^e boat wher his enemy sat was going to sink first. I would have taken care, I assure you, to have fallen as soft as I could, for my side would have been uppermost.’—vol. iv. p. 309.

To ‘the lady’ in this passage our author gives a note at the foot of his page, in which he ‘presumes the allusion is to a fat old housekeeper—not the simultaneous wife who, according to Voltaire, formed such an amicable trio with them;’ but we doubt if it was then, any more than now, the fashion for personages of that rank to take their fat old housekeepers in their coaches with them—and perhaps there is something slightly awkward and, as it were, hesitant in his Lordship’s method of bringing in the fact of ‘the lady’ having been his travelling companion. On the whole, we think Lord Campbell leaves this imputation where it was. Cowper, he is forced to allow, had been a great rake in his early days—and indeed he admits the truth of a story of the seduction and desertion of a well-connected young lady, which may probably seem to most of our readers a worse story than that of the ‘amicable trio.’ Nor could the Countess have been a particularly squeamish person on certain subjects—for while her husband held the Seals she herself had a place in the Royal household, and evidently cultivated with dutiful assiduity the society and good graces of the Hanoverian mistresses *en titre*.

Lord

Lord Campbell in this life of the Chancellor Cowper finds a convenient place for the very dark and extraordinary love-story of his brother, himself subsequently a Judge of the King's Bench, and grandfather of the poet of 'The Task.' This gentleman too was a beauty, and though he was a married man, a Quaker girl of Hertford, the fairest and wealthiest maiden in that town, conceived for him a passion which triumphed over all restraints of sect and of sex. Her letters to him, throwing herself at his feet—insisting on being allowed to come to his chambers in London, &c. &c.—are pathetic and certainly most extraordinary productions—and we do not see how it is possible to doubt that the passion which could declare itself in such a style had been in some degree encouraged by the handsome barrister, who usually lodged in the Quaker's house when on circuit—and who supped there on the night of the catastrophe. But we think it not less clear that the future Judge had no hand in her death. The jury, before whom he was tried for murder, declared their conviction that the unfortunate lady committed suicide. We suppose that at their last meeting he had convinced her that, however weak and culpable, he would not abandon his wife. What a ballad William Cowper could have written on this story!

Our author's legitimate heroes having been for the most part 'tall and proper men,' it is, perhaps, more to be regretted than wondered at that he finds occasion to exert himself in vindicating not a few of them from aspersions of amatory frailty. Worshipping Somers as he naturally does to idolatry, he is particularly anxious to clear him, and treats with almost fierce indignation the notion that this glory of Whiggery and Equity kept up in the fulness of his honours the habits of his Templarhood. There is no question that the illustrious penman of the Bill of Rights had among his contemporaries a very indifferent reputation as to this department of his manners—indeed, the impression that his health was broken and his life abridged by such irregularities appears to have been universally received. Lord Campbell, in whitewashing some of his 'Beauties,' lays great stress on the absence of any specific cases or names from the pages in which a general scandal has been transmitted. Perhaps this might be accounted for—if the amours happened to be humble ones—even with gentlemen of but ordinary tact, and without extraordinary motives for prudence. But as to Somers—who never was a married man, be it observed—he says—

‘He had for his housekeeper a Mrs. Blount, the wife of a tradesman at Worcester, and it was alleged that he lived openly with this lady as his mistress, behaving cruelly to the husband, and at last shutting him up in a madhouse. *Quibus indicis, quo teste probavit?* This story, most improbable in itself, is supported only by the gratuitous
assertion

assertion of bitter and unscrupulous enemies. The manners of the Court of Charles II. had passed away. William and Mary, and afterwards Anne and the Prince of Denmark, had exhibited to the world a picture of the domestic virtues; licentiousness was discouraged in the highest quarters, and the appearance of it was avoided by the most licentious. It is therefore utterly impossible that a grave magistrate like Somers, who, though firm in the discharge of his duty, always showed a solicitude to enjoy the good opinion both of the prince and the people, should have followed a course which was sure to draw down upon him the just censure of all ranks in the state; and the supposition is equally at variance with the prudence and good taste, as with the honour and religious feeling which we know belonged to him.'—vol. iv. p. 230.

No doubt, the cruelty to Mr. Blount was a wild fiction. For the rest—we have no objection to what is here said of Queen Anne; but his lordship must have neglected the chronicles of her predecessor. William's infidelities in the morning of his married life at the Hague made his beautiful princess the unhappiest of women—but she learned patience. No Stuart or Hanoverian sovereign either maintained mistresses with less disguise than William did after the Revolution, or rewarded them (in one case at least) with more impudent profusion—nor was either Catharine of Braganza or Caroline of Anspach a more perfect specimen of conjugal tolerance and submission than 'Good Queen Mary.' We recommend to our author the study of the tenth and eleventh volumes of Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*;* and also in treating love-stories generally, the avoidance of such strong phrases as 'it is utterly impossible.' Again, as to Lord Somers's 'religious feeling,' the biographer relies perhaps with rather too much confidence on the eulogies of the amiable Addison, who had been most kindly treated and efficiently patronized by the great Chancellor, and in whose presence, his piety being as well known as his genius, it is not to be supposed that any well-bred gentleman would give utterance to any expression of an irreligious tendency. We may say the same of the weight laid on Somers's friendly intercourse with Archbishop Tillotson, which is here produced (vol. iv. p. 288) as a set-off to his familiarity with Tindal, and his patronage of Bayle's dictionary and 'Wicked Will Whiston.' Somers, the truth is, lived with all the wits of the time—our author dwells on his good taste in so doing—but we are afraid it might puzzle the apologist to point

* Queen Mary's paper, given on her death-bed to Archbishop Temison—in which she disburthened herself of her long sufferings from King William's preference of her attendant, Barbara Villiers, in due time Countess of Oakney—was seen by Dalrymple; but he thought, he says, the time was not come for printing it; and it has been traced by no subsequent historian.

out a sincere Christian among the set, excepting Addison and Arbuthnot.

In the amatory section of Lord Hardwicke's biography the author is not obliged to assume any very strenuous attitude of defence. He quotes from the old *Life* by Cooksey this little story, which certainly proves that the lofty Earl either was not, or pretended not to be, acquainted with the personal appearance of two much admired beauties of the irregular class:—

‘He used to relate an incident that occurred to him in a morning ride from Wimple. Observing an elegant gentleman's house, he conceived a wish to see the inside of it. It happened to be that of Mr. Montague, brother to Lord Sandwich, who, being at home, very politely, without knowing his lordship, conducted him about the apartments, which were perfectly elegant; and expatiated on the pictures, some of which were capital. Among these were two female figures, beautifully painted, in all their native naked charms. “*These ladies*,” says the master of the house, “*you must certainly know, for they are most striking likenesses.*” On the guest's expressing his perfect ignorance, “*Why, where the devil have you led your life, or what company have you kept,*” says the Captain, “*not to know Fanny Murray and Kitty Fisher, with whose persons I thought no fashionable man like you could be unacquainted?*” On the visitor's taking leave, and saying, “*I shall be glad to return your civilities at Wimple,*” what surprise and confusion did he express on his discovering he had been talking all this *badinage* to Lord Hardwicke!”—vol. v. p. 165.

Lord Campbell dismisses this chapter with triumphant decision—

‘He was one of the handsomest men of his time, and bestowed great attention to his appearance and dress. There were reports circulated of his gallantries with a Lady B——, and with the celebrated Mrs. Wells; but for these there was as little foundation as for his conjectured intimacy with Fanny Murray and Kitty Fisher. He was a *perfect pattern* not only of temperance and sobriety, but also of conjugal fidelity.’*

Of Northington, also, we are told that ‘he was a remarkably handsome man in his person;’ but nothing occurs as to love matters except a ‘somewhat romantic attachment’ at Bath, of which ‘from his rattling, reckless manner, and his being a professed votary of the god “ever fair and ever young,” he was supposed to be incapable, but which led to a very happy wedding’ (vol. v. p. 179). He had been a right potent toper both at All Souls and in the Temple:—

* We have a special reason for not dwelling on Lord Campbell's *Life* of the very greatest of the Chancellors. He has not had the full use of the Yorke family's papers because these had been previously intrusted to another gentleman, who now announces a separate biography of Lord Hardwicke on a large scale.

'He afterwards so far reformed as not to allow his love of wine very seriously to interfere with the pressing business of life, but many a severe fit of the gout was the result of his youthful indulgences. He was once heard, in the House of Lords, to mutter, after several hobbling and painful walks, with the purse in his hand, between the woolsack and the bar—If I had only known that these legs were one day to carry a Lord Chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad.

'His great delight was to find himself in a circle of lawyers, or common-place politicians, and to indulge in boisterous mirth and coarse jocularity. He seems himself to have possessed a rich fund of humour. Many of his sayings and stories used to be repeated by young students, when *'Twas merry in the hall, and beards wagged all*,—but would not be found suited to the more refined taste of the present age. He likewise indulged in a bad habit which seems to have been formerly very general, and which I recollect when it was expiring—of interlarding conversation with oaths and imprecations as intensives—even without any anger or excitement. But in spite of these faults, into which he was led by the fashion of the times, he was a strictly moral, and even a religious man. He continued to live on terms of the utmost affection and harmony with his wife.'

Lord Campbell dismisses this drinking, swearing, indecent, but strictly moral and religious Chancellor, by saying that even his dying words to his daughters were too gross to be printed; but on the other hand—

'He was noted as a very steady and consistent politician, so that he did not derive the same benefit from the oblivion of his harangues which might have been enjoyed by some of his successors, who, in the discussion of important questions, have spoken with equal ability on both sides.'—vol. v. p. 182.

The stiff and sanctimonious King, the solemn Camden, the brilliant Charles Yorke, and the prematurely and proverbially grave Bathurst, pass before us without speck; but there is an extract from the private Diary of the first of these which (since we have got into love-stories) may not unsuitably be quoted here. If Lord King's Diary contains many more passages of the like curiosity, it surely deserves to be published:—

'Monday, 2nd September, 1729, went to town.—The next day saw the Queen at Court; from thence went to Sir R. Walpole's in his chariot, and dined with him and his lady only. . . . On this occasion he let me into several secrets relating to the King and Queen—that the King constantly wrote to her by every opportunity long letters of two or three sheets, being generally of all his actions—what he did every day, even to minute things, and particularly of his amours, what women he admired . . . ; and that the Queen, to continue him in a disposition to do what she desired, returned as long letters, and approved even of his amours; not scrupling to say, that she was but one woman,
and

and an old woman, and that he might love more and younger women. By which means, and a perfect subserviency to his will, she effected whatsoever she desired, without which it was impossible to keep him within any bounds.”—vol. iv. p. 634.

‘I have been obliged (says Lord Campbell) to omit some of the expressions imputed to her Majesty, as too coarse to be copied;’ and he adds:—‘It is possible that the whole was the invention of Walpole, who over his wine might wish to mystify the Chancellor.’ But this mystification cannot be charged against Walpole. The style of the King’s letters from Hanover to his Queen is, we understand, not only described but exemplified in the forthcoming Memoirs of Lord Hervey.

Thurlow’s chapter is not by any means so easy, but Lord Campbell shows every disposition to treat him gently:—

‘Thurlow was early in life honourably attached to an accomplished young lady, Miss Gooch—of a respectable family in Norfolk; “but she would not have him, for she was positively afraid of him.” He seems then to have foresworn matrimony. It is with great reluctance that I proceed; but I should give a very imperfect sketch of the individual and of the manners of the age, if I were to try to conceal that of which he was not ashamed, and which in his lifetime, with very slight censure, was known to all the world. Not only while he was at the bar, but after he became Lord Chancellor, he lived openly with a mistress, and had a family by her, whom he recognised, and without any disguise brought out in society as if they had been his legitimate children.—In like manner, as when I touched upon the irregularities of Cardinal Wolsey, I must remind the reader that every man is charitably to be judged by the standard of morality which prevailed in the age in which he lived. Although Mrs. Hervey is sometimes satirically named in the *Rolliad* and other contemporary publications, her *liaison* with the Lord Chancellor seems to have caused little scandal. In spite of it he was a prime favourite, not only with George III. but with Queen Charlotte, both supposed to be very strict in their notions of chastity; and his house was not only frequented by his brother the Bishop, but by ecclesiastics of all degrees,—who celebrated the orthodoxy of the head of the law,—his love of the Established Church,—and his hatred of Dissenters. It should likewise be stated in mitigation, that he was an affectionate parent, and took great pains with the education of his offspring.’

Note.—‘When I first knew the profession, it would not have been endured that any one in a judicial situation should have had such a domestic establishment as Thurlow’s, but a majority of the Judges had married their mistresses. The understanding then was, that a man elevated to the bench, if he had a mistress, must either marry her or put her away. For many years there has been no necessity for such an alternative. The improvement in public morals, at the conclusion of the eighteenth century, may be mainly ascribed to George III. and his Queen, who, though being unable to lay down any violent rule, or to bring

bring about any sudden change, they were obliged to wink at the irregularities of the Lord Chancellor—not only by their bright example, but by their well-directed efforts, greatly discouraged the profligacy which was introduced at the Restoration, and continued, with little abatement, till their time.’—vol. v. p. 657.

It appears to us that Lord Campbell could hardly have penned the foregoing note, unless he had utterly forgotten the strain of his own observations when vindicating Somers *in re Blount*. He there assumed that the pure examples of William and Mary, and Anne and George of Dehmark, had effected the reform which is here, with more accuracy, traced to George III. and Queen Charlotte. But enough of the erotics of Thurlow:—and the more doubtful question of that Chancellor’s religion we are willing to leave in Lord Campbell’s merciful hands:—

‘It has been said that Thurlow was a sceptic; but I do not believe that there is any foundation for this assertion, beyond the laxity of his practice, and an occasional irreverence in his expressions on religious subjects—which, however censurable, were not inconsistent with a continuing belief in the divine truths he had been taught by his pious parents.’

Thurlow was the earliest of these heroes that ever fell under the biographer’s personal inspection, and we feel throughout the narrative how much life and verisimilitude are gained when the subject has actually sat to the artist, though but once, and long before there could have been any thought of the portraiture.

‘With these eyes have I beheld the lineaments of Edward, Lord Thurlow; with these ears have I heard the deep tones of his voice.

‘He had resigned the Great Seal while I was still a child residing in my native land; but when I had been entered a few days a student at Lincoln’s Inn it was rumoured that, after a long absence from Parliament, he was to attend in the House of Lords, to express his opinion upon the very important question, “whether a divorce bill should be passed on the petition of the wife, in a case where her husband had been guilty of incest with her sister?”—there never hitherto having been an instance of a divorce bill in England except on the petition of the husband for the adultery of the wife.

‘When I was admitted below the bar, May 20, 1801, Lord Chancellor Eldon was sitting on the woolsack; but he excited comparatively little interest, and all eyes were impatiently looking round for him who had occupied it under Lord North, under Lord Rockingham, under Lord Shelburne, and under Mr. Pitt. At last there walked in, supported by a staff, a figure bent with age, dressed in an old-fashioned grey coat,—with breeches and gaiters of the same stuff—a brown scratch wig—tremendous white bushy eyebrows—eyes still sparkling with intelligence—dreadful crows’ feet round them—very deep lines in his countenance—and shrivelled complexion of a sallow hue—all indicating much

much greater senility than was to be expected from the date of his birth as laid down in the Peerage [1732].

The debate was begun by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who moved the rejection of the bill, on the ground that marriage had never been dissolved in this country, and never ought to be dissolved, unless for the adultery of the wife, — which alone for ever frustrated the purposes for which marriage had been instituted. Lord Thurlow then rose, and the fall of a feather might have been heard in the House while he spoke. At this distance of time I retain the most lively recollection of his appearance, his manner, and his reasoning.

“I have been excited by this bill,” said he, “to examine the whole subject of divorce. Why do you grant to the husband a divorce for the adultery of the wife? Because he ought not to forgive her, and separation is inevitable. Where the wife cannot forgive, and separation is inevitable by reason of the crime of the husband, the wife is entitled to the like remedy. By the clearest evidence, Mr. Addison since the marriage has been guilty of incest with the sister of Mrs. Addison. Reconciliation is impossible. She cannot forgive him, and return to his house, without herself being guilty of incest. Had this intercourse with the sister taken place before the marriage, the Ecclesiastical Court would have set aside the marriage as incestuous and void from the beginning; and is Mrs. Addison to be in a worse situation because the incest was committed after the marriage, and under her own roof? You allow that she can never live with him again as her husband, and is she, innocent, to be condemned for his crime to spend the rest of her days in the unheard-of situation of being neither virgin, wife, nor widow? Another sufficient ground for passing the bill is, that there are children of this marriage, who, without the interference of the legislature, would be exclusively under the control of the father. Now, your Lordships must all agree that such a father as Mr. Addison has proved himself to be, is unfit to be intrusted with the education of a daughter. The illustrious Prince says truly that there is no exact precedent for such a bill; but, my Lords, let us look less to the exact terms of precedents than to the reason on which they are founded. The adultery of the husband, while it is condemned, may be forgiven, and therefore is no sufficient reason for dissolving the marriage; but the incestuous adultery of the husband is equally fatal to the matrimonial union as the adultery of the wife, and should entitle the injured party to the same redress.”

“I cannot now undertake to say whether there were any *cheers*, but I well remember that Henry Cowper, the time-honoured Clerk of the House of Lords, who had sat there for half a century, came down to the bar in a fit of enthusiasm, and called out in a loud voice, CAPITAL! CAPITAL! CAPITAL! Lord Chancellor Eldon declared that he had made up his mind to oppose the measure, but that he was converted; and Ex-chancellor Lord Rosslyn confessed that the consideration which had escaped him,—of the impossibility of a reconciliation,—now induced him to vote for the bill. Having passed both Houses, it received the

the Royal assent, and has since been followed as a precedent in two or three other cases of similar atrocity.'—vol. v. p. 473.

Would that Lord Thurlow had oftener found such a reporter ! What strong clear sense, and what sterling English ! We are sorry not to quote the most striking description of his mode of addressing the House of Lords, which occurs in Lord Brougham's Sketches ; but we must keep our space for our Campbell, and give another favourable specimen of this Essay on Thurlow—to wit, the account of his first start of professional success (1761). Every reader of Cowper's Letters knows how little of labour apparently entered into his more fortunate companion's early course of life:—

'According to legal tradition, soon after the decision of the Court of Session in Scotland that the alleged son of Lady Jane Douglas was a suppositious child purchased at Paris, the question, which excited great interest all over Europe, was discussed one evening at Nando's coffee-house—which, from its excellent punch, and the ministrations of a younger daughter of the landlady, was Thurlow's favourite haunt. At this time, and indeed when I myself first began the study of the law, the modern club system was unknown ; and (as in the time of Swift and Addison) men went in the evenings for society to coffee-houses, in which they expected to encounter a particular set of acquaintance, but which were open to all who chose to enter and offer to join in the conversation, at the risk of meeting with cold looks and mortifying rebuffs. Thurlow, like his contemporary Dr. Johnson, took great pains in gladiatorial discussion, knowing that he excelled in it, and he was pleased and excited when he found a large body of good listeners. On the evening in question, a friend of his at the English bar strongly applauded the judgment against the supposed heir of the house of Douglas. For this reason, probably, Thurlow took the contrary side. Like most other lawyers he had read the evidence attentively, and in a succinct but masterly statement he gave an abstract of it to prove that the claimant was indeed the genuine issue of Lady Jane and her husband,—dexterously repelling the objections to the claim, and contending that there were admitted facts which were inconsistent with the theory of the child being the son of the French rope-dancer. Having finished his argument and his punch, he withdrew to his chambers, pleased with the victory which he had obtained over his antagonist ; and went to bed, thinking no more of the Douglas cause, and ready, according to the vicissitudes of talk, to support the spuriousness of the claimant with equal zeal. But it so happened that two Scotch law agents, who had come up from Edinburgh to enter the appeal, having heard of the fame of Nando's, had at a side-table been quiet listeners of the disputation, and were amazingly struck with the knowledge of the case and the acuteness which Thurlow had exhibited. The moment he was gone they went to the landlady and inquired who he was ? They had never heard his name before ; but finding that he was a barrister, they resolved to retain him as junior to prepare the appellant's Case, and to prompt those who were to lead it at the bar of the House of Lords. A difficulty had occurred about the preparation

preparation of the Case, for there was a wise determination that, from the magnitude of the stake, the nature of the question, and the consideration that it was to be decided by English law lords, the *plaidoyer* should be drawn by English counsel, and the heads of the bar who were retained—from their numerous avocations—had refused to submit to this preliminary drudgery.

‘Next morning a retainer, in *Douglas v. The Duke of Hamilton*, was left at Thurlow’s chambers, with an immense pile of papers, having a fee indorsed upon them ten times as large as he had ever before received. At a conference with the agents (who took no notice of Nando’s), an explanation was given of what was expected of him,—the Scotchmen hinting that his fame had reached the Parliament House at Edinburgh. He readily undertook the task, and did it the most ample justice, showing that he could command, upon occasion, not only striking elocution, but patient industry. He repeatedly perused and weighed every deposition, every document, and every pleading that had ever been brought forward during the suit, and he drew a most masterly Case, which mainly led to the success of the appeal, and which I earnestly recommend to the law student as a model of lucid arrangement and forcible reasoning.

‘While so employed he made acquaintance with several of the relations and connections of the Douglas family, who took the deepest interest in the result; and, amongst others, with the old Duchess of Queensberry, the well-known friend of Gay, Pope, and Swift. When she had got over the bluntness of his manners (which were certainly not those of the *vieille cour*), she was mightily taken with him, and declared that since the banishment of Atterbury and the death of Bolingbroke, she had met with no Englishman whose conversation was so charming. She added that, being a genuine Tory, she had considerable influence with Lord Bute, the new favourite, and even with the young Sovereign himself, who had a just respect for hereditary right, lamenting the fate of the family whom his own had somewhat irregularly supplanted. On this hint Thurlow spoke, and, with the boldness that belonged to his character, said that “a silk gown would be very acceptable to him.” Her Grace was as much surprised as if he had expressed a wish to wear a silk petticoat—but upon an explanation, that the wished-for favour was the appointment to the dignity of King’s Counsel, in the gift of the Government, she promised that it should be conferred upon him. And she was as good as her word.’—vol. v. pp. 489-491.

To this Douglas Cause, then, Thurlow owed both his silk gown and his adoption of the Tory politics—whence the Great Seal in due season. The Duchess, who in early life enjoyed the society of Swift, was not likely to be much repelled by bluntness of manner in Thurlow. As to her alleged account of George the Third’s views and feelings concerning the exiled Stuarts at the beginning of his reign, we should have liked to be told on what authority the statement is ascribed to her Grace; but at the same time, were the story ever so clearly brought

brought home to her, we must beg to be excused for slowness of acceptance. Duchess Kitty's eccentricity, even in her early period, was egregious; and Quevedo long ago observed, that if the girl squints with one eye the grandame will be likely to squint with two.

Before we turn from the Second Series (published in 1846) we may observe that throughout his lives of the Chancellors of the old Revolution school, Lord Campbell is forced to acknowledge that, on the two grand political questions still uppermost in public interest, all those venerated ornaments of his party maintained opinions diametrically the reverse of their more enlightened successors, the liberal Whigs of our own era. He cannot obscure the fact, for example, that the Anti-Catholic legislation of *Somers* was infinitely severer than even Queen Elizabeth's—under the urgency of Philip's aggressive ambition, and when the dethroning Edicts of the Vatican were wet from the press—had ever been (vol. iv. p. 226). All he can say is that in those times 'the general feeling among English Protestants with respect to Roman Catholics resembled what now prevails in the United States of America among the whites with respect to the negroes;' and that 'the authors of such measures had no consciousness of doing anything wrong'—meaning *perhaps* to insinuate that persons who in more recent days avowed their suspicion that the Papal virus was not extinct, and opposed accordingly the full admission of Romanists to all the political franchises of a constitution which the Somerses founded on the very principle of Protestantism, were conscious that in acting on such grounds 'they were doing wrong.' In like manner he cannot help allowing that all the old Whig worthies were resolute Protectionists. When obliged (vol. iv. p. 590) to recount the successful energy of the stand made by King (with Stanhope and other associates) against certain articles in the Treaty of Utrecht, providing that in future 'no higher duties should be imposed on any goods imported from France than on the like goods from any other country in Europe,' he suggests that 'the bad political economy of his brother barrister 130 years ago may be forgiven, when we see an enlightened nobleman in the middle of the nineteenth century, still condemning the clauses in question;' and he quotes with an air of triumph a few words of what we still think a very sensible passage, in which Lord Mahon observes that the clauses would have involved 'a direct violation of the Methuen Treaty, and this violation would of course have lost the English all their trade with Portugal, which was then by far the most thriving and advantageous they possessed;' that, moreover, our 'rising manu-

factures of silk, linen, and paper were threatened with unequal competition and probable ruin;' and that 'the practical men of business—who in that unenlightened age were usually preferred to theorists and speculators—with scarcely an exception viewed the project with dismay.'—(*Mahon*, vol. i. p. 49.) Lord Campbell often shows so much candour, and, on the whole, is so little chargeable (for a voluminous Whig) with exhibitions of presumptuous dogmatism, that we regret to find him on any occasion adopting the crowing self-sufficient air of our vulgar talkers and writers on subjects of this particular class. Such arrogance seems unworthy of him who, having a seat in Lord John Russell's Cabinet, has the manliness to express, in not a few places, his regret for the close boroughs scheduled away in 1832. After confessing, for instance, in his fourth volume, that the spotless puritan King was, even when Chief Justice, a most diligent dealer in the traffic of boroughs, and that but for *Berealstone* the splendid name of Cowper would never have graced his book or our peerage, his lordship honestly says—

'It was entirely close, and was one of a class of boroughs so convenient and useful that we cannot help sometimes regretting the scandal which rendered their abolition necessary; for I fear we cannot deny that they sent to parliament members more eloquent and better qualified to serve the state than the new boroughs with larger constituencies which have been substituted for them.'—vol. iv. p. 287.

We hope and believe he would have published the foregoing sentence, although he had still in 1846 continued 'Plain John,' member for Edinburgh. One could hardly have expected him to add, that no admirer of our ancient constitution can help regretting the line taken by the Tory Government as to the East Retford case—which enabled the Whigs to re-awaken the almost forgotten cry of Reform, and, by 'fanning the sacred flame' of the Three Days of July, to force on a popular movement, whereof the natural fruit is now visibly ripening—to the equal alarm, as we believe, of Whig and Tory.

So much for the second *livraison*, in which, though from the nature of the materials it could not come up to the picturesque interest of the first, we must say that the author has represented, in a style eminently free and masculine, a long line of very important and very oddly diversified personages. Of his by-play we have, we suppose, given sufficient examples; perhaps indeed some of our readers may be inclined to think that several of its closest girds might as well have been reserved for the anteprandial fencing-bouts of the House of Lords. We may suggest, at parting, that in the next edition a good deal of space might be gained by abridging the notes devoted to mere transcripts

transcripts of the formal official records of the elevation of successive Chancellors, and other documents of a similar class. It was right to afford a specimen or two of such things, but it is wearisome enough to have the very same bald stuff repeated on every change in the custody of the Seal from Edward III. to George IV.; and we can hardly speak otherwise of the eternal details of inaugural processions and banquets. It looks as if the writer had a sort of hankering after the pomps and vanities quite out of keeping with his usual sturdy common sense, and enjoyed dallying in imagination with the weight of the embroidered purse and the grandeur of the mace in the coach. Why the mention in his text of some legal festivities a hundred years ago should authorise a note of two or three pages about Prince Albert's dinner at Lincoln's Inn, we are quite at a loss to conjecture. Surely it was not enough that among the dignitaries present at this recent display the record so painfully transcribed happened to include the name of Lord Campbell.

The fifth volume, as we have seen, includes the life of one whom the biographer had looked upon in the flesh as an ex-Chancellor. The sixth opens with him who had just been removed—*multum gemens*—from the Woolsack on the day when the long-retired Thurlow once more electrified the House of Lords, in the presence (luckily for us) of a certain very promising student-of-law. This was Alexander Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough—for our author keeps by that historical title, though after he lost the Seal he became Earl of Rosslyn—just as he had in a former volume given us Ellesmere, not Brackley;—and Lord Bacon, not the Viscount of St. Alban's. Loughborough occupies half this volume—the rest is for Erskine. The latter is taken out of his order—for Eldon preceded him in the high place, but he died in 1807, whereas Eldon's public career continued for thirty years later, and the arrangement adopted was of course more convenient with reference to history. Erskine's tenure, moreover, was but a brief interruption of the long Eldonian reign—and one in itself so insignificant, that if the actual Chancellorship had been the only point, we doubt whether Lord Campbell could have ventured to pronounce old John Searl 'the obscurest of the Chancellors.' With respect to occupying the whole of the sixth volume with only two Lives, we must recollect that Loughborough was the first Scotchman who ever reached the Woolsack, and Erskine the second. It is also to be observed, however, that for Scotch biographies the author had more than common facilities; and we must say that he has handled both stories with uncommon vivacity of effect. That

he somewhat depresses Loughborough, and considerably heightens Erskine, was to be anticipated.

Wedderburn was born at Edinburgh in 1733, the son of a gentleman of ancient descent and small landed estate, who, after long but far from brilliant practice as an advocate, became a Judge of the Court of Session in 1755, with the courtesy title of Lord Chesterhall. This Judge is mentioned by the chroniclers of the 'Senators of the College of Justice,' as remarkable for nothing but the gentleness and modesty of his disposition and manners.* His wife was a clever, active woman of the proud race of the Ogilvies—to her, no doubt, the son owed both his talents and his temper, and she herself took the chief pains that were taken with her boy's education. He was one of the most precocious of striplings—a rare instance of real eminence attained by one whose juvenile merits had attracted especial notice and applause; and his ambition took shape early—for, though all former biographers have represented him as without any views towards the south until after he had spent some three years in 'walking the Parliament House' *more paterno*, it now comes out that this was not the fact. Even before he had attended any of the law lectures in the college—'as soon,' to use his own words, 'as he could look about him and compare himself with others'—he came to the conclusion that Edinburgh was too narrow and lazy a sphere for him. He had been inflamed (as he told the late Earl of Haddington) by what was an eternal theme of discourse in the north—the signal elevation of Mansfield—and could see no reason why another Scotchman might not follow an equally brilliant career in the Law of the greater kingdom. A Scotch Judge's salary was then only 500*l.* per annum, which may afford a tolerable notion of what their bar practice could be expected to yield. But the amiable Chesterhall was of an old *Famille de la Robe*; to oscillate between Auld Reekie in term-time and the hereditary farm† twenty miles off in the vacation, was the utmost limit of his aspirations for himself or for his son after him. England was a remote country; London a vast Babylon; the religion was only a shade better than popery; the law itself semi-barbarous and unsystematic, unworthy to be held in like estimation with a certain grand body of doctrine largely derived in a right line from the Pandects. Young Chesterhall

* See the 'Account of the Senators,' &c. by Messrs. Brunton and Haig of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh—a modest and careful volume published in 1832.

† The house of Chesterhall has disappeared, and we believe the whole of its little territory is now thrown into the park of Oxenford Castle, the fine seat of the Earl of Stair in Midlothian.

would be lost in that measureless *terra incognita*—at best he would be denationalized, un-Calvinized, and the ancestral pigeon-house would hold him no more. The sober laird and advocate could not endure the thought of such fearful risks and woful changes. It happened that Mr. Hume Campbell, who had been called to the English bar, but speedily devoted himself to politics, was on a visit to his brother Lord Marchmont, to whom Chesterhall usually paid his respects when attending the circuit-court on the Border. It occurred to him that he would carry Alexander to Marchmont House; he would there gather what men of name and experience thought of London as a sphere for the adventures of a young immigrant, who had decent enough prospects before him, if he would only stick to the old paths. At the same time the laird had a high notion of his son's gifts and acquirements; and as he was a comely lad, and not sorely encumbered with shyness, it had no doubt been suggested by the fond and stirring mother that he might make a favourable impression among the great people at Marchmont; at any rate, the expedition could do no harm. It was performed accordingly, but with none of the desired results. The aspiring boy, additionally excited by champagne and high company, was quite ready to show off his knowledge and eloquence, and also to sit in judgment on those for whose inspection he had been destined. He perceived, or conceived, that Hume Campbell was a shallow personage; and the latter, next morning, took the learned laird of Chesterhall aside, and told him candidly that his son seemed a smart youth, but of flighty, unsubstantial parts; he would never do for the bar anywhere; if the family were to turn their thoughts to the army, he would very willingly use his interest to get them an Ensigncy in a marching regiment. Father and son returned to their peel in dudgeon and discomfiture; but the son swore to himself that he would go to London, and, moreover, that once there, he would find means to revenge himself on Mr. Hume Campbell; and he kept his vows.

It is clear, however, that offensive as his behaviour at Marchmont may have been, with whatever absurdity of self-complaisance he may have chattered in the presence of the friend of Pope, he was a most extraordinary youth. At eighteen, as Dugald Stewart tells us, he was on habits of constant correspondence with Adam Smith; at twenty he was admitted to the companionship of the Poker Club—a most select association of senior *bon-vivants*—Smith, Hume, Home, Ferguson, Elibank, Robertson, Carlyle—the *élite* of Edinburgh in Edinburgh's palmiest season. Having devoured in silence his Berwickshire misadventure, he had signified to his father his acquiescence in the plan of the
Scotch

Scotch bar, and devoted himself seriously to the study of the civil law—in Lord Campbell's opinion it was at this time that he laid in almost all the stock of real law learning that he ever possessed; but he had kept the English scheme all the while *altâ mente repostum*—and in the spring of 1753, a year before he could pass advocate, he requested leave to make a run to London by himself, which was granted readily. On this occasion he carried with him a letter from David Hume, then aged forty, to his friend Dr. Clephane, which concluded thus:—

‘It will be a great obligation both to him and me if you give him encouragement to see you frequently; and after that, I doubt not you will think that you owe me an obligation—

Ha in giovenile corpo senile senno.

But I will say no more of him, lest my letter fall into the same fault which may be remarked in his behaviour and conduct in life—the only fault which has been remarked in them,—that of promising so much that it will be difficult for him to support it. You will allow that he must have been guilty of some error of this kind, when I tell you that the man with whose friendship and company I have thought myself very much favoured, and whom I recommend to you as a friend and companion, is just twenty.’—vol. vi. p. 11.

This testimony is sufficient as to his talents and acquirements, and it leaves no doubt that he had learned to keep his petulance well in hand. It is possible that the Marchmont visit may have formed a subject of very useful reflection. In London he startled some Templars to whom Clephane made him known by his dialect, which was, it seems, decorated with an outrageous audacity of ‘High English,’—but this affectation (one not extinct among the Edinburgh jurisconsults) could neither conceal his opulence of information nor the brilliancy of his mother-wit. He himself, after a little, became aware of the ludicrous pyebaldness of his brogue, and that depressed him; but, on the other hand, he was measuring himself with men in some practice at the southern bar, and he had the opportunity of witnessing the proceedings in their courts, and on the whole his courage revived, insomuch that he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and had eaten through a couple of terms before he left town—resolving to do the like occasionally as he might find opportunity during the remainder of his Edinburgh novitiate. Next year he was called to the bar there, at the usual age of twenty-one, and he remained in regular attendance in the Court of Session for three subsequent years, with every symptom of fair promise, until he had digested perhaps half the regulation messes of his Inn in London; and his father being dead, and his motions and a little money at his own disposal, it seemed to him that the time was come for turning his face in earnest

earnest to 'the finest prospect that any Scotchman ever sees.' The incredibly strange scene in the Court of Session, which formed the *finale* of his Scotch career, has been slightly sketched by several hands. Lord Campbell has been enabled to correct some errors in those statements, but we apprehend he has added new ones in their place, and we believe he has not laid his finger on the real origin of the quarrel which had that most singular termination.

We must observe, first of all, that though Wedderburn had not made any conspicuous display before the Scotch bench, he had very much distinguished himself in what was then, and till lately continued to be, a favourite scene for the oratory of young Scotch barristers—namely, the venerable Assembly of the Kirk. According to the then fashion with gentlemen of that gown he had been 'ordained a ruling elder' as soon as he was major, and ever since sat in the Assembly as delegate of some town in Fife. From the date of the Union—ever since the Parliament House ceased to accommodate a native legislature—this theatre had been resorted to by ambitious and not as yet well employed members of the Bar—and there they contrasted strikingly enough in appearance and in style of rhetoric with the worthy divines constituting the great majority of the conclave. The debates there in 1756 and 1757 excited within doors and without more interest than almost any others in the record. In the former year the subject was the proposed excommunication of 'Mr. David Hume, librarian to the Faculty of Advocates,' on account of his *Essays*; in 1757 this was followed by the 'overture' for the degradation of 'Mr. John Home, minister of the Gospel at Athelstanford,' for having written 'a sinful stage play called *Douglas*.' On both occasions the ultra-Calvinists of the Kirk exerted all the zeal of Wodrow and Peden—and on both, the Moderate party, led with consummate skill by Robertson, made as stout a stand as they durst in favour of the celebrated culprits—with whom their chief had long lived in habits of companionship. But on both occasions the Clerical Moderates felt themselves sorely embarrassed—adroit evasions and a clever use of points of form were the most they could venture—their own reputation for orthodoxy was in serious peril. The front of the battle, therefore, was left for the less heavily armed troops—the lawyers; and both for Hume and for Home the most gallant and effective combatant was Wedderburn. His speech for Hume was, indeed, a remarkable one—even imperfectly as we have it reported, it seems a masterpiece of irony—it must have distilled like oil of vitriol on the Geneva cloak. Wedderburn, who, says our author, 'I hope and believe from sincere conviction, and at all events from prudence, would have been very

very sorry to be supposed to share the speculative doubts of the individual he defended'—was now just twenty-three years of age. He said:—

'It is wholly unnecessary that I should follow the example of the reverend divine who has preceded me, by making any profession of zeal for the pure Presbyterian church established in this country. I say with him, "Peace be within her walls! prosperity within her bulwarks!" But, in the first place, let me very respectfully ask whether all who are disposed to concur in this vote have read the writings to be condemned? Am I to believe that the holy presbyters, trusted with the care of souls of which they are to give an account, instead of preaching, praying, and catechising, have been giving up their days and their nights to Mr. Hume's *Essays*—said to be so poisonous and so pernicious,—in neglect of the spiritual good of others, and possibly to the peril of their own principles? But suppose these wicked books to have been deliberately read by every member of this assembly, by how many of you have they been understood? And are you to defer coming to a decision till you are all agreed on their meaning, and are all of one mind upon the various abstruse questions which they discuss? Can you all tell us the difference between coincidence and causation? One *Essay*, very acrimoniously alluded to by the reverend mover of the overture, is on "*Liberty and Necessity*;" but some have declared elsewhere that the views of the essayist thus reprobated are in entire harmony with the doctrines of Calvin and Knox on predestination. You must have made up your own mind upon them before you call in Mr. Hume,—who may be better prepared than it may be convenient for some of you, to prove that they are not at variance with the standards of the true Presbyterian faith. I would, with all possible respect, request you to recollect the procedure in another meeting of intelligences, with which I would venture to compare this venerable Assembly only for eloquence, and a deep theoretical knowledge of divine truth. When those casuists, though of more than mortal grasp of thought,

—"reason'd high

Of providence, fore-knowledge, will and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute—
They found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

The opinions complained of, however erroneous, are of an abstract and metaphysical nature—not exciting the attention of the multitude—not influencing life or conduct; your spiritual censures should be reserved for a denial of *the divine right of presbytery*, or practical errors which lead to a violation of *the ten commandments*. What advantage do you really expect from the course which is proposed? Is there any chance of your convincing Mr. Hume, and of making him cry *peccari*? Upon his proving contumacious you are resolved to punish, if you cannot reform him; and the awful sentence of the "Greater Excommunication" is to be pronounced—by which he is to be excluded from the society of all Christians, and to be handed over to the evil one. But
this

this is a sentence which the civil power now refuses to recognise, and which will be attended with no temporal consequences. You may wish for the good of his soul to burn him as Calvin did Servetus; but you must be aware that, however desirable such a power may appear to the Church, you cannot touch a hair of his head, or even compel him against his will to do penance on the stool of repentance. Are you sure that he may not be so hardened as to laugh at your anathemas, and even to rejoice in them, as certainly increasing the circulation of his books? If he is grave and sarcastic, may he not claim the right of private judgment for which your fathers have bled; and if you deny it to him, may he not cail upon *you* again to keep company with that Lady of Babylon whom you hold in such abomination? But there is one other point. I admit your jurisdiction in spiritual matters over all the members of your church. But you assert that Mr. Hume is not even a Christian. Why are you to summon him before you more than any Jew or Mahometan who may happen to be travelling within your bounds? Your "libel," as we lawyers call it, is *ex facie* inept, irrelevant, and null, for it begins by alleging that the defender denies and disbelieves Christianity, and then it seeks to proceed against him and to punish him as a Christian. For these reasons I move, "that while all the members of the General Assembly have a just abhorrence of any doctrines or principles tending to infidelity or to the prejudice of our holy religion, yet they drop the overture anent Mr. David Hume, because it would not, in their judgment, minister to edification."

It was these speeches that first gave Wedderburn a general reputation in Scotland, and if he had remained at the Scotch bar we can have very little doubt that he must have risen by-and-bye to its first honours. But without dwelling longer on such speculations, here is Lord Campbell's edition of his actual *exit* from Edinburgh in July, 1757:

'*The Dean of Faculty* at that time was Mr. Lockhart, afterwards Lord Covington, a man of learning, but of a demeanour harsh and overbearing. It had ever been considered the duty of *the chief of the body of Advocates, freely elected to preside over them*, to be particularly kind and protecting to beginners; but Lockhart treated all who came in contact with him in a manner equally offensive; though he had been engaged in a personal altercation with a gentleman out of court, who had threatened to inflict personal chastisement upon him; and there were some circumstances in his domestic life supposed to render his character vulnerable. At last, four junior Advocates, of whom Wedderburn was one, entered into a mutual engagement that he among them who first had the opportunity, should resent the arrogance of the *Dean*, and publicly insult him.'—vol. vi. p. 47.

Now, we know not whence our author derived all these charmingly minute particulars, but not one of them can be true. The universally venerated Robert Dundas of Arniston (father of Lord Melville) became Dean of Faculty in 1746, and he held that station until

until he was made Lord President in 1760. His successor was Ferguson of Pitfour, who continued Dean till he became a Judge in 1764, and then Covington was elected Dean by the unanimous voice of the barristers ; *—a fact utterly destructive of the statements about his character and manners, with which somebody has crammed Lord Campbell. A man of harsh and overbearing demeanour would have had the same chance to be unanimously elected Speaker of the House of Commons—a man, whose honour had received a stain, to be appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British army. Within our own remembrance there have been several unanimously elected Deans—and what sort of men ? Such Whigs as Cranstoun and Jeffrey—such Tories as Hope and Robertson. But Covington, as we have said, was never Dean until seven years after 1757, when Wedderburn left Scotland. The collision between them must have been strange enough in all conscience, but it assumes a totally new and false character when represented as arising between the Præses of the Faculty and the representative of a band of young martyrs, sworn and pledged to have revenge for his arrogant bearing in that capacity.

They who can now be appealed to for even second-hand accounts of the matter are very few indeed—and themselves far beyond the Psalmist's 'allotted span;'—it is obvious from the style in which Lord Brougham treats it in his Sketch of Loughborough that he had failed to satisfy himself in any degree as to details:—but we think the most probable of the floating traditions is that which gives a political origin to the quarrel. It was but twelve years after the *forty-five*. Wedderburn was by descent a Whig, and by temper a keen one, though most people attach different ideas to the name of *Loughborough*. Covington, though not Dean, was of long standing, and of the very highest celebrity in his profession; the Faculty was never more furiously divided in politics, and he, a son of the ablest of the Scotch Jacobites, was at the head of the Tory party in the Faculty. In 1757 he was fifty-seven years of age, and had during thirty-five years seen Whig after Whig lifted over his head without as yet the slightest glimpse of the Bench. The elevation of worthy, stupid, old Westerhall, in 1755, to the judicial rank had been one of his latest grievances. And, moreover, there was an early occasion of offence as to the son. Although as an Episcopalian he took no concern in the squabbles of the Kirk, he regarded with abhorrence the infidelity of Hume—who also was as yet a Whig—and with disgust the countenance

* See this fact and all these dates in Brunton and Haig, pp. 524, 527, 533—which a friend has kindly compared for us with the official Minutes of the Faculty of Advocates.

shown to Hume by many leading Whigs, lay and clerical, old and young—among the rest by such *elders* in the Kirk as Mr. Alexander Wedderburn. In 1753, when Hume was candidate for the Faculty Librarianship, we see by the historian's letters that Covington had been among the most active against him.

To proceed—on the day of 'the opportunity,' according to our author, after some interchange of angry words at the bar of the Court of Session, all the fifteen Judges present, *the Dean* called Wedderburn 'a presumptuous boy,' and the boy in reply said, '*The learned Dean* has employed only vituperation; I will not say that he could have used argument, but if tears could have answered his purpose, no doubt he has them at command.' *The Dean* threatened vengeance. Wedderburn resumed, 'My Lords, I care little for what is said by a man who has been disgraced in his person and dishonoured in his bed.' Lord President Craigie 'felt the flesh creep on his bones'—but at last—

'His lordship declared in a firm tone, that "this was language unbecoming an advocate and unbecoming a gentleman." Wedderburn, now in a state of such excitement as to have lost all sense of decorum and propriety, exclaimed that "his lordship had said as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman." The President appealed to his brethren as to what was fit to be done,—who unanimously resolved that Mr. Wedderburn should retract his words and make an humble apology, on pain of deprivation. All of a sudden, Wedderburn seemed to have subdued his passion, and put on an air of deliberate coolness,—when, instead of the expected retraction and apology, he stripped off his gown, and holding it in his hands before the judges, he said, "My Lords, I neither *retract* nor *apologise*, but I will save you the trouble of *deprivation*; there is my gown, and I will never wear it more;—*virtute me involvo*." He then coolly laid his gown upon the bar, made a low bow to the judges, and before they had recovered from their amazement, he left the court,—which he never again entered. That very night he set off to London.'—vol. vi. pp. 47, 48.

We repeat that we hardly believe one syllable of Lord Campbell's details; some of them, and all the most important ones, we have proved to be absurd inventions. We cannot believe that any gentleman, however 'excited,' ever could have made that allusion to a delicate domestic misfortune, even if there had been every ground for believing it to have occurred; but that the scene was a sufficiently strong one there can be no doubt. It must have been such truly to have caused a sensation in that quarter. Be it remembered that only fifty years before 1757, Sir Alexander Ogilvie and the famous Lord Belhaven were tried and punished for 'beating each other in the Parliament-House, while the Parliament was sitting;' nay, that as late as 1715, the Earl

Earl of Ilay with his own hands separated, when 'in corporeal tussle' within the same venerable walls, the chief criminal judge of Scotland (Lord Justice Clerk Cockburn) and the chief law-officer of the crown (Lord-Advocate Sir D. Dalrymple)!* We may add, that even within the last five-and-twenty years, at a sitting of the Second Division of the Court of Session, such words passed between one of the Judges on the bench, Lord Glenlee, and the celebrated John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin), at the bar, that the Court was instantly called on by the Lord Advocate Maconochie (since Lord Meadowbank) to take such measures as would prevent a duel between those highly reverend sexagenarians—two, certainly, of the most accomplished gentlemen, as well as lawyers, of their time!

It is amusing to notice how 'the whirligig of time' works. In some three years after 1757, the Earl of Bute is Secretary of State, and Toryism is looking up. In three years more Home, no longer the Reverend, is private secretary to Bute, and a vehement Tory, of course; and young Wedderburn, introduced by John Home to Lord Bute, is 'by his influence returned to the House of Commons for the Rothesay burghs.' Three years more, and David Hume has published his History, in writing which he had become a Tory—and he too has been introduced to Bute by Home, and, in place of being Librarian to the Edinburgh Advocates with 50*l.* a-year, behold him secretary to the ambassador at Paris with 1000*l.*—and all the great world at his feet—while his friend Wedderburn sits within the bar of the Court of Chancery in a silk gown, 'then a high distinction,' and, as a member of Parliament, nominee and unflinching gladiator of the Scottish Tory Premier, has been of consequence enough to be victimized in some of Churchill's best verses:—

'To mischief trained e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom;
Adopting arts by which gay villains rise
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud—
A pert prim prater of the Northern race,
Guilt in his heart and famine in his face.'

Soon no satirist would have spoken of him as 'mute at the bar'—he waxes louder and louder in the senate. After the downfall of Bute and his feeble successors, another 'change comes o'er the spirit of his dream;' he is a flaming patriot, is loud as

* See 'Miscellany of the Spalding Club' (1842), vol. ii. pp. xv. and xlix.

Stentor for 'Wilkes and Liberty,' loses his seat in consequence, is a hero of public meetings, is put into the House again by the most munificent of clients, Clive—'is pitted against Lord North,' makes great speeches in favour of the liberty of the press and of Burke's resolutions for concluding the American war. But North takes root—and in 1770 there are such symptoms of a new vacillation that JUNIUS says, '*As for Wedderburn, there is something about him which even treachery cannot trust.*' In 1771, to quote our author's margin, 'Wedderburn is at St. Helens.—His strong desire to go over.—Lord Chatham tries to keep him true to Opposition.—Lord Chatham solicits an interview with him [which Wedderburn evades].—Wedderburn rats, and is made Solicitor-General'—there prevailing a rumour (however erroneous) that, in his acquisition of Wedderburn, Lord North had in fact bought *Junius himself*. Now—

'Lord North was seated between his Attorney and Solicitor General, *magis pares quam similes*; and the Minister might indulge in a short slumber, while he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburn.'—*Gibbon*.

'The Minister sat secure between his two brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz, to guard the Treasury Bench.'—*Horne Tooke*.

In passing we must not omit, that in a year or two afterwards old Covington at last mounted the Scotch bench—anno ætat. 75; and that nobody doubted but this tardy preferment of the aged Tory—in itself a very indefensible job, for the man was really superannuated in his mind—proceeded solely from the urgent and repentant intercession of that twice-converted and for the time ardent Tory, Lord North's Solicitor-General.

We now behold Wedderburn in the very highest ranks of parliamentary orators—we have the grand scene of his philippic against Franklin before the Privy Council—his step to the Attorney-Generalship (1778);—Mr. Attorney's great speech against Burke's renewed plan of conciliation—his warlike eloquence after the surrender at Saratoga—a series of splendid speeches in favour of the vigorous prosecution of the American war. He also made a keenly telling speech in defence of North, when attacked about Ireland by Fox—Mr. Attorney sternly denouncing the Whig opposition for attempting to defy the Crown by 'a Combination of Aristocratic Families.' But this was the last speech that consummate rhetorician ever made in the House of Commons. By that time (Dec. 1779) North's majority was dwindling—he began to long for the Bench—and, by-and-bye, a lucky resignation vacating the chiefship of the Common Pleas, he obtains that dignified cushion; and moreover, walks into the House of Peers as Baron Loughborough of Loughborough (June, 1780).

His

His Lordship is for the present satisfied. Things getting worse and worse with Lord North—and Thurlow, at any rate, being in possession of the Great Seal—Lord Loughborough has too just a sense of what becomes a high judicial station not to abstain from politics during the remainder of North's administration.

'Great surprise and disappointment were caused by the line which he took. It was supposed that he had been made a peer expressly for the purpose of strenuously supporting the falling government against the attacks of Shelburne, Rockingham, and Camden. His assistance was much wanted. Wedderburn in the House of Commons had shone in the very first rank of orators. For the last two years he had borne the whole brunt of the Opposition, and had proved that with a better cause he would have been a match for Dunning, Burke, or Fox. Become Lord Loughborough, and transferred to the House of Peers, it was thought that as a debater he would be equally active, and apparently more brilliant, like the moon among the lesser lights.'—vol. vi. p. 156.

He is vexed at the little business in the Common Pleas, and (like other Chiefs before and since) shows dexterity in spinning out cases, so as to make a show of work (vol. vi. p. 147); but on the whole his leisure is a gay and festive one. He has married a rich wife, who brought him house and land in Yorkshire: he had previously been presented with a beautiful villa in Surrey by the oriental gratitude of Clive. At these seats he entertains great folks of all parties in a princely style. When in town, he frequents the clubs in St. James's-street, and is popularly suspected of occasional play in company with Fox and others of the 'Aristocratic Combination.'

During the last struggles of North, the 'cold Serpent's tongue'—(that phrase was Mansfield's)—continued to be 'in the senate mute.' During Rockingham's ministry he was kept in anxious hesitation. Thurlow's abidance on the woolsack had surprised and tormented him: from that time these former friends and colleagues eyed each other with jealous bitterness—and the feeling grew more and more plain to close observers, until their hostility was declared—but for a season the fear of offending the King, Thurlow's strenuous patron, was a powerful restraint on the venom of the tortuous rival. Lord Rockingham's death revealed internal dissension in the party that had overthrown North: Fox proclaimed hatred and contempt for the succeeding Premier, the 'underminer' Shelburne—and Loughborough was in his element when nursing privately the scheme for ousting Shelburne (and, of course, Thurlow too), by a coalition between the Tory ex-Minister North and the Rockingham section of the Whigs, now called *Foxites*. As soon as this unholy league was matured, there was no vigour left in the judicial scruples, and the serpentine crest glittered

glittered topmost in the fray. The 'Coalition' were victorious—Shelburne fell, and Thurlow fell also—but the King could not at once make up his mind to a new keeper of his conscience—so the Seal was put into commission, and our Chief Justice was forced to be contented with being first of the Commissioners, presiding in the Court of Chancery as well as in the Common Pleas, but with the full patronage of the Seal, and the confidence of a Cabinet in which he could not command a place.

As every one knows, the Coalition government was, by degrees, purified of almost all the Tory elements originally in its composition,—and altogether lasted but eight months; when the young Pitt became Minister, and Thurlow resumed the woolsack. Loughborough, once more merely Chief Justice, continued his connection with the Foxites: he became their real if not their acknowledged leader in the Upper House, where he was the most effective supporter of their views both as to Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation. There was no hope now of ejecting Thurlow except by the total destruction of Pitt's power, and as he evidently grew every day in favour with the King as well as the nation at large, that consummation seemed at a melancholy distance. Fox himself despaired and retired to Italy. But suddenly the King's illness (1788) came to revive the hearts of the 'Aristocratic Combination.' Though some recent publications had given the world a much clearer notion of the intrigues of the ensuing *crisis*, Lord Campbell justly congratulates himself on having found means to afford us still additional illustration. He has produced here several most curious papers from the repositories of Loughborough's representative, the Earl of Rosslyn—and, among the rest, two or three which, whether the Earl had or had not considered their tenour, leave very ugly blots on his astute predecessor's reputation.

In the first place, these documents establish clearly that Eldon had been deceived by Thurlow. Eldon, in his 'Anecdote Book,' alludes to the report that Thurlow, during the progress of the Regency Bill, carried on 'secretly from the rest of the King's friends a negotiation with the Prince's party for the purpose of continuing himself on the woolsack under their expected ministry;' adding, that he, Eldon, 'at that time was honoured with Thurlow's intimacy—was present every day at the conversations between Thurlow and the other King's friends—and does not believe there was a word of truth in that report.' Now, among these Rosslyn papers there is a letter from Fox to Loughborough, in which he says,

'MY DEAR LORD—I am so perfectly ashamed of the letter I am writing, that I scarcely know how to begin—but my knowledge of your way

way of thinking, and the perfect and unreserved freedom with which we have always conversed together, gives me some courage, and induces me, without any further preface, to state to you the difficulties under which I feel myself.

'When I first came over [from Italy], I found a very general anxiety among all our friends, and in the Prince still more than others, to have the Chancellor make a part of our new Administration, and (excepting only the D. of Portland) they all seemed to carry their wishes so far as to think his friendship worth buying, even at the expense of the Great Seal. This idea seemed so strange to me, considering the obligations we are all under to you, and so unpleasant to those feelings of personal friendship which I am sure you do not consider as mere professions from me to you, that I took all sorts of means to discourage it, and have actually prevented the Prince, though with some difficulty, from saying anything to Thurlow which might commit him, and to prevent the possibility of it, I obtained from him the message which I delivered to you, Wednesday night, from his Royal Highness. The difficulties which have arisen within these few days, and which to many seem increasing, have had the effect of increasing the anxiety of our friends for Thurlow's support; and they seem all to be persuaded that the Great Seal would gain him, and nothing else. You know enough of the nature of our party to know how rapidly notions are sometimes propagated among them, and how very difficult it often is for us, who ought to lead, not to be led by them. Under these circumstances I must own (and I am certain you will approve my freedom in owning it, whatever you may think of my weakness) that I wish to have it in my power to offer Lord Thurlow the Great Seal, not from my own opinion of the advantages like to accrue from such an offer, but from the dread I have if things turn out in any respect ill, of having the miscarriage imputed to my obstinacy. The invidious point of view in which you would stand yourself in such an event, rather adds to my anxiety; for although they all know the handsome offers you have made, and therefore that the whole blame ought justly to lie on me alone who refused them, yet it is not pleasant to be looked upon as a person whose pretensions, however just, have stood in the way of the success of a party. I have related to you most freely the difficulties of my situation, and I should really take it ill if you answered me but with the most unreserved freedom. If you can call here it would be best; but if you cannot, pray let me have a line, though I know your answer; and the more certain I am of it the more I feel ashamed of this letter. I really feel myself unhinged to a great degree, and till I see you, which I hope will be soon, or hear from you, shall feel very unpleasantly. I feel the part I am acting to be contrary to every principle of conduct I ever laid down for myself, and that I can bring myself to act it at all I strongly suspect to be more owing to my weakness than my judgment.—I am, with the sincerest friendship, my dear Lord, yours ever,—C. J. Fox.'

'St. James's-street, Saturday morning.'

The Chief Justice, on receipt of this performance (vi. 199), addressed a long and fierce enough letter to one of his most active colleagues

colleagues in the original intrigue, Sheridan, which Lord Campbell gives in the Life of Thurlow. We content ourselves with his formal answer to Mr. Fox :—

‘MY DEAR SIR—I will frankly confess to you that the measure appears to me a strong indication of weakness, and I am deceived if it will not be generally so felt as soon as it is known. This affords additional reason why, even on motives of prudence, I should acquiesce in it, which I do, I assure you, without the smallest interruption of those sentiments of friendship and confidence with respect to you, or the Duke of P., which will ever remain in my heart.—I ever am, my dear Sir, yours,—LOUGHBOROUGH.’

These most characteristic productions settle the Eldonian point; but the part of the intrigue prior to Fox's return from Italy receives even more unexpected illumination. A report, it must be remembered, had got abroad that when first the Whigs despaired of the King's recovery, Loughborough not only was strenuous in his doctrine that the Prince was entitled to take up the full powers of the Crown, but suggested to his Royal Highness that the true plan would be to do so at once by his own act—by Proclamation—without waiting for any parliamentary consultation or invitation upon the subject. In the House of Peers on December 3, 1788, Lord Camden alluded to this portentous rumour, and, as Lord Campbell expresses it, ‘Loughborough thought himself justified in disclaiming the arbitrary advice.’ The Chief Justice spoke thus :—

‘I maintain that by the constitution of England the regency is not elective, but depends on hereditary right; and the heir apparent is entitled, during the interruption of the personal exercise of the royal authority by his Majesty's illness, to assume the reins of government. When I make this observation, *I am very far from meaning to intimate that the Prince of Wales can violently do so without the privity of the two Houses of Parliament*; but I do solemnly maintain, that upon the authentic notification to him by the two Houses of Parliament of the King's unfortunate incapacity, he is of right to be invested with the exercise of the royal authority.’—vol. vi, pp. 203, 204.*

Now the Rosslyn papers yield a long letter from Loughborough to the Prince's private secretary, Mr. Payne, who was *ab initio* their go between, and in it occur these sentences—

‘No precedent can be found except one little known, and in times where both the frame of the government and the manners of the age, were so little similar to what they now are, that it would be of no authority. In a case, therefore, supposed to be new, men would be for a moment uncertain by what rule they were to be guided, and upon a supposition of an ambiguous state of the disorder, great industry would be used to prolong the state of suspense. Every appearance of favourable intervals would be magnified, and the apprehension of a change

would be studiously excited to prevent the public opinion from attaching itself to the apparent acting power. To oppose this, great spirit and steadiness would be necessary; but I have no doubt that the only measure would be, to *assert that authority* which no other person has a right to assume, and which, with a united royal family, no opposition would be able to thwart.'—vol. vi. pp. 193, 194.

This is pretty distinct—but it is followed by a memorandum written in pencil by the hand of Loughborough, and which (Lord Campbell has been informed) was read by himself to the Prince of Wales at a secret interview in Windsor—and here the language seems even less susceptible of misinterpretation:—

'Upon the supposition of a state of disorder without prospect of recovery or of a speedy extinction, the principle of the P.'s conduct is perfectly clear. The administration of government devolves to him of right. He is bound by every duty to *assume* it, and his character would be lessened in the public estimation if he took it on any other ground but right, or on any sort of compromise. The authority of Parliament, as the great council of the nation, would be interposed, not to confer, but to declare the right. The mode of proceeding which occurs to my mind is, that in a very short time H. R. II. should signify his *intention to act by directing a meeting of the Privy Council*, where he should declare his intention to take upon himself the care of the State, and should at the same time signify his desire to have the advice of Parliament, and *order it by a Proclamation* to meet early for despatch of business. That done, he should direct the several Ministers to attend him with the public business of their offices.

'It is of vast importance in the outset, that he should appear to act entirely of himself, and in the conferences he must necessarily have, not to consult, but to listen and direct.

'Though the measure of assembling the Council should *not be consulted upon, but decided in his own breast*, it ought to be communicated to a few persons who may be trusted, a short time before it takes place; and it will deserve consideration whether it might or not be expedient *very speedily after this measure*, in order to mark distinctly the *assumption* of government, to direct such persons—at least in one or two instances—to be added to what is called the Cabinet, as he thinks proper. By marking a determination to *act of himself*, and by cautiously avoiding to raise strong fear or strong hope, but keeping men's minds in expectation of what may arise out of his reserve, and in a persuasion of his general candour, he will find all men equally observant of him.'—vol. vi. p. 195.

Lord Campbell produces, also, the first letter that Fox wrote to Loughborough on his arrival from Italy, which can leave no doubt that, on hearing what Loughborough had suggested, Fox instantly declared that advice inadmissible. This is important—for even Lord Brougham seems not to have believed that Loughborough's scheme (whatever it might have been) was ever made known at all to any of the Whig leaders. There remains the pinching question whether

whether the memorandum in pencil and the reply to Camden can be reconciled, so as to acquit Loughborough of having solemnly disclaimed the fact of his *ever* having given 'the arbitrary advice.' We think the reader will agree with us that if any escape be left, it is by a very narrow loophole. Perhaps so dexterous an artist in language never stood more awkwardly committed.

The sequel is no new story. Thurlow, on getting a private hint of the first real symptoms of recovery in the King, abruptly withdrew from his correspondence with the Foxites. Loughborough, unaware of the sources of Thurlow's new movement, was re-animated; Fox wrote joyfully that the embarrassment was now got rid of—that the Chief Justice should be Chancellor *quamprimum*. But while, as Lord Campbell says, he was drawing up lists of secretaries, and luxuriating in the great vision of the emblazoned bag, the recovery declared itself, and the crockery of Alnaschar was in bits.

Loughborough continued a steady Foxite, and on a most confidential footing at Carlton House, *until* the next grand crisis in our political history; but we shall not pursue the subsequent details. His share in the private communications between Burke, the Duke of Portland, and other *old Whigs*, on the one side, and Mr. Pitt on the other, had already been well developed in the Malmesbury Correspondence; and the other political matters in which he was concerned have all been recently before us in that work and the Lives of Eldon and Sidmouth. The student has, in short, little to learn about Loughborough's ultimate attainment of the grand object of his ambition, in January, 1793—or the circumstances which embittered his tenure of the woolsack—or even the melancholy complication of distrusts that brought it to a close in the spring of 1801.

There is, indeed, one paper in this book (new to us) which will reward study in reference to the simultaneous dismissal of Mr. Pitt and Loughborough in 1801:—it is a *Vindication of his Conduct*, drawn up some time afterwards by the ex-Chancellor, and by him communicated, with that title, to several of his friends. This is a curious paper certainly, but far too long to be copied by us, and one of which any abridgment would be valueless, for everything depends in all such cases on the *ipsissima verba*, and these are the *verba* of 'the wary Wedderburn.' On the whole it is painful to read. It exhibits the deep consciousness that he lay under grave suspicions, and with all his exquisite art he leaves the suspicion heightened that there had been some shuffling on his part—some very questionable *réticence* in respect of messages and documents meant by Pitt to be conveyed to the King by the Chancellor. With respect to the more important points in the transaction,

transaction, the paper leaves all exactly as it seemed to stand on closing the Life of Sidmouth. Loughborough, for example, clearly denies that Lord Castlereagh ever had any sort of authority to hold out Emancipation as a measure likely to be recommended upon the ratification of the union with Ireland; and asserts his belief that Lord Castlereagh acted precisely on his instructions, and in treating with the Irish Romanists made offer of no concessions whatever on church matters, except in a better arrangement as to the payment of tithes and a pecuniary provision for the priests—*'to neither of which the King ever made any objection.'* It is to be observed that Lord Campbell, who declines the invidious task of commenting upon this document, has given it without any date, and the exact time might have been of great use in its application. We should be curious to know whether there is nothing to illustrate the reception and effect of this *Vindication* among the MS. treasures—rich indeed they must be—of Melville Castle!

Whatever may have been Loughborough's indirectness in the closing period of Pitt's first government, we have no doubt that the grand cause of his fall was George III.'s distrust of his integrity generally. He had ratted too often and on too many questions. He had been pro-American and anti-American—pro-reformer and anti-reformer—admirer of the French revolution and vilifier of it—a pro-Catholic and an anti-Catholic by turns;—he had wheeled right about twice over upon almost everything—and it is hard for any man to obtain entire credit for honesty, when he walks about in the world's great masquerade with the label of so many tergiversations. But, moreover, he was well stricken in years; his administration of the proper business of the Chancery, though respectable, had not been eminently distinguished; he had not invested his judicial character with any overawing idea. To displace him was not like removing Hardwicke—and it was to make way for an Eldon.

On retirement he received a pension of 4000*l.* a-year, and as he had no children, the earldom of Rosslyn was granted to him with remainder to his sister's son, Sir James St. Clair Erskine, a cadet of the family of Mar, and representative, through a female, of the 'Barons bold' who sleep in the chapel of Rosslyn. But for this connexion it is not likely that Loughborough would have chosen a title from a Scotch locality. Soon after his father's death he sold Chesterhall,—'enough,' as Edie Ochiltree says, 'to gar the auld man turn in his coffin.' He had never visited his native country since he shook her dust from off his feet in 1757. There never was anything Scotch in his aspect—his figure was rather short, but his features, though
not

not strictly regular, were delicate—the nose aquiline—the eyes (we quote the words of one who well remembers him on the woolstack) ‘deep set, and in general darkly tranquil, but now and then of an unbearable brightness—like burning brass;’ the contour and complexion oval and Italian. He might have made a good study for a General of the Jesuits. He early overcame most perfectly his northern dialect and accent; and we can well believe that during several winters his chief study had been *Garrick*. No more finished elocutionist ever appeared in Parliament. It is said by Lord Brougham that in his latter years, when strength was oozing away at all points, the original *Doric* began to be again perceptible; but this is stoutly denied by a surviving niece, who lived in his house. The changes in his temper, or at least his demeanour, appear to have been almost as remarkable as those he went through in his political capacity. The violence and presumption of his younger days had disappeared before he reached any prominent position here—he was the blindest of Chancellors, the most courteous of gentlemen. His bearing was as noble as that of any man born to the highest hereditary station—and amidst all the vicissitudes of a busy career he maintained scholar-like tastes—such as might entitle him to share the better social hours of a Fox. It is creditable to him that in a very angry time he overlooked all party feelings in behalf of the struggling Mackintosh. Both Lord Brougham and Lord Campbell say expressly that the English lawyers as a body were proud of having a man of such accomplishments at their head.

We do not pretend to have any deep reverence for this Chancellor; but, after all, there is something to be said for him in those of his political turns which his biographer regards as the most lamentable. As to one of them, indeed, Lord Campbell admits frankly that it was made in company with many men of the most spotless honour—Portland, Spencer, &c., &c.—and with the brightest and loftiest genius of the time—Burke; and in the presence of such names he is modest enough to confine his wrath to Loughborough, whom he assumes to have been, unlike the others, insincere. However, it must be owned that even Loughborough *might* express warm approbation of the French Revolution in its early period, and yet denounce it as the most hideous of iniquities when it had reached a fuller development, without *ex facie* meriting Lord Campbell’s severity. In the other case, the Catholic question, there is also a point of some consequence that may be taken in his favour. When he advocated the Emancipation principle Ireland was a separate kingdom, with her own legislature and her own established church. A member of the English House of Commons might then consider the safety of the Protestant

Protestant establishment in Ireland as a secondary question, and yet take a very different view when the Union was on the carpet—still more after the Union was a fact. *Lord Loughborough's* opposition to the Catholic claims was grounded, primarily, on the danger to the Church of England—secondly, on the fixedness of the King's conscientious objections to the measure. This latter point was not within his sphere until he was Chancellor. From the time when he as Chancellor was first consulted on the subject, the Union was in contemplation also, and in every deliberation on the general case it was assumed, as the clearest result of all the preliminary inquiries, that the union of the kingdoms could never be effected unless the Irish Protestants were to be tranquillized by the inclusion in the Act itself of the complete union and incorporation of the two established churches. Before Mr. Pitt's first government was imperilled by the Catholic question, that incorporation had been solemnly completed. *Loughborough* always argued that Catholic Emancipation must by-and-by destroy the Irish Establishment, and that after a Union of Church and State that Establishment could not be destroyed without the gravest ultimate peril to the Church in England itself. And it is perhaps even now too soon to assume that the Chancellor's view was erroneous.

To conclude—the *Earl of Rosslyn* did nothing to protract the consideration of Lord Loughborough. He spent much of his time at a villa which he rented near Windsor, in the sole view, according to both Lord Brougham and Lord Campbell, of keeping himself before the royal eye, and greatly delighting in occasional admissions to the Castle, which inferred, however, no abatement of the royal prejudice. At the age of seventy-two the forgotten Earl died—January 1, 1805—and the present biographer tells, as if he believed it, that on hearing he was gone King George, who was shaving himself, observed, 'Then he has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions'—with the addition that when Thurlow heard of this gracious saying he muttered, 'I perceive that his Majesty is at present sane.' Lord Brougham says that his stock of law was extremely slender, and Lord Campbell seems to adopt this view pretty nearly. We suppose he was of Talleyrand's opinion, that 'no wise man will ever do for himself what he can get another to do for him.' It seems certain that both at the bar and on the bench he contrived to make uncommonly liberal use of the endowments and industry of obscurer persons. Both his recent critics fully admit his surpassing eminence both as an advocate and in parliamentary debate. Of the Chancellor our present author kindly observes that he was ~~not~~ at least free from faults and follies that have made others in that station odious or ridiculous.' He discredits the popular notion
of

of his infidelity, with some story of his having been converted in his last years by reading 'Burgh on the Divinity,' which book, he says, might have benefited a heretic, but 'would never have been prescribed for a disciple of Hume.' This story is in Mr. Wilberforce's very gossiping correspondence, where no one could expect to find a man of Loughborough's stamp considered as having much claim to the name of a Christian. In his private morals he was unimpeached: this irregular enough 'Beauty' affords Lord Campbell no pretext for an Ovidian chapter. We are only told that he was the decorous husband of two rich and barren wives.

In his mode of living he was generous and magnificent; with him the grandeur of the Cancellarian pomp and circumstance seems to have ceased and determined. The regal dignity of the two coaches was too costly for Lord or Lady Eldon's calculations; and the judicial dinners of the old régime, after dwindling into breakfasts, are now, as we understand, only shadowed by bows. Lord Campbell seems to dwell regretfully on the stately hospitalities of Loughborough; and for the rest, though 'surrendering him to severe censure as a politician,' the biographer says, 'It will be found that he not only uniformly conformed to the manners and rules supposed to distinguish a *gentleman*, but that in his changes of party he was never guilty of private treachery, and never attempted to traduce those he had deserted.' There are two or three more drops of sweetness at the bottom of the flask: 'Although his occupations after his fall were not very dignified, perhaps he was as harmlessly employed in trying at Windsor to cultivate the personal favour of the old King, as if he had gone into hot opposition, or had coquetted with all parties in the House of Lords in the vain hope of recovering his office.'

We have perhaps dwelt too long on Loughborough—but that case is the one in which Lord Campbell has added most to the previous stock of biographical details, and also in which he has made his most valuable contribution to our national history. Neither of the remaining essays claims any historical importance; and the longer one of the two, by much the longest in the whole work, has really added almost nothing to our materials for estimating Lord Eldon.

The Life of Erskine has a great deal of novelty, and very interesting novelty, in its personal anecdotes; for the family appear to have been exceedingly liberal in the communication of letters; and Lord Campbell could draw largely on the floating anecdotes of Whig and legal society—above all, on his own recollections of the rich and terse table-talk of his father-in-law, Lord Abinger. But he has only filled up the outline of Lord Brougham; and we could not hope to offer any abridgment of the story that would be acceptable after that masterly Sketch.

Lord

Lord Campbell has executed his task *con amore*—with a keener delight, probably, than any other article in the collection. The Scotchman who, though of noble birth, to which he himself always attached the highest importance, owed his success as purely to his own talents and energies as any poor parson's or attorney's son among his predecessors—the illustrious advocate, ‘the greatest master of forensic eloquence that Britain ever produced’—was also without spot or blemish as a Whig. His career could not be studied without the liveliest curiosity, or commented on without overflowing enthusiasm. His failure both in Parliament and on the Woolsack was too notorious not to be admitted; and it was the same as to all the vanities, imprudences, and whimsical vagaries of his life and conversation. The character was transparent—and with whatever pain and wonder certain specks must be contemplated, it was as a whole a very loveable character. The task, for one who must have lived much in the same society with Lord Erskine's surviving family, could not be altogether an easy one: but the author has acquitted himself with skill. Perhaps he evades some of the most difficult steps—*passi dolorosi*—by a rather too bold affectation of ignorance. Let this pass. We cannot bear to dwell with any harshness of thought on the frank, chivalrous, kindhearted Erskine.

The most valuable novelties respect the early struggles with poverty. Perhaps the highest-born man in the whole series of Chancellors, we question if any one among them had that mischance to contend with in more humiliating and tormenting extremity. His father, the Earl, never had more than 200*l.* a-year from his deeply encumbered estate. To support himself, his lady, and his eldest son in the most frugal decency, and educate the second son, Henry, for the Edinburgh bar, completely exhausted his means. Thomas from childhood delighted in his book: he would fain have been sent to college, and, like Henry, followed some learned profession in his native kingdom—but there was no money to pay even the very modest charges of a Scotch university. Most tenderly feeling for his parents' difficulties, he suggested the army—but they had no interest, and could not buy a pair of colours; therefore, though with a particular dislike to the sea, he became a midshipman—and by and bye his delightful temperament reconciled itself to every circumstance of that existence in those rough days—except only the idleness in which most of it was wasted. He resumed his reading—spent every spare sixpence at the bookstalls of seaports—by degrees made himself a fair adept in English Belles Lettres. When the old Earl at last died, in the richest odour of Lady-Huntingdonism, he received a small sum as his patrimony, and he spent every shilling of it in the purchase of an ensigncy—for he had still been banking after that, as he thought, less irksome and confined course of service.

But he was as poor as an ensign could be—and there was a very slight chance of promotion for him. He might have crept up by slow steps to command a battalion when his hair was grey. Luckily he had the gay audacity to fall in love with and espouse instantly a garrison-town beauty, who had not a farthing, but well deserved to be the heroine of a romance, with a genius for its hero. Then indeed his poverty became a serious matter. His fond young wife brought him child after child in the barrack-room. He literally could hardly feed and clothe them—his own red coat was the barest in the regiment. But he had still kept to his studies—he was now a very accomplished man. One day the assizes were held in a neighbouring town; and he had a curiosity to witness the scene, especially because Mansfield presided. His great countryman invited him to dinner. The honourable subaltern delighted the Chief Justice. In the course of the evening he said it had struck him that he could make as fair a speech as any of that day's barristers—examine a witness, too, as adroitly. Lord Mansfield, struck with his buoyant spirit, his neat and fluent language, and the easy abundance of his humorous illustrations, encouraged him. This was the turning point. Hence—after a few earnest, laborious years—the Advocate whom no jury could resist—he, whom, if he had never been more than an advocate, his biographer might have, with more justice than we can now concede to him, styled 'Erskine the Great.'

One question naturally starts up—how did the Honourable Thomas contrive to find means for his however careful family expenditure during the years between his dropping of the epaulette and his participation in the profits of the bar? To this question we find no answer in Lord Campbell's book. We venture to say there never was any doubt that the needful assistance was derived from Henry Erskine, his immediately elder brother, who was rising by that time into considerable employment at the Edinburgh bar. This gentleman appeared in the House of Commons somewhat late in life as Lord Advocate, and did not in that sphere quite sustain the expectations drawn by the English public from his eminent northern success. But his failure in Parliament was, after all, by no means so marked as that of his younger brother—and, coming after his habitudes were fixed for another scene, it in nowise shook the opinion of adequate observers. He appears to have had very much of the tact in conducting a case which so distinguished Thomas, and, in fact, to have rivalled him as a barrister, excepting only that he never did reach the very highest flight of his declamation. It might be said of 'Erskine the Great' that he never said or did a foolish thing for a client—very rarely a wise one in his own private capacity. The Lord Advocate seems to have escaped almost entirely the eccentricity of the blood.

This

This admirable expansion of Lord Brougham's miniature is followed by a careful kit-cat after Mr. Twiss's full-size portrait of Lord Eldon. Whatever additional wrinkles could be supplied by subsequent artists of inferior mark have been inserted—but these were not many; and the novelty is almost wholly in the colouring. Mr. Twiss made no attempt to disguise his own sympathy, except on one isolated question, with his venerable Tory. Lord Campbell has the old Whig pallet in his hand, and dashes in the requisite shadows with the *fattest* brush of his school. But as no Whig has ventured to complain of Twiss for an inaccurate feature, so no Tory student will be either perplexed or saddened by the gloomier tinges of the successor.

In the Preface to this Series he expresses much gratitude to Sir Robert Peel for the free use of the correspondence between Lord Eldon and himself while colleagues in the Liverpool cabinet, and we turned to the chapter with some expectation of new light—but not much. We have found no new lights at all. It was obvious from letters printed by Mr. Twiss, that during the latter years of that administration Lord Eldon found himself *de trop* among his colleagues;—it was plain that Lord Liverpool, from the first a little jealous of his Chancellor, became more and more so, as the private Sunday dinners on liver and bacon at Carlton House grew into a custom; and it could hardly fail to be surmised that as younger men rose into importance, they also gradually imbibed something of a similar feeling. The incurable old Tory was at all events their incubus. Fully conscious of the weight that his name lent them in the eye of the legal profession, of the Church, and of the real Tories of the aristocracy—they still felt more and more that his authoritative presence was a standing incumbrance. Even if there had been no Catholic Question, he must have been got rid of somehow, not much later than the break up of 1827. As to Sir Robert Peel individually, during many years he had necessarily been in very close personal connexion with Lord Eldon, as leading in the Commons that anti-Catholic section of their party, of which the Chancellor was the chief within the Cabinet; and whenever the great judge was attacked by the Whig and Radical lawyerlings in the lower House, his cause was upheld by his young colleague with a courage and a dexterity that could have left him nothing to desire. In his letters to his own daughter he more than once speaks on this head, much as an aged father might do of the exertions of a dutiful son. But the difference of years alone was such that strict intimacy could hardly be expected—and even in the letters antecedent by years to the death of Lord Liverpool, we never saw anything of the easy warmth of companionship. As the correspondence, at best stiff, approaches the catastrophe of the cause that originally united them, it is easy to detect the creep-

ing on of additional constraint; and if there be somewhat of painful *aigreur* on the Chancellor's side, that may be pardoned—while no one can fail to acknowledge and admire the indications of generous and regretful feeling on the other part. It is apparent that the rising chief, after long hesitation, had made up his mind for a complete submission to what seemed a necessity, and that a suspicion of this change had been growing in the old man's mind long before it was announced to him, or perhaps to any second person of any rank. In short, on the ultimate settlement (so called) of 1829, this correspondence, as here produced, leaves our information precisely where it was—that is to say, complete enough as respects George IV., but miserably deficient as to his coercers.

In Lord Campbell's Essay the only new things of the least consequence are three or four anecdotes from the table-talk of Holland House, where, notwithstanding life-long differences of politics, the Chancellor was an honoured guest—a few tolerable *facetie* from Lincoln's Inn and the Northern Circuit—and some corrections in the detail of the romantic chapter—the love and the elopement—such themes being in every case handled with special care and gusto by this biographer. His Lordship has nowhere indulged himself more largely in the shallow cant of his party than in his review of the great political trials, when Eldon was Attorney-General; but the whole story of Queen Caroline and Bergami is handled in far better taste;—the writer makes scarcely any pretence of doubt as to the grossness of the unfortunate lady's errors, and the Chancellor's conduct throughout the proceedings in the House of Lords is fairly admitted to have been admirable. As to the Eldonian career generally, he dwells at rather oppressive length on the old stories of underhand intrigue, tears, vows, doubts, and delays; but still shows the feeling of a thoroughbred lawyer in winding up his account of 'the greatest lawyer and judge of recent times.'—*Primus abque secundo!*

Lord Campbell says: 'On one occasion when his merits were discussed among some lawyers, a warm partisan extolled him as a pillar of the Church. 'No,' retorted another, 'Old Bags may be a buttress, but certainly not a pillar, for he is never seen within its walls.' This is not laid at the right door. The joke, we believe, was made by a celebrated poet, philosopher, and sermon-writer of our time upon himself.

In enumerating the pictures of Lord Eldon he omits the excellent Lawrence in Sir Robert Peel's gallery, and he is in error when he says that 'the Chancellor was rarely caricatured—HB. had not as yet appeared.' He was caricatured over and over by Gilray, and afterwards by George Cruikshank in that spirited
artist's

artist's merriest period—and we are now writing with several H.B.'s of him on the screen before us. One represents him walking down St. James's Street, arm-in-arm with H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland, shortly after the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill—both most desolate, but the likenesses unimpeachable. Another exhibits the ex-Chancellor consoling himself in his private corner at Encombe with the proofs and tokens of Protestant approbation. He is cutting the first slice from a colossal cheese, the tribute of the Cheshire Pittites—and beside it on the board is a monster tumbler, given by the True-blue Glass-blowers' Association, and brimming with porter from some Glorious Memory club in Ireland. This has the benignant repose of the fine old head in great perfection. We are pretty sure there were half-a-dozen more H.B.'s. 'Punch,' as Lord Campbell truly observes, has been forced to content himself with other ex-Chancellors.

The last sentences of this work must not be omitted here. Lord Campbell evidently penned them after reading a certain clever paper, in a late number of the 'Law Review,' on the scheme of separating the judicial from the political functions of the Chancellor. Every one knows to what great name it is that that Review owes most of its importance: hence the more to be admired Lord Campbell's coolness in criticising the article now alluded to as a mere exposition of the views of 'Benthamites.' At the same time we beg to say that we have no reason for connecting Lord Brougham in any way with that particular Essay, or the scheme it recommends. On the contrary, we hope and believe that Lord Brougham is, as to the Marble Chair, as sound a Conservative as Eldon, or Lyndhurst, or as Lord Campbell himself—whose *obiter dictum* touching institutions as old as the Monarchy we have special satisfaction in transcribing:—

'The new House of Lords has been adorned with an emblazonment of the armorial bearings of all the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal, who have presided on the woosack since the end of the reign of Edward III. This is a proper compliment to an order which includes many great names, and through a long succession of ages has been the main support of the hereditary branch of our legislature.

'I hope that the line may be continued with increasing reputation to distant generations. In any speculations for abolishing or remodelling the office of Chancellor, I wish Benthamites to consider whether, as it has subsisted since the foundation of the monarchy, it can be safely dispensed with, or materially altered. To ensure the steady march of the Government there must be a great Jurist to guide the deliberations of the Peers, and to assist in the councils of the Sovereign; he cannot do so advantageously without the weight to be derived from a high judicial office, and his political functions are incompatible with the administration of the criminal law. The CLAVIS REGNI must therefore be held by the first Equity or Appellate Judge.

I will

I will conclude with a prophecy, that if the proposed experiment of a *tripartite* division of the Chancellorship should be tried, it will fail, and that there never will be Seven Volumes filled with "the Lives of the MINISTERS of JUSTICE." —vol. vii. p. 724.

The reception of this work ought to encourage Lord Campbell to further experiments in the same department of literature, for which he has many qualifications, and which evidently affords him a congenial solace in hours of leisure. The Lives and Adventures of the Attorney-Generals who have *not* been Chancellors, might afford, we fancy, an edifying and amusing theme. If we might venture on a hint of advice at making our bow on the present occasion, we should suggest that he might easily have introduced more variety in his construction and arrangement—and that if he had now and then done so, it would have had a more artistic look. Now, there comes to be something of the impression that the author has dealt largely with Blue Books, and imbibed of their genius, and had drawn up queries and skeleton schedules for his own desk, just as if he had been directing a set of barristers of seven years' standing to prepare a report on the Marble Chair. Where and of what parents was — born? Education (if any), what and where? How did he conduct himself as a Templar? How soon did he marry? Did he commit —? What was his first success? Silk gown, through what influence—political or petticoat? Largest fee what? And so on to the Attorneyship. In what *Causes Célèbres* was he concerned? What *crim. cons.* came before him in any shape? What, if any, were his law reforms? Then, in very formal order, as to the distribution of legal patronage—ecclesiastical *ditto*. Then what sort of dinners did he give to the profession?—to laymen *ditto*? Was he a scholar?—a wit? What scholars and wits did he cultivate? Whom that he ought to have nourished did he eschew? Finally what his religion?—his fortune?—his epitaph?—his arms?—was not his son a dunce?—what manner of women were his daughters? The marginal *notulæ* of these heads are moreover staring us in the face in such disciplined succession that it seems as if Mr. Spottiswoode might as well have had them stereotyped at the beginning, and stored ready for call in a peculiar row of pigeon-holes. All this, however, is trifling criticism in relation to a work of such sterling merits—one of very great labour, of richly diversified interest, and, we are satisfied, of lasting value and estimation. There are many who can pick holes and point out patches—but we doubt if there be half a dozen living men who could produce a Biographical Series on such a scale, at all likely to command so much applause from the candid among the learned as well as from the curious of the laity.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline, Consort of George II.; including Letters from the most celebrated Persons of her Time.* Now first published from the originals, by Mrs. Thomson, author of 'The Life of the Duchess of Marlborough,' 'Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.,' &c. 2 vols. London. 8vo. 1847.

HERE is, we think, one of the most flagrant specimens of mere bookmaking that even this manufacturing age has produced:—the original materials are very scanty—almost worthless—and the artifices by which they have been bloated out into two volumes, are monstrous. However humble the task of editing such 'originals' may be, it requires at least some slight acquaintance with the persons and matters treated of—some power of discriminating between two old pieces of paper according to the value of what may be written upon them—sagacity enough in arranging undated letters, to know that one which talks of 'Caroline, Princess of Wales' was probably penned before another that mentions 'Queen Caroline;' and, in short, a moderate share of that essential requisite for executing any affair whatsoever—common sense. Of none of these does the responsible person seem on this occasion to have employed a particle; and yet we can hardly address to her the old reproach *ne sutor ultra crepidam*—for in good truth she has plied very diligently the natural implements of her sex, and with a stout pair of scissors, a clumsy needle, and some coarse thread, she has cut Horace Walpole—the Peerage—Biographical Dictionaries, and the like, into shreds, and then stitched them together with as little taste or consistency as if she were making a patchwork quilt, of which the original materials—the Sundon Letters—are in position and value no better than a lining. 'This strange manufacture is thus announced:—

'It has been judged expedient by the Editor of these Letters to depart from the usual course pursued in similar collections, and to substitute for the *elaborate but often unread notes generally appended to each epistle*, a brief memoir of the persons who happen to be either mainly concerned in the correspondence, or of the individuals to whom allusion is made.'—*Preface*, p. vi.

We know not why the editor should talk of 'the usual course pursued in similar collections,' of *appending elaborate notes to each epistle*. We know of no such instance. In most works of the class explanatory notes are *appended*—not to 'each epistle,' but here and there; as such information seemed requisite; and why this lady should sneer at such occasional and very useful illustrations as '*elaborate, but unread*,' does not at first sight appear; but it soon becomes evident that the real object of this repudiation

diation of the ordinary practice, is to palliate the novelty of her own. The materials are so meagre that they would not fill above one-third, we believe, of the space over which they are here stretched; and the notes necessary to elucidate them would have been of proportionably small dimensions. So that to swell the publication to anything like two volumes, it became necessary to envelop the thin substance with a great accession of adventitious matter, like stuffing out Matthews, or some such skeleton of a player, to the bulk of Falstaff.

And such stuffing!—The *recipe* is this; seize on any name however trivial or accidentally mentioned—glean from all the commonest books any anecdotes about it, or with which it can be in any way connected, and then print the motley compilation as the *main text* of the work in larger characters than the Correspondence itself.*

For instance; Mrs. Clayton, who in the last years of her life became Lady Sundon, had a frequent correspondent, Dr. Alured Clarke. In one of the Doctor's letters from a country-house he happens to mention that he had been reading a new book, by Eustace Budgell, called '*Memoirs of the Boyles*,' on which he makes a few slight observations. Upon this the editor takes occasion to spread over five pages a borrowed biography of Eustace Budgell—in which, though put together with great pomp of detail and emphasis of expression, the most remarkable point of his life and death—the *forgery of Dr. Tindal's will*, which occasioned his suicide—is entirely suppressed. This is (in every sense of the word) *extravagant* enough; but—would the reader believe it?—because Budgell wrote certain Lives of certain Boyles; this editor proceeds to employ a whole chapter (the XIIth) of no less than forty-one pages of the '*Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon*,' with a history of the whole House of Boyle—having from beginning to end no more relation, or pretence of relation, to Lady Sundon or her affairs than to Nebuchadnezzar!

Again; a certain Earl of Mar had been a leader in the rebellion of 1715, and was living abroad, but with hopes and prospects of a pardon—and *en attendant* 'had some thoughts of passing the winter for cheapness somewhere in the south of France or at Boulogne, but not knowing whether those places might be approved of by the government at home, he desired his brother, James Erskine, to beg Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Townshend

* The extent to which this is carried seemed so enormous, that we desired one of our printer's devils might attempt to measure it accurately; he accordingly examined the first 300 pages of the work, which, as he reports, might contain 9300 lines of the type in which the letters are printed, while the space actually occupied by the letters is only 2384, being about *one-fourth* of the space.

would direct him where to reside.' The brother writes to Mrs. Clayton—who was, in some way that does not appear, interested for Lord Mar—to acquaint her with his mission, and to ask her advice *whether he should write to Lord Townshend in the country or wait till he could see him in town.* The result of this short question is not stated; but it serves to introduce a long history of a very different kind. James Erskine happened to be a Scotch judge, and was called, in courtesy to that office, Lord Grange. He happened also to be married to a crazy wife, from whom—*some years after* his letter to Mrs. Clayton—he was separated; and whose subsequent confinement in the Hebrides was mentioned in Boswell's Johnson, and afterwards told by Sir Walter Scott; and since then more diffusely by half-a-dozen writers—from whom our editor takes the opportunity of compiling one entire chapter (the XIVth) of thirty-four pages, of the history of *Lady Grange*, which has just as much to do with Mrs. Clayton as an account of Josephine Buonaparte's divorce and retirement to Malmaison would have had.

It is not, of course, every name that can afford such a peg for hanging old clothes on as the editor has discovered in Eustace Budgell and Lord Grange; but hardly one occurs which is not introduced or commented upon in a similar style, though variously limited in extent by the materials afforded by the Biographies and Magazines. A 'Governor of New England' sends Mrs. Clayton a young *beaver* as a curiosity, which he doubts may die on the voyage, and therefore also sends the *skin* of another. This event is judiciously described as 'the first introduction of the beaver into England.' But this 'Governor of New England' happened to be Mr. William Burnet, eldest son of old Bishop Burnet; and on this hint follows a history in six or seven pages of Bishop Burnet and his three sons, their dispositions, manners, tempers, and professions. And all this *apropos* of a beaver!

Archbishop Wake writes, in 1718, to hint to Mrs. Clayton that the Princess of Wales should make poor Mr. Echard some return for a finely-bound copy of his book, which he had presented to her Royal Highness; whereupon the editor—after expressing a very absurd doubt whether the Echard meant was Echard the Historian, and making several other blunders about him—seizes that favourable occasion to give us ten pages of the Archbishop's life copied from the Biographia.

Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough sends some petition which the Queen is to be solicited to look at. This produces *five pages* of the hacknied history of the said Duchess, her friendship for Congreve, his legacy to her, and so forth.

Three insignificant notes of Sir Richard Steele—not altogether filling two pages—are swelled out into thirteen pages of the most commonplace circumstances of his life and death.

In the *Life of Bishop Hoadly* by his son, there are certain extracts from his letters to Mrs. Clayton. This enables the editor to reprint some of those extracts, and to expend, moreover, several pages on the biography of Bishop Hoadly.

A short note of Judge Wainwright's apprises the Bedchamber-woman that his 'friend Dean Berkeley will wait on her Majesty this evening.' This serves to introduce an account of Berkeley's life and writings, of which the following is the editor's own summary at the head of her seventh chapter:—

'Berkeley's work on Immaterialism—His philosophical opinions—Proceeds to Italy as Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough—His alarm at Leghorn—Visits Père Malebranche—Returns to Ireland with the Duke of Grafton—Vanessa's bequest to him—Proceeds to Bermuda on a mission to convert the heathen—Its failure—Returns to England—His work, "The Minute Philosopher"—Attracts the notice of Queen Caroline—Is promoted to the Bishopric of Cloyne—His conscientious scruples—His last days—His amiable character.'—vol. ii. p. 163.

All this spread over eleven pages of the '*Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon*!'

By such arts as these a most meagre stock of materials is puffed out to the bulk of eight or nine hundred pages. But this is not the worst. Unfair as we cannot but consider such a system of compilation, the awkwardness, inaccuracy, confusion, and bad taste with which it is carried out are still more intolerable.

We are not disposed to attach much importance (particularly in these gossiping works) to occasional errors either in dates or persons, which the driest chroniclers and the most careful annotators have found it difficult to escape—and we should have willingly excused the accidental slips of a lady's pen; but what we have here is a solid substantial ignorance obtruded upon us with a pertness and dogmatism which are positively offensive. We have not far to go for a sample. Let us take one of the earliest and most prominent paragraphs of the whole work—the introductory notice of Mrs. Clayton herself. An editor so profuse of gratuitous attentions to the *Boyles* and the *Erskines*—the *Burnets* and the *Berkeleys*—will naturally take care of *Viscountess Sundon*:—

'The family from which Charlotte Clayton, afterwards Lady Sundon, sprang, appears to have been obscure, and her condition in life humble, until after her marriage with Robert Clayton, Esq., a clerk in the Treasury. Her maiden name was Dyves.'—vol. i. p. 4.

In this summary there is not, we believe, a syllable of truth.

except that her Christian name was *Charlotte*, her maiden name *Dyves*, and her married name *Clayton*. Her birth was not mean; she was of an old English gentleman's family: her husband was not *Robert*, but *William Clayton*; he was not a *Clerk* in the Treasury, but a *Lord of the Treasury*; a gentleman of ancient family and fair fortune, who sat in the House of Commons for upwards of thirty years—having been in three parliaments returned for Westminster,* when Westminster elections had rather more of *selection* than we have seen in later times.* But the most astonishing of all these blunders is that which flames on the prefixed portrait, on the title-pages, and on every other page of the volumes. The lady so ostentatiously designated as '*VISCOUNTESS SUNDON, MISTRESS OF THE ROBES to Queen Caroline,*' never was a *Viscountess* at all, and it seems hardly less certain that she never was even *Mistress of the Robes*. In May, 1735, William Clayton, Esq., M.P. for Westminster, was created an Irish peer by the title of *Baron Sundon of Ardagh*,† and his wife was for the five subsequent years of her life known as Lady Sundon—but on what pretext this editor has been pleased to create her a *Viscountess* we cannot discover. As to her being *Mistress of the Robes*, there is, no doubt, some excuse for the assertion—for the Magazines of the day, which report her husband's peerage, state also that she was appointed 'to succeed Lady Suffolk as *Mistress of the Robes*;' but we read in subsequent and, we think, better authorities, that the place of *Mistress of the Robes* remained vacant to the Queen's death; and we know from official documents—1st, that in July, 1736 (more than a year after Lady Suffolk's retirement and her husband's peerage), Lady Sundon still *Bed-chamber Woman*; and, 2ndly, that her ladyship was after the Queen's death pensioned in the rank of *Bedchamber Woman*. We suspect the true explanation to be that the Queen designed her Favourite for *Mistress of the Robes*, and that with a view to that appointment, which could only be held by a peeress, the Sundon peerage was conferred; but even with that accession of rank, it was probably found that the Ladies of the Bedchamber, all Duchesses or Countesses, would not bear to have the new Irish *Baroness* jumped over their heads, and thus the appointment was never actually made.

It may seem superfluous to proceed with any more criticism on an editor that thus stumbles at the threshold, and shows such

* Mr. Clayton was a confidential friend of the great Duke of Marlborough, and one of his executors, and, before his election for Westminster, sat, by the Duke's influence and that of the old Duchess, for Woodstock and St. Albans. Before he became a Lord of the Treasury (1718) he was Deputy-Auditor of the Exchequer.

† See Burke's '*Extinct Peerage*,' and Beaton's '*List of Irish Peers*.'

flippant ignorance of the very person whose *memoirs* she affects to publish; but, since the multitude of blunders may be as portentous a feature as their magnitude, we think it our duty to wade on a little farther.

The second Lord Oxford, in the year 1731, had occasion to write to Mrs. Clayton a couple of insignificant letters about the establishment of Oxford market. This gives the editor occasion to favour us with four or five pages of the personal and political history of Lord Treasurer Oxford, which is thus introduced:—

‘It appears singular, in the following letters, to find the son of the Lord Treasurer Harley declaring himself to be one not “well versed in courts.” But it is well known, that when these epistles were written [1731], the *ex-minister* had long been regarded with suspicion by George II., and, as it appears from many authorities, not without good reason.’—vol. i. p. 253.

Thus it appears that in 1731 the ‘*ex-minister*’ was *still*, as he had long been, an object of just suspicion to George II.: but the *ex-minister* had been dead several years before George II. came to the throne; and the editor obviously sees no objection to the ‘*ex-minister*’ and his son being both *Earls of Oxford* ‘when these epistles were written.’

Lord Hervey congratulates Mrs. Clayton that their friend the Bishop of *Salisbury* is about to be promoted to *Winchester*; on which the editor remarks:—

‘These earnest wishes for the promotion of Dr. Sherlock, then Bishop of *Salisbury*, appear somewhat inconsistent both in Lord Hervey and in Mrs. Clayton; for Sherlock was the opponent, in controversial writings, of Bishop Hoadly; and was, moreover, a high Tory, and defended the Test and Corporation Acts.’—vol. ii. p. 267.

It certainly would have been very inconsistent; but, unluckily for the critic, the Bishop of *Salisbury* at that moment was not *Sherlock*, but Hoadly himself; and the mistake is the more remarkable, for Sherlock succeeded Hoadly in *Salisbury*, and never was Bishop of *Winchester*.

The following embroglio is still better. Doctor Alured Clarke, before mentioned, writes a very long letter to explain to her some circumstances relating to the political conduct of Lord Lymington ‘whom,’ says the Doctor,

‘nothing can divert from the interest of the *noble person* with whom his Majesty has thought proper to entrust the care of the country.’—vol. i. p. 219.

The ‘*noble person*’ is, a few lines after, called ‘*the Duke*,’ and there is some talk of his removal from office, with a hint that he might be replaced by Lord Lymington; and the editor appends a note to inform us that the person meant was the celebrated *Duke*

of Newcastle. We were not a little surprised at finding the *Duke of Newcastle* talked of as peculiarly intrusted with the care of the country in 1731, as well as at Lord Lymington's being thought of as his successor in the ministry, but such the editor assures us was the case, and she adds—

‘Thus, even the appointment of the ministry was left to female hands. Well might Sir Robert Walpole pay court to the Queen, and oblige, by every possible accession, her favourite. The letters which were addressed to Mrs. Clayton, were, in fact, addressed to the Queen, for whose perusal they were intended.

‘The nobleman thus strongly recommended obtained the notice he sought. His services ultimately received their reward; for in April, 1743, he was raised to the dignity of the Earl of Portsmouth.’—vol. i. p. 222.

All this is blunder from beginning to end: the Duke whose removal was in question was not the *Duke of Newcastle*, the Minister of State—but the Duke of Bolton, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire; the whole letter refers, not to the government of the country (which we believe to be a misreading of the MS.), but to mere county interests and politics: and the alleged reward obtained, by Mrs. Clayton's influence, for Lord Lymington's imaginary services to the Queen and Walpole, was an advancement in the peerage made several years after the deaths of both Lady Sundon and the Queen, and not by Walpole, but by the ministry which had recently turned Walpole out.

Does this editor always read what she prints? She produces, as ‘an instance of the extraordinary confidence with which Lady Sundon was favoured by the Queen,’ a letter which—she says—‘probably refers to the decoration of Queen Caroline's room, when Princess of Wales, at Hampton Court. This, the Duke of Shrewsbury, then Lord Chamberlain, had intended should be done by Sebastian Ricci, but through the interest of the Earl of Halifax, Thornhill was preferred.’—vol. ii. p. 53.

And this affords occasion for introducing some observations on Thornhill and his works and prices—St. Paul's and Blenheim—and his son-in-law ‘Hogarth, the real genius of his time.’ When we come to read the letter itself, it turns out that this grand affair was the painting of Mrs. Clayton's own staircase! (ii. 54.)

The following is a fair instance of the defiance of history, chronology, and common sense with which she stitches her scraps together:—

‘The Whigs were split into two factions, the predominant Ministers being the Earls of Sunderland and Stanhope, who remained with the King. Viscount Townshend and Sir Robert Walpole, brothers-in-law, sided with George II., then Prince of Wales. While Sunderland thus took

took a decided line of opposition to the Prince, Lord Stanhope imbibed a hatred of the Princess. Many years afterwards, *upon the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales*, he wrote contemptuously to Sunderland, "He had the head of his father and the heart of his mother."—vol. i. pp. 29, 30.

Sunderland had died in 1722 and Stanhope in 1721—*six and thirty years* before the death of Frederick Prince of Wales!

The following is superlative:—

'Upon the Duke of Grafton, who is mentioned in Lord Harvey's letters, Swift has penned the following Observations:—"Duke of Grafton, grandson to Charles the Second, a very pretty gentleman, has been much abroad in the world, jealous for the constitution of his country; a tall, black man, about twenty-five years of age. *Almost a slobberer, and without one good quality.*"—vol. ii. p. 228.

* 'Swift's "Characters of Queen Anne,"—*Note, ibid.*

Some readers may wonder what is meant by *Swift's* 'Characters of Queen Anne,' but still more at the Dean's inconsistency in describing the Duke in one line as 'a pretty gentleman,' and in the next as a 'slobberer.' The solution of the enigma is easy. The first portion of the 'Observations' is an extract,—not from Swift's 'Characters of Anne,' there being no such work.—but from a book said to be written by one Macky or Mackay in 1703, and published in 1732 under the title of 'Characters of the Court of Queen Anne;' while the latter portion of the quotation, distinguished by italics, was a note scratched by the sarcastic pen of Swift on the margin of Mackay's printed book. A similar blunder is made in another place:—

'Swift's character of the Duke of Bolton seems here confirmed:—"Duke of Bolton does not make any figure at Court—*nor anywhere else—a great booby.*"—Characters of Queen Anne.'—vol. ii. p. 220.

That any one—but above all an editor of contemporary memoirs—should mistake *Mackay* for *Swift*, and jumble their absolutely contradictory characters into one, seems incredible!—The following is more complicated. Lady Granville writes to Mrs. Clayton:—

'Common fame says we shall soon have a PRINCESS OF WALES, and my cousin Pendarvis presses me to recommend her to your favour for a Bedchamber Woman in that court.'—vol. i. p. 323.

On this Letter some one had indorsed the following Memorandum:—

'Mrs. Clayton got her niece, Carteret, Maid of Honour.'

Upon which the editor adds—

'This Letter was evidently written previous to the marriage of Prince Frederick; and the *niece* mentioned in the Memorandum appears to have been the unfortunate *Lady Sophia Fermor*, who died shortly after her

her union with John, second Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1724.'—vol. i. p. 323.

It seems as if the editor supposed that the *nièce* mentioned in the memorandum, and the *cousin* recommended in the letter, and *Lady Sophia Fermor*, were all one and the same person.. The real state of the case was this:—Old Lady Granville had, by a former solicitation, obtained for her *nièce*, *Miss Margaret Carteret*, the place of *Maid of Honour*; she now asked to have her *cousin*, the *Widow Pendarvis*, made a *Bedchamber Woman*; and the Memorandum means to hint that the solicitation for a second favour of the same class was unreasonable. Lady Sophia Fermor (who was not otherwise 'unfortunate' than in dying young) was not and could not have been in any one's thoughts. Eight years later—years after the deaths of the Queen and Lady Sundon—she became Lady Granville's, not *nièce*, but *daughter-in-law*, by her marriage with Lord Carteret. But if the dates and descriptions had not been enough to open the eyes of any person of the commonest sagacity, was the editor ignorant that a married peeress (which Lady Sophia was as soon as she had any relationship to Lady Granville) could never be a *Maid of Honour*? Let us be thankful, however, for an escape which we have had! If the editor had known that this *Cousin Pendarvis* was no other than the celebrated and venerable *Mrs. Delany*, what chapters and chapters of extraneous biography might it not have afforded her!

We need push this enumeration of blunders no farther: but there is another minor yet still serious defect in the editing these volumes, which, as an explanation of what may seem desultory in our remarks, we must notice. We mean the utter disorder in which the matter is scattered, and—which is worse than mere confusion—the audacious anachronism of its pretended arrangements. On the occasion of a series of letters from Lady Pembroke, the editor says—

'Many of her letters are unfortunately not dated, an omission very common with her sex, but they are here arranged in the order in which they were written.'—vol. i. p. 225—

which is so far from being the case that it is quite clear, from the internal evidence, that no two are in their right chronological places. It is the same with all the rest. Wherever there is anything like a series, they will be found to stand in the most flagrant and absurd disorder, and in some cases to be absolutely unintelligible from this disarrangement. From having no suspicion that the *old style* was in use during the first part of the reign of George II., the editor has placed the letters dated in January, February, and March, at the beginning instead of the end of the
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the respective years—which alone makes, when they belong to a series, a preposterous confusion.

With regard to the correspondence itself, we have already intimated that it is of little or no value in any view; but our readers may wish for some general idea of it.

We begin by repeating all that is known of Lady Sundon—that is to say, what Horace Walpole tells us in his *Letters*, his *Reminiscences*, and the *Walpoliana*:—to which the editor of the '*Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon*' has not, that we have discovered, added one iota—not so much as telling us the dates of her *birth*, or her *marriage*, or her *death* (which was on January 1st, 1742), nor, in fact, one additional particular about her.

On the 7th of June, 1742, Walpole writes thus to Mann:—

'Lady Sundon is dead, and Lady M. disappointed: she who is full as politic as my Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon; but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief: I am surprised, for she had fits of madness ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the Queen. She had great power with her, though the Queen pretended to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power by some secret. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, "To be sure she is dead very rich!" She replied with some warmth, "She never took money." When I came home I mentioned this to Sir R. "No," said he, "but she took jewels." Lord Pomfret's place of Master of the Horse to the Queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond earrings of 1400*l.* value. One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlborough's, as soon as she was gone, the Duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley, "How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?" "Madam," said Lady Mary, "how would you have people know where wine is sold unless there is a sign hung out?" Sir R. told me that, in the enthusiasm of her vanity, Lady Sundon had proposed to him to unite with her, and govern the kingdom together. He bowed, begged her patronage, but said he thought nobody fit to govern the kingdom but the King and Queen.'

In his '*Reminiscences*' he says—

'On my mother's death, who was of the Queen's age, Her Majesty asked Sir Robert many physical questions; but he remarked that she oftenest reverted to a rupture, which had not been the illness of his wife. When he came home, he said to me, "Now, Horace, I know by possession of what secret Lady Sundon has preserved such an ascendant over the Queen." He was in the right. How Lady Sundon had wormed herself into that mystery was never known. As Sir Robert maintained his influence over the clergy by Gibson, Bishop of London, he often met with troublesome obstructions from Lady Sundon, who espoused the heterodox clergy; and Sir Robert could never shake her credit.

'The Queen's chief study was divinity, and she had rather weakened her faith than enlightened it; she was at least not orthodox, and her *confidante*, Lady Sundon, an absurd and pompous simpleton, swayed her countenance towards the less believing clergy.'

In one point of his statement we suspect Walpole to have been in error. There is sufficient evidence that Mrs. Clayton's remarkable favour began soon after her introduction to the Princess—at least as early as 1717—and therefore probably long before the appearance of the disease of which, twenty years later, the Queen died. It is most likely that it was her pre-existent favour which led to her being admitted into her Majesty's personal secret.

The editor informs us that the collection intrusted to her skill consists of seven MS. volumes, but affords no information as to where they were preserved—when found—to whom they belong, or by what authority they are now published. All this surely should have been told. Not that we at all doubt their authenticity, but we think that, as a general rule, such papers—produced after the lapse of above a century—should carry with them some species of attestation.

The great bulk of correspondence consists of appeals for Mrs. Clayton's interest at Court, and is duller than that dullest and most worthless species of correspondence usually is. The editor of course is of a different opinion. The most ordinary note is introduced '*as well worthy consideration*'—the most insignificant letter is '*highly characteristic*'—the most lamentable common-places are '*very amusing*'—and this exaggeration extends to every part of the correspondence, and is not the result of mere inexperience or ignorance:—it is, as we have already said, part of the system on which the book is formed—that of bolstering out trifles into factitious magnitude and importance. It would indeed seem on the face of the volumes as if the Queen's favourite had not one intimate and disinterested friend in the world—even the persons of her own family appear to address her officially. The explanation of this may be that all merely private letters were thrown aside, and those only preserved that savoured of business. There can also, we think, be little doubt that a prudential selection must have been made of the papers before they were collected into the formal shape of volumes. Care would of course be taken to remove the evidence of any very flagrant scandal. We suspect that Mrs. Clayton's influence was by no means so extensive as it was generally thought to be—her power was certainly far short of the representation which the editor chooses to give us. There is no doubt, however, that she had interest

terest enough to accredit Walpole's imputation of her having sometimes made a pecuniary traffic of it. The correspondence reveals some instances of *offers*; it appears that she rejected the bribe and refused the favour: the very offer, however, in such a case goes further in establishing a character of venality than an individual rejection can reach in refutation. The spirit of the age was very corrupt—the Ministry and the Houses of Parliament set an example which the Court and the public—*hoc fonte derivata*—were not averse to imitate; but as Sir Robert himself admitted that *she never took money*, we are willing to hope, and indeed we believe, that the favourite of Queen Caroline may have received a present of a marble table from Lord Pembroke, or even of a pair of diamond ear-rings from Lord Pomfret—the ladies of both those peers being her court colleagues and personal friends—without having been guilty of systematic corruption. Indeed there are some reasons which induce us to receive the famous story of the Ear-rings *cum grano salis*. Sir Robert hated Mrs. Clayton, and probably vexed at being thwarted in his own disposal of the place, would naturally give the worst colour to her interference; and the sarcasms of the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Mary prove only that there was such a rumour.

Our readers would not thank us for encumbering our pages with any specimens of the stupid flattery and greedy solicitation of the majority of Lady Sundon's correspondents: of the few that are of a different character, the best (though of no remarkable merit) are three or four of the celebrated Lord Hervey, of which we shall extract the liveliest, though we fear that some of the points may not be very intelligible, for want of those notes for which the editor has so much contempt, and which we have not room to supply:—

‘MADAM,

‘Hampton Court, July 31, 1733.

‘I am going this afternoon with the Duke of Richmond to Goodwood, for three or four days, but cannot leave this place without returning you my thanks for the favour of your letter; a debt, perhaps, you would be more ready to forgive than receive, but as it is of that sort, that one pays more for one's own sake than one's creditors', I plead no merit from the discharge of it, but the pleasure of taking any occasion to assure you how much I am your humble servant.

‘I will not trouble you with any account of our occupations at Hampton Court. No mill-horse ever went in a more constant track or a more unchanging circle; so that, by the assistance of an almanack for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the Court. Walking, chaises, levees, and audiences fill the morning; at night the King plays at commerce
and

and backgammon, and the Queen at quadrille, where poor Lady Charlotte runs her usual nightly gauntlet—the Queen pulling her hood, Mr. Schutz sputtering in her face, and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles, all at a time. It was in vain she fled from persecution for her religion: she suffers for her pride what she escaped for her faith; undergoes in a drawing-room what she dreaded from the inquisition, and will die a martyr to a Court, though not to a church.

‘The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Carolina; Lord Grantham strolls from one room to another (as Dryden says) *like some discontented ghost that oft appears, and is forbid to speak*, and stirs himself about, as people stir a fire, not with any design, but in hopes to make it burn brisker, which his lordship constantly does, to no purpose, and yet tries as constantly as if it had ever once succeeded. At last the King comes up, the pool finishes, and everybody has their dismissal: their Majesties retire to Lady Charlotte and my Lord Lifford; the Princesses, to Bilderbec and Lony; my Lord Grantham, to Lady Frances and Mr. Clark; some to supper and some to bed; and thus (to speak in the Scripture phrase) the evening and the morning make the day.

‘Adieu, dear Madam, and believe me, without the formality of a conclusion,

‘Most sincerely yours,

HERVEY.’

—vol. ii. pp. 230–232.

There are also half a dozen gossiping letters from Mrs. Clayton’s niece, Miss Dyves (afterwards the wife of Lord Chesterfield’s friend, Chenevix, bishop of Waterford), who was about the Princess Royal, which have a little court tittle-tattle and *se laissent lire*; and there are a few letters from a Mrs. Strangways Horner, who was embarrassed with a crazy husband and an heiress daughter, and confided her conjugal and maternal anxieties to Mrs. Clayton, who had been employed to recommend one of the suitors. The young lady eventually married Stephen Fox, afterwards created Lord Ilchester. The publication of these letters might have vexed Lord Ilchester’s family a century ago, but now can have little interest for them, and none at all for the public. The most considerable class in the collection are the letters of Lady Poinfret, already known to the literary world by her not very amusing correspondence with Lady Hertford. Those now produced are not worth the paper on which they are printed; and the only amusement that they can afford is that the editor makes them the occasion of exhibiting even more than her ordinary absurdity. For instance, she thus introduces them:—

‘In the second of these letters the Countess shows how much she valued the guidance of Mrs. Clayton, in steering her difficult track between contending interests in the Court—*that of the Queen and of the Princess of Wales*—whose rival Courts divided the homage of the great

great world. The humility of that epistle, from the lofty Lady Pomfret, is surprising; but some allowance must be made for the reverential style of the day.—vol. i. pp. 116, 117.

The letter is dated 14th of October, 1725. The editor, in her usual anxiety to introduce even the most worthless letters with a flourish of trumpets, forgot that there was no *Queen* at that time, nor until the Princess herself became Queen in June, 1727; and any one who wades through the very dull letter itself (which the editor deems ‘characteristic of ease and enjoyment’) will see that there is no question of Lady Pomfret’s ‘steering her difficult track between the contending interests of rival courts,’ but simply that having been recently appointed lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess, she consulted the older experience of Mrs. Clayton as to some of the *ceremonial details* of her new office.

There is a considerable number of letters from Robert Clayton, successively Bishop of Killala, Cork, and Clogher—a relative of Mr. Clayton, and no doubt placed on the bench in the first instance through the interest of, as the editor says, ‘his powerful relation.’ Bishop Clayton was a friend of Clarke and Hoadly, and the author of many works of an Arian tendency. He concluded his public career by a motion, in 1744, in the Irish House of Lords, for the abrogation of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds; and it is said that his death was accelerated by the displeasure and threats of censure, and even deprivation, which followed this proposition. The editor tells us that ‘he was a man of remarkable liberality and generosity,’ and that ‘his letters afford a valuable insight into the social and political condition of Ireland at that time,’ and the Biographies assure us that he was ‘a prelate of distinguished worth and probity.’ For our part, we find little in his letters but a low spirit of jobbing and adulation, and—for once we agree with the *consistent* editor—

‘it is with a feeling of something like disgust that we view his endeavours to obtain preferment by the crooked arts of political subserviency, and read his fulsome compliments to his patroness, Mrs. Clayton.’—vol. ii. p. 4.

The correspondence is discreditable to the ‘liberal and generous’ Bishop, both as to ability and integrity—does no honour to his patron—and will equally disgust and weary any reader who shall persist in plodding through it.

Dr. Samuel Clarke was of course a favourite with the ‘patroness of the heterodox clergy,’ but we do not find any correspondence with him; but there is an extensive one with Dr. Alured Clarke, chaplain to the King, prebendary of Westminster in 1731, clerk of the closet in 1734, and in 1740 dean
of

of Exeter, where he soon after died. His first preferments he no doubt owed to the Queen, of whom he published a character, which has been attributed to Lord Hervey. His letters, though they address Mrs. Clayton as '*Honoured*' and sometimes '*Most Honoured Madam*,' and are not free from the odour of adulation which infects the general mass, are upon the whole the most respectable in the book. He sometimes tells Mrs. Clayton, when she happened to be out of town, the news of the day, and occasionally takes some critical notice of new publications,—all in a tone of moderation and good sense. He had a parish in Hampshire, and had a share in bringing Stephen Duck the thresher-poet to the notice of Mrs. Clayton and the Queen; and he was the person chiefly employed in forwarding the Queen's charitable intentions towards this poor man. Duck's story is to be found in all the Biographies—and it is told, as it never will be told again, in Southey's charming Essay on '*the Uneducated Poets*;'—and Dr. Clarke's letters, though judicious in themselves, and in some passages not uninteresting, are too long to admit of their being transferred to our pages. We may, however, say—though it is no great praise—that these letters about poor Duck are the only dozen pages in the volumes which we should think worth preserving; they would find an appropriate place in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, when the rest of this farrago is consigned to *thus et odores*.

Such—at once so trivial and so dull—so swollen and so empty—are the '*Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon*.' We assure our readers that we opened the book with no prepossession against it. Quite the contrary. We were inclined to receive with thanks any additional illustration, however slight, of a period in which it happens that the details of our domestic history are singularly scanty—the interval, we may say, between Swift and Horace Walpole. Our readers will perhaps wonder that we should have taken any trouble at all about such a performance as this: but such publications tend, if unexposed, to propagate historical error, and we consider it as a part of our duty to discourage, as far as our influence may extend, a not creditable species of manufacture, now much in vogue, of which these volumes present a glaring specimen.

ART. IV.—*Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry.* Edited by two of her Daughters. Vol. I. 8vo. London, 1847.

WE do not disguise the increasing hesitation with which we receive biographies founded on private notes and diaries that record, or seem to do so, the thoughts and struggles of the inmost heart. Any one of eminence, in the present day, who commits these things to paper, must do so under the full conviction that, like Castor and Pollux, as he himself sets, *his* journals will rise; and that whatever he has written in his closet will be proclaimed on the house-tops. Such a prospect of envied or unenvied fame cannot but give a tinge to the sentiments and language; cause the insertion of some incidents and reflections, and the suppression of others; bring forward art at the expense of nature; and, in short, prompt every one to wear his best for the eyes of posterity. The autobiography included in the present work must, however, be considered as in great measure exempt from this criticism. The larger proportion of it was written in early days, before journalizing had been reduced to a system, and secret cogitations forced into notoriety, like reluctant Speakers of old into the chair of the Commons. Yet, while the stamp of originality remains, we discern the traces of a revising hand—a hand guided by the experience and feelings of maturer years, which apparently has spared in candour much that it might otherwise have been wished to erase, and retouched the remainder, far less in vanity than in graceful timidity, so soon as Mrs. Fry had perceived beyond a doubt that, alive or dead, in true or false colours, she was destined to afford a repast to the public appetite. In truth, however, we should be loath to subject this publication to any ordinary criticism; it deals with common life, and yet soars above it; associates with man, and yet walks with God; never so elevated as when grovelling in the mire, it exhibits a career that cannot be surpassed—but which, we venture to add, ought not in all its parts to be generally followed.

That this admirable woman had a special vocation for the office she undertook is manifest in every step of her progress; her intellectual constitution was singularly adapted to the peculiar task; add to this the zeal which governed the whole, an enthusiasm regulated but never chilled by judgment;—and we have a character armed at all points, ready to take up the gauntlet of every conceivable obstacle that could impede her in the accomplishment of her great design. Among subordinate, yet very real advantages, we cannot fail to count the succour she derived from her connexion with the Society of Friends. A little eccentricity of action was considered permissible, and even
natural,

natural, in the member of a body already recognised as eccentric in opinions, eccentric in dress, eccentric in language. Philanthropy, too, had been the distinguishing characteristic of this respectable brotherhood; a devoted effort for the interest of mankind passed in one of them without censure—almost without observation. The Quaker-habit and Quaker-renown disarmed hostility, nay, propitiated favour; it secured the first introduction to magistrates, to nobles, to ministers, to emperors. When so much was effected, the rest was sure; her simple dignity of demeanour, her singularly musical voice, her easy unaffected language, the fit vehicle of her unflinching good sense, her earnest piety and unmistakeable disinterestedness, enchained the most reluctant; and to every Cabinet and Court of Europe where religion and humanity could be maintained or advanced, she obtained ready admission as a herald of peace and charity.

But, we must repeat, we take her as the exception, not as the rule. The high and holy duties assigned to women by the decrees of Providence are essentially of a secret and retiring nature; it is in the privacy of the closet that the soft, yet sterling, wisdom of the Christian mother stamps those impressions on the youthful heart, which, though often defaced, are seldom wholly obliterated. Whatever tends to withdraw her from these sacred offices, or even abate their full force and efficacy, is high treason against the hopes of a nation. We do not deny that valuable services may be safely, and indeed are safely, rendered by many intelligent and pious ladies who devote their hours of leisure or recreation to the Rarotongas and Tabitis of British Christendom—it is not to such that we would make allusion; our thoughts are directed to that total absorption which, plunging women into the vortex of eccentric and self-imposed obligations, merges the private in the public duty, confounds what is principal with that which is secondary, and withdraws them from labours which they alone can accomplish, to those in which at least they may be equalled by others. We may question whether, even here in the instance before us, the indulgence of a special and manifest superiority was not sometimes purchased by the postponement, or delegation to substitutes, of those minute and unostentatious offices which constitute the order, the preciousness, nay, the life itself of domestic discipline. Much, no doubt, was easy, and also permitted, to a lady whose notions and habits were founded on the practice of female ministration in matters ecclesiastical. It is beside our purpose to examine the Scriptural legality or social expediency of such a system; we glance at it now, merely to show the very peculiar circumstances which fitted her, from her earliest years, for her public task.

Elizabeth

Elizabeth Gurney was born of an ancient and honourable race in the county of Norfolk. Her own immediate family, having maintained the highest respectability for many generations, has latterly become conspicuous by all the gifts of talent, munificence, and piety. To the care and understanding of their admirable mother (and is it not always so ?) must be ascribed the development of their moral and intellectual capacities; the future character of Elizabeth owed not a little to that parent's thoughtfulness and providential discipline—the unwearied patience, the chastened sensibility, the habit of prayer, and expansive love to all God's works, that shone so eminently throughout her career. She piously acknowledges the filial debt in a short memoir (p. 7), which is well worthy of perusal, not only as illustrative of the disposition of the writer, but for the singularly sensible and appropriate remarks on the minute and considerate care required in the education of children. Much in it recalls the early history of William Cowper, and exhibits the almost inconceivable sufferings endured by youthful susceptibility and imagination, the sources of genius, but oftentimes the elements of sorrow. Here is the special province for the action of the discriminating mother; and, doubtless, had the infancy of that exquisite poet been longer blessed by the tender guidance of his own admirable parent, his spirit might have assumed in some measure the practical character of Elizabeth Fry, and preyed less fiercely and systematically on itself.

Every page of her early journal exhibits the traces of this first direction to her juvenile thoughts. The desire of personal usefulness, though for some time feeble and indistinct, runs like a vein through all her reflections and aspirations. She exhausts herself in conflicts, in hopes, and in fears; proves her heart like Solomon's with mirth, and finds it vanity; braves sacrifices, conjures up doubts, and finally embraces the realities of Gospel truth as the only assurance for herself, and the exclusive instrument for the lasting welfare of mankind. Every reader will be struck by the precocity she exhibits of mental power, and ascribe the originality of her remarks less to her experience of others than to her study of herself. It was the clear perception of her own weakness that brought her to the 'one thing needful,' and which gives a catholic value to the whole, as a guide and prop to those who may hereafter tread the thorny path of moral and social benevolence. We are amused, we confess, by her struggles with Quakerism, and her ultimate surrender to a pedantic system, by which her inner being could never be ruled. Though a member of a sect, she in truth was no sectarian; but, underneath the ostentatious singularity of the mob-cap and light grey

grey mantle, bore a humble heart—and a heart that could give honour to whom honour was due, whether he wore an ermine robe, sleeves of lawn, or the foulest rags. We are at a loss for her reasons; the 'Concern,' such is the term, is not alleged in her journal to have offered spiritual advantages unattainable elsewhere. She may have yielded to the persuasions of her many relatives, to the suggestions of convenience; but, whatever the motive, she embraces, with true self-devotion, the whole; adopts, without reserve, the Friends' ceremonial law; and finds various philosophical arguments to fortify the usage of 'Thou and Thee' (pp. 56, 61). 'I considered,' she observes, 'there were certainly some advantages attending it; the first, that of weaning the heart from this world, by acting in some little things differently from it.'—'Vain science all, and false philosophy!' Our deep respect for many Quakers will not beguile us into a fulsome conceit of the elevating and purgative powers of Quakerism. They are men of like passions with ourselves; they may be seen in Mark Lane and on the Exchange, and pursue their wealth and enjoy it with similar zeal and relish. Nor are they fully weaned from the rougher and more stimulating diet of political ambition. With the vow of separation upon them, they have recently shaved their heads, and entered the world of parliamentary service: how far they or the public have gained by this invasion of the Nazarites is beyond our experience. One of them, however, must have imbibed the humanizing influence of 'Thou and Thee'; since the friend who knew him best not long ago declared, that 'if John Bright had not been born a Quaker, he would most assuredly have become a prize-fighter.'

The second period of Mrs. Fry's history may fairly be dated from her first adventure to survey those scenes of degradation and neglect, which she was afterwards so efficiently to rebuke. Hitherto her Journal has presented much sameness both of event and observation; it was perhaps inevitable in so limited a sphere. We are, nevertheless, of opinion that a freer use of an editorial pruning-knife would have brought some advantage to the book, and comfort to the student. We pant amidst the ceaseless rush of new publications—excitement and distraction are the order of the day; and if the memory of every one who has figured in the world is to be embalmed in three stout octaves, or two with numerous pages and close type, we must either, excluding all the past, surrender ourselves to the supply of our deceased contemporaries; or take the other extreme, and, like Parson Adams, intermeddle with nothing since the days of *Æschylus*.

The state of Newgate at this time would have been a shame to any fifth-rate duchy, the population of which could boast but little

little beyond poachers and cut-throats; it was a fearful dishonour to the metropolis of the British empire, a city as rich in means as in pretensions. The heroism that conducted her steps into such scenes may be inferred from these few sentences of her amiable biographers:—

‘All the female prisoners were at that time confined in the part now known as the untried side. The larger portion of the quadrangle was then used as a state-prison. The partition wall was not of sufficient height to prevent the state-prisoners from overlooking the narrow yard, and the windows of the two wards and two cells, of which the women’s division consisted. These four rooms comprised about 190 superficial yards, into which nearly 300 women with their numerous children were crowded; tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons; without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision; in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same rooms they lived, cooked, and washed. With the proceeds of their clamorous begging, when any stranger appeared amongst them, the prisoners purchased liquors from a regular tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language. Beyond that necessary for safe custody, there was little restraint over their communication with the world without. Although military sentinels were posted on the leads of the prison, such was the lawlessness prevailing, that Mr. Newman, the governor, entered this portion of it with reluctance.’—pp. 205, 206.

Her Journal contains the following entry: ‘1813, 16th day, second month’ (*anglicè* February). ‘Yesterday we were some hours at Newgate with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities; we had been twice previously.’ ‘Thus simply and incidentally,’ continues the editor, ‘is recorded Elizabeth Fry’s first entrance upon the scene of her future labours, evidently without any idea of the importance of its ultimate results.’

Some time elapsed before Mrs. Fry set herself in good earnest to the prosecution of her great design; but meanwhile ‘tribulation worked in her patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.’ The loss of property, of relatives and friends, and, above all, the death of a dearly beloved child, were providential instruments to adapt her to the work;—to stir up and strengthen in her heart a tender sympathy for the suffering of others; and convince her that in their spiritual improvement alone could be found for them an effective consolation. She has recorded in some touching passages her grief and resignation in the deaths of her brother John and her daughter Betsey; and we recommend them to the perusal of all who may be tried in a similar manner, as beautiful

illustrations of the extent to which religion permits sorrow, and of its sole and glorious remedy (pp. 225, 237, 241).

Nor was she without her minor vexations, those crosses and annoyances that dog the march of the Samaritan. It is the badge of all the tribe; and we shall extract a passage or two for those who are young in the walk, to teach them that great results must be attained through a succession of small failures.* Let such watch the manner in which this modest heroine drew wisdom and courage from every disappointment:—

‘I am low under a sense of my own infirmities, and also rather grieved by the poor. I endeavoured to serve them, and have given them such broth and dumplings as we should eat ourselves; I find great fault has been found with them, and one woman seen to throw them to the pigs; still persevering to do my utmost for them, and patiently bear their reproach, which may be better for me than their praises.

‘Tried by my servants appearing dissatisfied by what I believe to be liberal things. I feel these things when I consider how false a view we may take of each other, and how different my feelings towards them are from being ungenerous; which I fear they think. I know no family who allows exactly the same indulgences, and few who give the same high wages, and yet I do not know of any one so often grieved by the discontents of servants as myself. I believe I had rather go without indulgences myself (if I thought it right) than curtail theirs; the lavish way in which most of their description appear to think things ought to be used, is a trial to me, and contrary to my best judgment; but a constant lesson to myself is the ingratitude and discontent which I think I see and feel in many, because I doubt not it is the same with myself. How bountifully am I dealt with, day by day, and yet if there be one little subject of sorrow or apparent discontent, do I not in my heart dwell upon that, and not by any means sufficiently upon the innumerable mercies and blessings that surround me? Feeling that I am so infirm, can I wonder at the infirmities of others?’—p. 216.

In the month of April, 1817, after several desultory visits and experiments, ‘an Association was formed for the improvement of the female prisoners in Newgate.’ It consisted of the wife of a clergyman, and eleven members of the Society of Friends. Aldermen, turnkeys, constables, and all the rank and file of law and justice, stood aghast in the contemplation of these Christian women prompted, as they thought, by a silly, though generous enthusiasm, to lead the forlorn hope against this fortress of misery and sin. ‘You see your materials,’ said one incredulous Sheriff—a fair specimen of those officials who did not refuse their countenance to the work of these heroic ladies, but, guided by the better part of valour, withheld their co-operation:—‘You see your materials;’ and truly they were such as would have revolted any ordinary appetite for the ‘luxury of doing good.’ We have
already

already said something of the condition of the gaol; we will add a sentence from the pen of Mary Sanderson (p. 261), the friend and coadjutor of Mrs. Fry:—‘The railings,’ she says, in describing her first visit, ‘were crowded with half-naked women, struggling together for the front situations with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. She felt as if she were going into a den of wild beasts, and she well recollects quite shuddering when the door closed upon her, and she was locked in with such a herd of novel and desperate companions.’ ‘On the second visit of Mrs. Fry,’ say her biographers, ‘she was, at her own request, left alone amongst the women for some hours.’ We wish that she herself had given us a detailed record of her enterprise; it must have closely resembled the achievement of Pinel. That great man, in the midst of the Reign of Terror, bringing his work of love into strange contrast with the scenes around him, demanded and obtained permission to visit the Bicêtre, and liberate as many of the supposed madmen as his judgment should determine. He entered the receptacle of degraded humanity; all was intensely dark; the yelling and the clanking of chains struck a deeper horror. Couthon, the regicide, who had accompanied him, would proceed no further—‘for conscience doth make cowards of us all;’ but Pinel, strong in his benevolence and his convictions, plunged into the cells; even furious captives were astounded into tranquillity by this invasion of mercy; fifty were set free by his own hands—and, basking in the sun or crawling at his feet, they testified the power of sympathy over fallen nature, and returned to the enjoyment of physical existence. A similar success awaited the efforts of Elizabeth Fry—often has she been heard to relate, with modest and grateful piety, the triumphs of the Gospel, in the cases of hundreds of frantic culprits who, with alacrity, submitted to the yoke of truth: but her fame does not rest on private narrative; the country resounded with her deeds; and public testimony was displayed, both at home and abroad, in abundant and grateful imitation.

We cannot affect to concur in her extreme opinions against capital punishments in every case; but no one can ever refuse her the praise of having largely contributed, by her profound sympathy and untiring beneficence, to that change in the general tone of thought and feeling which by and bye resulted in a most marked abatement of the severity of our Criminal Code.

Her efforts, in conjunction with the Ladies’ Newgate Association, were soon directed to the condition of the women convicts in the next steps of their progress:—

‘It was a custom among the female transports to riot previous to their departure

departure from Newgate, breaking windows, furniture, or whatever came within their reach. They were generally conveyed from the prison to the waterside in open waggons, went off shouting amidst assembled crowds, and were noisy and disorderly on the road and in the boats. Mrs. Fry prevailed on the Governor to consent to their being moved in hackney-coaches. She then promised the women, if they would be quiet and orderly, that she and other ladies would accompany them to Deptford, and see them on board; accordingly when the time came, no disturbance took place; the women in hackney coaches, with turnkeys in attendance, formed a procession, which was closed by her carriage; and the women behaved well on the road.'—p. 319.

Mrs. Fry's success in respect of these unhappy females is well known—but still we think it proper to give more details of the system that she found in operation:—

'The mode in which they were brought on board long continued to be highly objectionable; they arrived from the country in small parties, at irregular intervals, having been conveyed on the outside of stage-coaches, by smacks or hoys, or any conveyance that offered, under the care of a turnkey. In some instances their children, equally destitute as themselves, accompanied them; in others, their sufferings were increased by sudden separation from their infants. Often did Mrs. Pryor and her friend and companion Lydia I—— quit those scenes, not to return to their own homes, but to go to Whitehall, to represent such cases, that the necessary letters should be dispatched without the loss of a post, ordering the restoration of these poor nurslings to their mothers before the ship should sail. In addition to these evils, the women were almost invariably more or less ironed, sometimes cruelly so. On board the "Mary Anne," in 1822, the prisoners from Lancaster Castle arrived not merely handcuffed, but with heavy irons on their legs, which had occasioned considerable swelling, and, in one instance, serious inflammation. Eleven women from Lancaster were sent to the ship "Brothers" in 1823, iron-hooped round their legs and arms, and chained to each other. The complaints of these women were very mournful; they were not allowed to get up or down from the coach without the whole being dragged together; some of them had children to carry; they received no help or alleviation to their suffering. A woman from Cardigan travelled with a hoop of iron round her ankle until she arrived at Newgate, where the sub-matron insisted on having it taken off. In driving the rivet towards her leg to do so, it gave her so much pain that she fainted under the operation. She stated that during a lengthened imprisonment she wore an iron hoop round her waist; from that a chain connected with another hoop round her leg above the knee,—from which a second chain was fastened to a third hoop round her ankle: in the hoop that went round her waist were, she said, two bolts or fastenings, in which her hands were confined when she went to bed at night, which bed was only of straw.

'Such were a few of the scenes into which Mrs. Fry was introduced in this department of her important labours for the good of the suffering and the sinful of her own sex.'—p. 445.

Not content with having cleansed the Augean stable of Newgate, she directed her attention to the gaols in Scotland—which seems to have been even more deserving of the disgraceful epithet. A journey on the concerns of the Society, undertaken by herself and her worthy brother, Joseph John Gurney, was improved into a pilgrimage to the abodes of wretchedness allotted to the culprit and the debtor, the sons of crime or misfortune. We shrink from the terrible details of needless suffering, needless either for safety, precaution, or chastisement, inflicted on these victims; they are recorded in some Notes published at the time by Mr. Gurney; and may they long endure, and be read, as an historical preface to the victory that humanity has achieved!

The condition of the insane did not escape her eye; nor would it, indeed, have been possible in one who thought and felt so much for the welfare of the human race. ‘Nothing,’ say the biographers, ‘left so melancholy an impression on her mind, as the state of the poor lunatic in the cell at Haddington.’ Here was before her view an instance of the system that then prevailed, through nearly the whole of Europe, in the treatment of the insane! Until keys and chains and whips garnished the person of the keeper, he could not be considered as fitly equipped for his ferocious work, which, in his utter and brutal ignorance, and aided by the strait-waistcoat, periodical scourgings, and the dark and filthy dungeon, he performed with all the zeal and conviction of an Inquisitor. Scotland now possesses many excellent institutions in which science and benevolence have produced most happy results: there is still, however, a lamentable deficiency of rightful provision for the pauper lunatic. But the excellent First Report of the Scotch Poor-Law Commissioners gives us reason to hope that all such neglect has received its doom.

It is interesting to trace, at this period of her career, her discovery and estimate of those principles of management which have now become the standing rules of every English asylum for the care of the insane. It is due to her fame, and to the efforts of the Quaker body in this behalf, not to pass in silence her sagacious and humane observations addressed to Mr. Venning, at Petersburg (*‘quæ regio in terris,’* she might well have said, *‘nostri non plena laboris?’*), for the conduct of an establishment in that capital. She saw clearly and experienced the power of love over the human heart, whether corrupted, as in the criminal, or stupified, as in the lunatic. She saw that the benighted and wandering madman possessed and cherished the remnants of his better mind, and that he clung to nothing so much as to that which all seemed to deny him—some little semblance of respect. Sympathy is the
great

great secret to govern the human race; and, whether it be in a prison, a Ragged School, a madhouse, or the world at large, he that would force men's hearts to a surrender, must do so by manifesting that they would be safe if committed to his keeping.

The narrative of the present volume terminates with the year 1825, and closes the account of her benevolent activity down to this date by mentioning the commencement of her service for the benefit of the Coast Guard. A simple incident, simply told, paints the lifelong watchfulness:—

'In Mrs. Fry's illness at Brighton,' say her biographers, 'she was liable to distressing attacks of faintness during the night and early in the morning, when it was frequently necessary to take her to an open window for the refreshment of the air. Whether through the quiet grey dawn of the summer's morning, or by the fitful gleams of the tempestuous sky, one living object always presented itself to her view on these occasions; the solitary blockade-man pacing the shingly beach.' —p. 472.

That she should have been exposed to various illnesses, the result of her toil and persevering anxiety, can surprise no one who reads her memoir. 'Mrs. Fry's time was occupied,' we are told, 'to an extent of which none but those who lived with her can form any idea. The letters she received from all parts of the country were numerous. These letters required long and careful answers.' Had she lived in the days of the penny-post, her life would have been an astonishment to her! 'Poor people, thinking her purse as boundless as her good will, wrote innumerable petitions praying for assistance; others sought for counsel, or desired employment, which they imagined she could obtain for them.' We know it well; the wealth of Cræsus and the patronage of two Prime Ministers rolled into one, would not suffice to pay even 1 per cent. of the demands on any one who has acquired the name of an active philanthropist. Incessant anxieties and cares, watchings and journeyings, made up in fact the sum of her devoted existence; and her health could not but pay the penalty.

She was subjected to some trial (pp. 404, 407, 408) by the preference her daughter manifested to a member of the Church of England over one of the Society of Friends. In no one instance does her Catholic spirit shine more brightly: but her Journal shows that she keenly felt the displeasure of the brotherhood, with whom 'it is a rule of discipline to disunite from membership those who marry persons not members of the Society. It is very strictly enforced; and to promote such connexions is looked upon as an act of delinquency on the part of parents and guardians!' (p. 405.) This fact alone would be sufficient reason
for

for the form of biography adopted by the editors. It would have been difficult for members of the Church of England, however delicately and affectionately alive to the merits of their deceased parent, to have composed a narrative satisfactory, in all its bearings, to the sensitive apprehensions of the Society of Friends. She has been made her own historian; and the result is a record which, exhibiting all the workings and triumphs of an ardent faith, and abounding in lessons of patient experience, is sure to be studied and prized by all who have any share in the spirit of Mrs. Fry.

The rest of the work will not, we hope, be long deferred. Trials of a heavy kind, we know, awaited her—increased embarrassments of fortune, and the loss of her excellent son William, the joy and prop of his mother, tested and matured the spirit that could solemnly declare to her daughter in her last illness:—‘I can say one thing; since my heart was touched at the age of seventeen, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord.’ (p. vii.)

ART. V.—*Zoological Recreations.* By W. J. Broderip, Esq., F.R.S., &c. Post 8vo. London, 1847.

THIS volume presents to us, in a carefully revised form, some twenty papers originally published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, when under the care of their author's delightful friend and companion, Theodore Hook. Mr. Broderip, favourably known in the literature of his own profession,* and very generally esteemed as an upright, intelligent, and humane magistrate, tells us that ‘these Essays were sketched as a relief from more severe studies and duties;’ and that their re-appearance in a separate shape is due to Professor Owen, to whom the work is dedicated, and to other scientific friends ‘who urged their republication, under the impression that when brought together they might form a hand-book which might cherish or even awaken a love for Natural History.’ Such is the language of his modest preface: we have no doubt that a great motive was to give pleasure to Mr. Hook—but we believe that we do not exaggerate in saying, that since the publication of Gilbert White's ‘*Natural History of Selborne*,’ and of the ‘*Introduction to Entomology*’ by Kirby and Spence, no work in our language is better calculated

* *Callis on the Statute of Sewers*, 4th Edit. 1824.—Broderip and Bingham's Reports, &c.

to fulfil the avowed aim of its author than the '*Zoological Recreations*.'

The low condition of elementary zoological instruction in this country greatly enhances the value of any lucubration calculated to diffuse a taste for the pursuit. Mr. Broderip, however, is by no means to be numbered among the mere light volunteers of Zoology. He has taken an important share in the dissemination of sound systematic principles by his learned and lucid series of articles in the *Penny Cyclopædia*; and he has contributed no inconsiderable quota of original discovery and research, especially on his favourite field of conchology, in numerous memoirs published in the *Zoological Journal*, in the *Appendixes to voyages of discovery*, and in the *Transactions of the London Zoological Society*, of which he has from the first been an active supporter.*

It is due to the high estimation of Natural History in the *continental* universities, that since the commencement of the present century, and more especially since the conclusion of the war, few sciences have made more rapid and extensive progress than Zoology. Its general aspect has been changed, its scope expanded, its relations multiplied. It has yielded unexpected aids to other sciences, and it begins to throw light on questions of the deepest and most general interest. The discovery of the specific characters of a new shell, insect, bird, or fish, ceases to have the importance, even in the eyes of the adept, which was assigned to it in the days of the respectable author of the *Naturalist's Miscellany*. A Shaw's Zoology can hardly be said any longer to exist. The Zoology of Cuvier and his numerous disciples has higher aims and aspirations. Duly appreciating the discriminator of specific distinctions, and acknowledging the necessity of accurate definitions of so-called species as the groundwork of the science, the philosophical student of the animal kingdom keeps a steady eye on the generalizations that are to be raised upon these materials. Zoology has to him as wide a signification as Botany has to the investigator of plants. It comprises not merely the systematic catalogue of the known species and varieties, but a knowledge of their structure, and of their natural affinities as interpreted by the totality of their structure,—of the relations of their organization to living properties

* It is with pain that we see the funds of this institution, which is an honour and ornament to the metropolis, suffering from causes which have produced a general regard to the individual economies, and from the reflux in the tide of fashion which once set so strongly in its favour. Of the intrinsic claims of the Zoological Society to public support, the present condition of its gardens and menagerie, its museum and library, will bear ample testimony. At no period since its establishment has a greater number and variety of rare and interesting animals been exhibited, or exhibited with more attention to their comfort and the display of their native habits.

and habits,—of the laws that govern the development of that organization,—of the type to which its variations may be referred,—of the mutations which the different parts of the body undergo in passing from phase to phase in the life of the individual, and of the metamorphoses of the same or homologous parts traced from species to species. Zoology—so comprehended and applied—unfolds the harmonious principle of similitude which reigns amidst the infinite seeming diversity of its objects, and demonstrates the unity of the Designer, as plainly as the exact adaptation of each living unit to its place and sphere in creation bespeaks His power and goodness.

Earth, air, water have each their appropriate inhabitants. The worm and the mole are constructed to bore the very substance of the dark and dense element; they are truly of the earth, earthy. The swallow, insatiable in pursuit of insect-food, wheeling on unwearied wing throughout the long summer's day—and the midges, whose ranks it thins as they weave their mazy dance in the evening sun-beam, are creatures of the air and light. 'The shoals of fish that, with their fins and shining scales, glide under the green wave,' are as strictly denizens of the water. The adaptation of form and structure in each of these beings to its particular element is perfect, and the relation appreciable by the least practised observer. It needs but a little insight into the structure of the animal frame to discern the same adaptation of it to external circumstances in the species which have a more mixed dependence on the surrounding elements; in the mollusca, for example, that exist in a medium of water, but 'in their pearly shells at ease, attend moist nutriment' at the bottom; or in those terrestrial creatures which, moving in the rarer atmosphere, are so far the slaves of gravitation as to be unable to raise themselves above the firm surface of earth; or in those that float upon the water and breathe the air; or as those more truly amphibious forms that breathe and have the command of both elements. There are even amongst the Insect world—as, for instance, the water-scorpion (*Nepa*) and water-beetle (*Dytiscus*)—species gifted with such varied instruments of locomotion that they are qualified for all the habitable elements; and such a creature, like Milton's fiend,—

——— 'Through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues its way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.'

The relations which subsist between the modifications of the organic machinery and the media in and upon which it is destined to operate, are clearly traceable and readily comprehensible. In them, from the days of Socrates to those of Paley, the philosopher

pher has found his most striking illustrations of a superintending Providence. But there are other, and as yet more obscure relations subsisting between animals and their habitats, the existence of which Zoology has but of late years made known, and the nature of which it will be the future business of that science to unfold. The turtle of Malabar (*Chelonia Dussumieri*), for example, is by no means the same species with that of the Isle of Ascension (*Chelonia Mydas*), although the sea in which they swim is warmed by equal floods of solar influence, and stored with equal abundance of the food of these esculent reptiles. It could not have been unreasonable to presuppose that the same species of Fishes would exist in parallel latitudes of the northern and the southern hemispheres; and the accounts which we occasionally meet with of the kinds of produce in our remote colonies would seem to show this to be in some respects the case. In one of the South Australian (Adelaide) newspapers for October, 1845, we read, for example, of whittings 6*d.* per dozen; flounders 6*d.* per pair; mullet 30 for 1*s.*; cod 2*d.* per lb. But none of these fishes are even generically allied to their namesakes and representatives developed in the seas that wash our mild southern coasts; although the circumstances of light and heat, the constitution of the water, or the coast-line, offer no modifications explanatory of the essential differences which rigorous observation proves to exist in the fishes of the British and Australian seas.

Facts as remarkable, and at present inexplicable, have been brought to light in regard to the geographical distribution of Birds. It might be supposed that the power of traversing space, possessed by the majority of this class, would free them from the restrictions imposed upon less gifted natures in regard to range; but the hawks and eagles of Africa differ from those of America, and these again from the birds of prey in Australia. On the hypothesis that their first progenitors started from a common centre, it is conceivable that some may have winged their way across one or two wide oceans, whilst others tarried on the intermediate continent or nearer home; but had any such migratory instincts continued to operate, the peculiar localisation of certain forms of the strong-winged 'Raptors' must long since have been overpassed.

The phenomena of the distribution of the great terrestrial wingless Birds are still more perplexing. Almost every large tract of dry land under a warm or tropical sun supports its peculiar struthious bird. Thus Africa has the true two-toed ostrich, the type of the family; South America has a three-toed ostrich; the rich islands of the Indian Archipelago have their cassowary; Australia has its emeu:—but these four sorts
of

of great birds, alike incapable of flight, and alike with unwebbed feet, differ from each other not merely specifically, but, according to the current value of zoological distinctions, in their wider characters. They are entered, accordingly, in the catalogues under different *nomina generica*:—*Struthio*, *Rhea*, *Casuarus*, *Dromaius*. The question of the cause or condition of this insulated and widely-parted location of such non-migratory birds is one that naturally suggests itself to the inquiring mind, and the enigma becomes more puzzling and more provocative of attempts at solution, when the progress of zoology further discloses the fact, that small islands have, or had recently, their peculiar wingless terrestrial birds, generically distinct from each other, as well as from the larger species of the continents. Thus New Zealand has now its Apteryx, just as, two centuries ago, Rodriguez had its Solitaire, and Mauritius its Dodo.*

The geographical distribution of Quadrupeds seems equally mysterious. The elephant of Africa is specifically distinct from that of Asia; the rhinoceros of the Asiatic continent is one-horned: all the known rhinoceroses of Africa are two-horned. The giraffe and hippopotamus are at present peculiar to Africa. Not any of the indigenous quadrupeds in South America are of the same species with those of the old world—very few are of the same genus. The American monkeys, for example, have four more grinding teeth than those of the corresponding warm latitudes of Africa and Asia: they have the nostrils wider apart, and the tail prehensile in most, to compensate for their incomplete or absent thumbs. The sloths, the armadillos, and the true anteaters are beasts strictly peculiar to South America. Great was the surprise of European naturalists when the discovery of the New World first brought these forms of mammalian life under their notice. Centuries have since elapsed, but the most assiduous researches have failed to make known a species of *Bradypus*, *Dasypus*, or true *Myrmecophaga*, in any other part of the globe. Again, the vast island or continent of Australia has an indigenous quadruped population as peculiar as that of South America, and still more remarkable on account of the general prevalence of the *marsupial* economy. (It is, we need hardly say, the endowment of the mother with a natural pouch, or tegumentary nest, for the conveyance of her young, which has suggested this name.) With the exception of the native naked

* Bones of this till lately deemed fabulous bird were exhibited by Sir William Jardine, Mr. Strickland, and Professor Milne Edwards, at the late meeting of naturalists at Oxford, where the unique relics of the famous Dodo were duly descanted upon.

biped and his dog,—probably a contemporary importation,—not any mammalian species has been discovered in Australia which agrees with a known species or even genus in the rest of the world. New Guinea has its tree-kangaroos, Amboyna and the neighbouring Indian isles their phalangers, and the Americas have their opossums; but the genera *Dendrolagus*, *Cuscus*, and *Didelphys*, to which these extra-Australian marsupials respectively belong, are represented by no species in Australia, which, from the number and variety of other pouched genera, may be called the metropolis of marsupials. Here the true kangaroos (*Macropus*), the carnivorous opossums (*Dasyurus*), the wombats (*Phascotomys*), with a host of other genera, and with the still more extraordinary and anomalous duck-mole (*Ornithorhynchus*), are features of animal life as distinct from those in the rest of the world, as are the sloths, the ant-eaters, and armadillos of South America, or the giraffe, the hippopotamus, and the orycteropus of Africa. Let any one reflect on the limited powers of locomotion assigned to the last-cited huge fossorial insectivore, to the heavy burrowing wombat, to the climbing sloth, or the diving duck-mole, which shuffles awkwardly along dry land like a reptile, and is restricted in the aquatic part of its amphibious existence to tranquil pools of fresh water,—and let him associate these impediments to migration with the facts of the present geographical distribution of the species so fettered; or let him ponder upon the allocation of the few struthious birds which now exist in connexion with their want of wings and of webbed feet:—and say whether Zoology has not presented a problem which, when rightly solved, will effect as great a revolution in men's ideas of the time and the mode of the dispersion of animal life over the earth's surface as the Copernican system did in those regarding the relations of our planet to the sun.

Zoology, by the application of that branch of the science called Palæontology, has already carried us a long way back. With regard to the continents composing what geographers call the Old World, it has shown, by its power of determining the natural affinities of extinct species from their fossil remains,* that mammalian forms, now limited to particular regions of that great natural tract of dry land, were of yore more generally dispersed over it; that hyænas, elephants, and rhinoceroses, were as common in Europe as they now are in Asia, if not more abundant; and that giraffes and hippopotamuses once co-existed in Africa, Asia, and Europe. The species, indeed, were different; but the same generic forms were at one time widely dispersed over the whole of this Old World, of which they may be regarded as peculiarly characteristic. When, thanks

to the exertions of Sir Woodbine Parish and Mr. Darwin, the extensive tertiary deposits of South America began in their turn to supply analogous evidences of the ancient mammalia of that continent—and when the limestone caverns of Brazil had been ransacked by Lund with a success second only to that which rewarded the previous explorations of Buckland in the same dark recesses of English geology—the results proved so far similar that it could be as truly said of the primeval beasts of America as of those of Europe, that verily there were giants in those days. But the giants appear to have been of totally different orders. No fragment of elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe, or hippopotamus has been discovered in South America; but it is inferred from abundant remains of enormous sloths, armadillos, and ant-eaters, and of huge species having near affinities to the lamas (*e. g. Macrauchenia*), to the cavies (*e. g. Toxodon*), or to other mammalian families, that such types were at that tertiary epoch, as now, peculiar to this region. Of the dimensions of some of those extinct representatives of the quadrupeds which may be said to wear the South American livery, an idea may be formed from the fact that certain bones of the megatherium measure exactly double the size of the same bones in the elephant. Forty years ago, difference of size was deemed a matter of such importance in the comparison of species, that Baron Cuvier's just conclusions from his exact demonstrations of the concordance of structure between the megatherium and some of the peculiar existing species of South America, were rejected with the flippant remark that 'all those species might dance within the carcass of the megatherium.' It might be objected with equal force of the *glyptodon*, that the present diminutive species of armadillo might all send representatives to disport within its huge panoply, where they would no doubt display more agility there than could be expected from the sloths within the carcass of the megatherium; yet the glyptodon was not less a gigantic armadillo than the megatherium a gigantic sloth. The fact first glimpsed at by Cuvier seems, in a word, to have been abundantly confirmed: viz. that the huge extinct quadrupeds of South America are not allied to those which exhibit similar proportions in Africa or Asia, but have their nearest affinities to the diminutive species which are now peculiar to South America.

The like correspondence is traced between the recent and the extinct mammals of Australia. Beasts manifesting, in unmistakable characters stamped upon their fossil remains, the same essential affinities to the kangaroo and wombat, which the megatherium and the glyptodon respectively present to the sloth and armadillo, existed in New Holland contemporaneously with those edentate

edentate giants in South America. Quadrupeds as large as rhinoceroses, and in the proportions of some of their bones approaching the elephant, but representing on a gigantic scale the peculiar features of the existing herbivorous marsupials, subsisted upon the vegetable productions of Australia at the same remote period—judging from the geological character of the strata and the petrified condition of the fossils—at which the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and hippopotamus owned the soil of England—a period anterior to its separation from continental Europe. But more—the vast size of the ancient herbivorous marsupials, and their numbers, as indicated by the abundance of remains discovered in a comparatively brief period, required a system of check; and this was provided for by the co-existence with them of a carnivore bearing to them the same proportional size and force which the ancient lion of England (*Felis spelæa*) bore to its colossal prey. But the relics of this Australian carnivore prove it to have been more nearly allied to the small existing carnivorous marsupials of Australia (the dasyures, for example) than to any of the jaguars, lions, tigers, hyænas, or bears of other continents. It was a huge marsupial destructive.

Again—Banks and Solander, throughout Cook's first voyage found no similar tract of land so destitute of mammalian life as the isles of New Zealand; not a trace of the kangaroos and opossums of neighbouring Australia could here be detected. The aborigines, though at that stage of civilization when a knowledge of the beasts of chase is most useful and therefore usually the most exact, could give no information respecting any wild or native quadruped. They had a small half-domesticated dog; but the largest, warm-blooded, indigenous, terrestrial animals hunted or entrapped by them were birds, about the size of our pheasant, but wingless, nocturnal and fossorial; they called them 'Kivi.' This condition of New Zealand has been aptly compared by Mr. Lyell with that of Europe during the era of the Wealden formation, in which deposits no traces of animals more highly organized than birds have yet been found.

Thus as large hoofed quadrupeds (the elephant, giraffe, rhinoceros, hippopotamus) form the most striking feature of the zoology of the Old World, as long-clawed edentate quadrupeds do in the case of the New World, or at least of its southern division, and as marsupial quadrupeds prevail in the Australasian world, so wingless birds might be said to form the leading characteristic of the actual zoology of New Zealand. And hence the question became extremely interesting as to what forms of animal life, if any, the deposits contemporaneous with the newer tertiary formations in Australia, South America, and Europe might reveal. The

The answer which the explorations of the Rev. Messrs. Williams, Cotton, and Colenso, Colonel Wakefield, and Mr. Earle have enabled Professor Owen to return, is complete. New Zealand was populated at the pleistocene period, by forms of animal life no higher in the scale than wingless birds, and birds most nearly allied to the Kivi (*Apteryx*) forming the remnant and representative of the family, and now fast disappearing through the exterminating spread of the colonists. But the ancient wingless birds of New Zealand were as gigantic in proportion to the Kivi as the diprotodon of Australia was to the kangaroo. When different species of elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses existed in Europe, while as many species of gigantic sloths and armadillos peopled the forests of South America, and when the diprotodons, nototheria, huge wombats, and dasyures represented the marsupial order as gigantically in Australia—at the same remote period the *dinornis* and *palapteryx* formed a wingless but feathered biped population of the New Zealand isles, comprehending many species, some four feet, some seven feet, some nine feet, some eleven feet in height. Linnæus apostrophized the ostrich as *avium maxima*! How shrunk are its proportions when viewed by the side of the *Dinornis giganteus* which towers above the skeleton of the giant O'Byrne in the museum of the College of Surgeons! What adds to the strangeness of this recent discovery and most striking restoration of lost animals, is the fact, that, the number of already ascertained species of struthious or short-winged birds incapable of flight, which once inhabited New Zealand, is nearly three times that of the same order of birds at present known to exist in the rest of the world. Here, therefore, is one of the problems which Zoology offers to the inquiring mind; to explain a generalisation based upon a series of carefully ascertained facts, the conformity, namely, of the geographical distribution of certain groups of the higher organized forms of animal life, at a period antecedent to history, prior apparently to man's existence, with the actual distribution of the same peculiar groups as determined by observation of the living species.

The learned author of the 'Researches into the Physical History of Mankind'—in his attempt to reconcile the facts of the geographical distribution of existing animals with certain passages in the Mosaic history as usually interpreted—conjectures that the peculiar extra-Asiatic genera and species might have been called into existence subsequently to the Deluge. The silence of Scripture as to such recent partial creations, Dr. Pritchard holds to be of little consequence. 'It was of no importance,' he says, for men to be informed at what time New Holland began to contain

contain kangaroos, or the woods of Paraguay ant-eaters and armadillos' (vol. i. p. 83, ed. 1826). We now learn, however, that amongst the inscrutable designs of a good Providence, ordaining the times and seasons for the introduction of new truths into the treasury of human knowledge, it was also intended that men should know that long antecedent to historical cataclysms there prevailed the same laws as to the geographical distribution of animals, which subsequently governed that mysterious circumstance in their history. The timid, the narrow-minded, and the essentially faithless shrink from the acceptance of such sums of knowledge. Loth to comprehend that *Philology* itself is a science still in progress—rashly assuming that the old and common interpretation of a Hebrew Text can alone be just—they are apt to accuse of boldness bordering on impiety those to whom it has been given to open and read another page of Nature. It would seem from the language in which the progress of physical science has been sometimes apostrophized, as if its cultivators were luxuriators in intellectual pleasures, self-willed seekers after forbidden knowledge. Whereas they are for the most part the creatures of circumstances beyond their control: they are in positions, sometimes not of their own choice, in which the evidences are forced upon their attention—and it becomes as much their duty as it is their nature to exercise the gifts intrusted to them in truly interpreting such evidences. They are instruments in the hands of a Providence governing the psychical progress of mankind. When a *fact* reveals itself to such a man, 'it lies not in his will what he shall say or what he shall conceal. If he think to be silent as Jeremiah did because of the reproach and derision he met with daily, "and all his familiar friends watched for his halting, to be revenged on him for speaking the truth," he would be forced to confess as the prophet confessed—"his word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones; I was weary with forbearing and could not stay."'

In that field of the 'lower wisdom' which rests in the contemplation of animated nature the harvest is truly abundant, but the labourers are few. We have adduced one only of many problems in zoology which deeply concern both the feelings and interests of mankind, and which demand the combined efforts of many observers and thinkers for their solution. He, therefore, who diffuses the elements of the science in a cheap form, and who attracts to its study by a perspicuous style, has rendered no small service in relation to its advancement in a country which has hitherto been too poor or too busy to endow a professorship of

* Milton, 'Reason of Church-Government,' &c.

zoology in any one of its universities, or in connexion with any one of its museums.

This author entices us with 'wood-notes wild' into the paths of his science, from which so many are repelled by the barbarous array of technical words that 'perplex the things they would explain.' His first chapter is on singing-birds :—

'The melody of birds finds its way to the heart of every one ; but the cause that prompts the outpourings that make copse, rock, and river ring again on a fine spring morning, is more a matter of doubt with ornithologists than the uninitiated in zoological mysteries might suppose. Much has been written on this subject ; but, upon a consideration of the different opinions, aided by our own observations, we are inclined to think that love and rivalry are the two great stimulants—though we do not mean to deny that a bird may sing from mere gaiety of heart, arising from finding itself in the haunts dear to it, and in the midst of plenty of the food it likes ; to give vent, in short, to the buoyancy of spirit arising from general pleasurable sensations. In this country, the season of reproduction is undoubtedly that wherein—

"The isle is full of pleasant noises,
Sounds, and sweet ans that give delight."—p. 1. *

He conveys a very just idea of the natural musical instrument with which the sweet and varied, and often loud notes of the little warblers are executed, and, drawing from his own stores of observation, combines some novel and interesting facts with the best part of the experience of Bechstem, Daines Barrington, and Gilbert White, in the elucidation of the nature, the periods, and the mode of acquisition of the various melodies of song-birds.

Few, probably, suspect how much the particular song of any given species depends upon the circumstances under which the bird was hatched and reared. Barrington thought he had clearly established 'that birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species.' The reason, he says, why, in a wild state, they adhere so steadily to the same song is, that the nestling's attention is given solely to the instruction of the parent bird, whilst it disregards the notes of others which may be singing in the vicinity.

'He took a common sparrow from the nest when it was fledged, and educated him under a linnet ; the bird, however, by accident heard a goldfinch also, and "his song was therefore a mixture of the linnet and goldfinch." The same experimentalist educated a young robin under a very fine nightingale, which, however, began already to be out of song, and was perfectly mute in less than a fortnight : the scholar afterwards sang three parts in four nightingale, and the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call "rubbish," or no particular note whatever.

' "I have known," says Barrington, "instances of birds beginning to record when they were not a month old. This first essay does not seem

to have the least rudiments of the future song; but, as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at. Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting; just as a singer raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows that he can execute them. What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself. A young bird commonly continues to record for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his song, which afterwards continues fixed, and is scarcely ever altered. When the bird is thus become perfect in his lesson, he is said to *sing his song round*, or in all its varieties of passages, which he connects together, and executes without a pause."—p. 6.

The most striking characteristics of all our resident singing-birds are selected with judgment, and described with the accuracy of a practised observer. The missel-thrush, the song-thrush, and the blackbird seem, in the lively diction of this pourtrayer, to tune for us their sweetest lays, with the accompaniments of the greenwood, the blossoms, and the bright sunshine. Every line breathes of vernal nature; as we read, we are withdrawn from the cares of busy life, and the noise and gloom of the populous city, to listen to the carol of the lark, and in imagination we follow it, mellowed by distance, as he soars aloft into the clear blue heaven above. Hear the humane magistrate's protest against the unwarrantable imprisonment of this songster:—

'Of all the unhallowed instances of bird-incarceration (not even excepting the stupid cruelty of shutting up a robin in an aviary), the condemnation of the sky-lark to perpetual imprisonment is surely the most repugnant to every good feeling. The bird, whilst his happy brethren are enolling far up in the sky, as if they would storm heaven itself with their rush of song, just at the joyous season

"When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear,"
is doomed to pine in some dingy street. There, in a den with a solid wooden roof, painted green *outside*, and white, glaring white, *within*—which, in bitter mockery, is called a *sky-lark's* cage, he keeps winnowing his wretched wings, and beating his breast against the wires, panting for one—only one—upward flight into the free air. To delude him into the recollection that there are such places as the fields, which he is beginning to forget, they cut what they call a turf—a turf dug up in the vicinity of this smoke-canopied Babel of bricks, redolent of all its sooty abominations, and bearing all the marks of the thousands of tons of fuel which are now suffered to escape up our chimneys, and fall down again upon our noses and into our lungs—tons which, when our coal-mines begin to shrink alarmingly—'tis no laughing matter, the time must

Of our migratory singing birds he passes in review the shore-lark, the pipit-larks, the fly-catchers, the field-fare, the red-wing, the buntings, the ring-ouzel, the beautiful rose-ouzel, and the rare golden oriole. A clever sketch of the *Hirundinide* or swallow tribe is introduced into the same chapter, and Gilbert White is cited in favour of the swallow as a delicate songster—but we are told that he who would hear the swallow sing must rise early. The section in which he condenses the natural history of the nightingale well exemplifies the judgment and taste of this unpretending volume. Many writers would have yielded to the temptation, and have cloyed their readers with the often-relished beauties with which the poetry of all ages abounds in allusion to this chief of songsters. It is a relief to listen to the sober—not to say severe—brevity in which the migration, geographical distribution, and nidification of *Luscinia Philomela* are scientifically expounded. The very melody of the bird is analyzed—nay, criticised. We are told that—

‘Take other biped performers, nightingales vary much in their powers of song. They have among them their Rubins, Tambourinis, and Lablaches, and also their *Mopers*, that sing at intervals only, without connexion, and with long pauses—some minutes—between each strain. It is amusing to see when a man mounts his hobby—and happy is he who has one in his stable—how far it will carry him. ay, and merrily too. This Bechstein prints no less than twenty-four lines of words—some of them rare sesquipedalities—as expressive of the nightingale’s song. “Twenty-four different strains or couplets,” says he, “may be reckoned in the song of a fine nightingale, without including its delicate variations. This song is so articulate, so speaking, that it may be very well written. The following is a trial which I have made on that of a nightingale in my neighbourhood, which passes for a very capital singer”—and off the good Bechstein goes at score :

"Tioû, tioû, tioû, tioû," &c. &c. &c. &c.,

but we *must* introduce the reader to one or two of the *words* representing the strains :

"Zozozozozozozozozozo, zizhading.

Hezezezezezezezezezezezezezezeze couar ho dze hoi.

Higainaigainaigainaigai guainaigainaigai couior dzio dzio pi."

The British bird-fanciers have, also, a vocabulary of their own to express the same ideas.'—p. 65.

With the cuckoo (which he treats with great skill) Mr. Broderip takes leave of the feathered vocalists, and next introduces his reader, by way of contrast, to the *owls*.

'There are few animals that have been more suspiciously regarded than owls. Their retired habits, the desolate places that are their favourite haunts, their hollow hootings, fearful shriekings, serpent-like hissings, and coffin-maker-like snappings, have helped to give them a bad eminence, more than overbalancing all the glory that Minerva and her own Athens could shed around them.'—p. 83.

They are associated with desolation and unclean things where-soever they are mentioned in the sacred volume. Virgil introduces an owl amongst the prodigies and horrors that foreshadow the fate of Dido. Horace, Propertius, and Ovid allude to a species of the owl-genus in citing the nocturnal *strix*, as an ingredient in the infernal philtres and witch-broths of *Canidia* and *Medea*. So Shakspeare, also, adds the 'owlet's wing' to the cauldron wherein the wierd sisters prepare their charm for Macbeth. The modern superstitions connected with or excited by the unearthly sounds of the owl are quaintly touched upon; and we may refer to the volume for one of the best of modern ghost-stories, in which the bird of night plays a prominent part.*

In a second chapter devoted to the *Strigide* our worthy Justice changes the key, and gives a more amiable and natural character of the 'bird of wisdom,' or, as others are pleased to regard him,

'the jolly owl,
That all night blows his horn.'

'What presence among the feathered bipeds is more dignified than that of the great horned owl, *Le Grand Duc*, as he is most appropriately named in the kingdom of Clovis? Who can look at his feathered highness, as he sits solemn and sedate, without inquiring,

"What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?"'—

a demeanour which, it seems, is not forgotten, even under circumstances of the most absorbing passion—witness the following happy sketch:—

'Cowper' has admirably sung the "sidling" and "ogling" of a small-bird flirtation, but he does not appear to have ever witnessed the grand passion of an owl: would that he had. Such a serious affair is

* Let us ask why Mr. Harness allows his charming collection of modern Ghost Stories to be so long out of print? We have been vainly hunting for a copy anytime these twenty years, or thereby. He will, if he takes our hint, find some capital additions to his stock in two little volumes entitled 'Early Years and Late Reflections, by Clement Cadyon, M.D.' 1843.

only to be observed by the out-door naturalist, who will bury himself for hours in the depths of the quiet woods, near some favourite owl-tree. If he is so fortunate as to see the courtship on some warm, gloomy, spring day, whose stillness is only broken by the pattering of the shower, or the "minute drops" that fall from the moss-grown trees, he will be well repaid for his watching by the solemnization. The Hudibrastic air, with which the lover approaches, making lowly *congé*s, as if to

"Honour the shadow of the shoe-tie"

of the prim Quaker-like figure that receives all these humiliations with the demure starched demeanour of one of Richardson's heroines—only now and then slowly turning her head towards the worshipper when she thinks she is not observed, but instantly turning it back when she thinks she is—and the occasional prudish snap of her bill, when she is apprehensive that he is going to be rude—make a scene truly edifying.—p. 102.

A brief but accurate account is given of each of our native species of owl, and of occasional visitors. The barn or white owl (*Strix flammea*), which is the true 'screech-owl,' claims the first notice; next comes the tawny or ivy owl (*Surnium aluco*); then the long-eared owl (*Otus vulgaris*); and, lastly, the short-eared owl, better known perhaps as the fern owl (*Otus palustris*), which appears to be the only regularly migratory British owl. The organization of the nocturnal bird of prey, and its relations to the habits and mode of life, with the principal incidents in the economy of each of the British species, are well elucidated; and the history of the race, gloomy and foreboding at its commencement, gradually brightens—to culminate in the following incident, depicted with the truth and reality of a Dutch picture. In reference to the migratory species, he says—

'In consequence of the general arrival of these birds in the southern parts of Britain with the first fair October winds, they are called wood-cock owls—an appellation branded on the memory of more than one luckless would-be sportsman. From some turnip-field hard by a plantation, or a tuft of rushes close to a copse on a moist hill-side, up springs a russet-plumaged bird, and is in the cover in a moment. The eager shooter "catches a glintse on 'in," as an old keeper used to say, through the trees. Bang goes the gun. "That's the first cock of the season!" exclaims he, exultingly. Up comes John, who has been sent ostensibly to attend him, but really to take care of him:—"I'm sure he's down,"—pointing to the cover, as many are apt to say when they shoot at a cock, without being able to produce the body—"Well, let's look, sir: where did a drop?" "There, just by that holly." In they go, retriever and all. "There he lies," cries the delighted shot, loading his gun triumphantly in measureless content; "dead as Harry the Eighth. I knew he was down; there, just where I said he was, close by that mossy stump. Can't you see?"—"Iss, sir, I sees well enough, but I don't like the looks on 'in. His head's a trifle too big, and a do, lie too flat on his face."—"Pick up the cock, I say," rejoins our hero, somewhat

somewhat nettled.—“I can’t do that, sir,” says John, lifting a fine specimen of *Otus palustris*, and holding it up to the blank-looking cockney, amid the ill-suppressed laughter of those confounded fellows who attend to mark not only the game, but the number of shots that are missed, on their abominable notched sticks.—“Never mind, sir,” adds the comforter John, “if t’ant a cock, a did kip company wi’ em; and a’s curous like, and since you ha’nt killed nothen else to-day, I’d bag un, if I was you: he’ll look uncommon well in a glass case.”—p. 107.

Leaving the ‘parrots’ to speak for themselves, which they do through a most entertaining chapter, we come next to a bird of more immediate and general interest, especially at the present festive season. Long and grave has been the discussion as to when and whence the turkey was first brought into Europe.

‘As for the often-repeated couplet given by Baker—

“Turkeys, carps, hoppes, piccarel, and beer,
Came into England all in one year”—

that is about the fifteenth of Henry VIII. (1524), there is no reliance to be placed upon it, as far at least as the fish is concerned; for Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of Sopewell, mentions in the *Boke of St. Alban’s*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496, the carp as a “deynytous fische;” and the price of pike or pickerel was the subject of legal regulation in the time of our first Edward. . . . Oviedo, in 1526, describes the turkey well, as a kind of peacock of New Spain which had been carried over to the islands and the Spanish Main, and was about the houses of the Christian inhabitants, so that it is evident that, when Oviedo wrote, the bird had been domesticated. Heresbach states that they were brought into Germany about 1530, and Barnaby Googe (1614) declares that “those outlandish birds called giny-cocks and turkey-cocks before the yeare of our Lord 1530 were not seen with us.” In 1541 we find a constitution of Archbishop Crumner directing that of such large fowls as cranes, swans, and turkey-cocks, there should be but one dish; and we see the bird mentioned as no great rarity at the inauguration dinner of the serjeants-at-law in 1555. The learned brothers had upon that occasion two turkeys and four turkey chicks, charged at four shillings each, swans and cranes being valued at ten shillings, and capons at half-a-crown.”—p. 129.

Upon these and other carefully collected evidences, a verdict, according to the careful Justice, may be given in favour of the Spaniards as the importers from America of this great addition to our poultry-yards; and he abides by old Barnaby Googe’s decision that the introduction of the turkey into this country must have taken place about the year 1530.

The habits of the wild turkey of North America are drawn from Lawson, Audubon, and Bennett; and a very picturesque description of the wild turkey of Honduras (*Meleagris ocellata*) is abridged from Cuvier. In regard to this noble species, we would

would recommend the author's concluding paragraph to the special attention of the present intelligent secretary of the Zoological Society—or why not of the spirited Marquis of Breadalbane, who has so successfully restored the Capercaillie :—

‘ With the naturalised poultry from Asia, Africa, and America before our eyes, there cannot exist a doubt that the *Ocellated Turkey* would thrive with us. The benefactor who conferred the domestic turkey upon Europe is unknown. He who succeeds in naturalising the ocellated turkey will have the merit of introducing the most beautiful addition to our parks and homesteads—to say nothing of its utility—since the importation of the peacock ; and, in these days of record, his name will not be forgotten.’—p. 137.

In his chapters on swans our Zoologist rises in style and illustration to the height of all the associations which the image of that noble and graceful bird recalls. England, it appears, every winter sees two species of wild swan—the Hooper (*Cygnus ferus*), and Bewick's swan (*Cygnus Bewickii*), first accurately distinguished by Mr. Yarrell ;—and is occasionally visited by the Polish swan (*Cygnus immutabilis*). The tame swan (*Cygnus olor*) is a distinct species from these. There are few writers—indeed we know of none—in our language, by whom the characters, the habits, and the singular anatomy of these stately aquatic birds have been more clearly and beautifully described. It is plain that few non-medical naturalists have so diligently availed themselves of the instructions and illustrations which our museums of comparative anatomy afford. Take for example this sketch of the chief characteristics of the osteology :—

‘ Let us examine the bony framework of a swan. What an admirable piece of animated ship-building it is ! How the ribs rise from the broad and keeled sternum to support the lengthened pelvis and the broad back, which form a goodly solid deck for the young cygnets to rest on under the elevated, arched, and sail-like wings of the parent ; and how the twenty-five vertebrae of the neck rise into a noble ornamental prow, crowned with the graceful head. How skilfully are the oary legs and feet fitted—just where their strokes would be best brought to bear for the purpose of putting the living galley in motion ! It is a work worthy of the great Artificer.’—p. 139.

—Or this picture of the vocal organization of the Hooper, whose loud and wild but plaintive notes procured for it the name of *Cygnus musicus* from Bechstein, and were the origin of the classical allusions to the song of the dying swan, deemed fabulous by those who have supposed the ancients to have referred to the mute and tame swan exclusively :—

‘ The wind instrument which produces these sounds is a curious piece of animal mechanism. The cylindrical tracheal tube passes down the neck,

neck, and then descends between the forks of the merrythought to the level of the keel of the breast-bone, which is double; and this windpipe, after traversing nearly the whole length of the keel between the two plates, is doubled back as it were upon itself, and passing forwards, upwards, and backwards again, ends in a vertical divaricating bone, whence two long bronchial tubes diverge, each into their respective lobe of the lungs. In short, our winged musician carries a French horn in his chest, but it is not quite so melodious as Puzzi's. In the females and young males, the windpipe is not inserted so deeply.'—p. 140.

Mr. Broderip does not allow even the 'Swan with Two Necks' to escape him, but evidently deems that common sign to have no foundation whatever in nature; for, in his learned antiquarian dissertation on 'swan-marks,' he alludes to the two cuts or 'nicks' in the Vintners' mark, and infers that 'from their "swans with two nicks" have been hatched the double-necked swans whose portraits grace our sign-boards.' With much submission, we would venture to recall a picture in nature, which can hardly have escaped this observer. When the swan takes its weary cygnet on its back, and arching over it the protecting pinions, swims deeply with its precious burthen, the hidden young one may be seen to protrude its head and neck from its downy chamber close behind the neck of the parent—and the two slender flexible columns springing, as it were, from a common base, and often moving in opposite directions, then present a lively image, though with some disproportion, of the 'swan with two necks.' It is curious to watch the modified instincts of the parent under these circumstances. If a tempting weed floats deeply past, the mother dips her head and neck at full stretch, but makes no effort to give that half-rotation of the trunk which is the common movement when about to feed, for this act would produce a vertical position of the body which would throw the cygnet overboard.

From the specimens which we have culled as to the feathered tribes, a just estimate may be formed of the bulk of the work. The chapters on dogs and cats, apes and monkeys, elephants and—*dragons* are truly 'Recreations.' We had supposed that the teeming literature of late devoted to popular science had exhausted all that could be told of elephantine memory, canine sagacity, and quadrumanous dexterity and imitateness; but we were mistaken. The tact displayed in the selection of instances, with the life of the descriptions, has proved sufficient to impart a freshness to the most hackneyed subjects in zoology. But the closing section? What, it will be asked, has he found to say about *Dragons*? Have the regions of romance and nursery-rhyme been ransacked for his *finale*? Much goodly narrative and legend in both prose and verse have unquestionably contributed

to lighten and embellish the pages on sea-dragons, flying dragons, and ancient terrestrial dragons. But the greater part of them is honestly filled by a most agreeable and instructive review of the zoological, anatomical, and geological history of the fossil 'Saurians;' which, realizing or surpassing in bulk, in power, and in strange combinations of forms, the dragons of romance, have been, of late, restored as they were in life, for all the purposes of contemplation.

The dragons of the sea, or Enaliosaurs, are first tabled—namely, the *Ichthyosaurus*, the *Plesiosaurus*, and the *Pliosaurus*:—to which he subjoins a skilful sketch of the great extinct marine monster-lizard,—‘of the length and bulk of a grampus,’—the remains of which are most abundant at Maestricht, in the bed of the Meuse, whence its name *Mosusaurus*. The *Ichthyosaurus*, or great fish-dragon, has been well compared in its general form to a gigantic fish of the abdominal order, *i. e.*, with the hinder fins placed far behind the fore pair—but with a longer tail and a smaller caudal fin—scaleless, moreover—having apparently been covered with a smooth and finely-wrinkled skin like that of the whale-tribe. It had a huge head, with long and strong jaws well set with sharp destructive teeth, and provided with enormous eyes, furnished like the sea-turtle and birds with a circle of osseous plates arranged round the aperture in the sclerotic where the clear cornea or window of the eye was set. The general type of construction of the skeleton of the *ichthyosaurus*, and especially of his skull, was that which we now trace in the crocodile, but the vertebræ were cupped at both ends like those of fishes. Thus the head of a crocodile, the eyes of a bird, the paddles and skin of a whale, and the vertebræ and outward form of a fish were all combined in this extinct monster. The deposits of the primeval seas, forming the oolitic and cretaceous series of the secondary strata of England, have already been found to contain ten species of *ichthyosaur*, some of them upwards of thirty feet in length.

The *Plesiosaurus*—a less bulky and portentous dragon, but with a dentition as strictly carnivorous—appears to have infested estuaries rather than the open sea. The most striking difference in its external appearance as compared with the *ichthyosaurus* is the excessive length of the neck with a corresponding smallness of head: the trunk and tail present the ordinary proportions; it was provided with four paddles like those of the turtle, but longer, more tapering, and flexible. The vertebræ are nearly flat at the ends, as in whales, but are constructed after the type of the crocodiles: the skull combines the cranial characters of the existing crocodiles and lizards: and with these characters borrowed

rowed from, or rather now divided amongst, very different orders of animals, was associated this long and slender and flexible neck, which must have resembled the body of a serpent.

Remains of at least sixteen species of plesiosaur, the largest twenty feet in length, but averaging twelve or fourteen feet, have been found in the same series of secondary strata of England in which the ichthyosaurs occur. Both genera make their first appearance in the lowest beds of lias, and seem to have become extinct during the formation of the chalk-deposits.

That accomplished scholar and naturalist, the Dean of Llandaff—to whom, in conjunction with Sir Henry De la Beche, the discovery of the *plesiosaurus* is due—has best interpreted the living habits of this most heteroclite of animal forms:—

‘That it was aquatic is evident from the form of its paddles; that it was marine is almost equally so, from the remains with which it is universally associated; that it may have occasionally visited the shore, the resemblance of its extremities to those of the turtle may lead us to conjecture, its motion, however, must have been very awkward on land; its long neck must have impeded its progress through the water; presenting a striking contrast to the organization which so admirably fits the ichthyosaurus to cut through the waves. May it not therefore be concluded (since, in addition to these circumstances, its respiration must have required frequent access of air), that it swam upon or near the surface, arching back its long neck like a swan, and occasionally dating it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach? It may, perhaps, have lurked in shoal water along the coast, concealed among the seaweed, and raising its nostrils to a level with the surface from a considerable depth, may have found a secure retreat from the assault of dangerous enemies; while the length and flexibility of its neck may have compensated for the want of strength in its jaws, and its incapacity for swift motion through the water, by the suddenness and agility of the attack which they enabled it to make on every animal fitted for its prey, which came within its reach.’

The *Pliosaurus* was in most respects a gigantic plesiosaur, but had an enormous head with long and strong jaws armed with large conical-pointed teeth, and requiring, therefore, for its support a neck as short and thick and strong as that of the grampus, which this ancient sea-dragon equalled or surpassed in size. The Kimmeridge clay is the common depositary of its fossilised remains.

The *Cetiosaurus*, an aquatic dragon, but with toes free and armed with claws, as in the crocodiles, rivalled the modern whale in bulk, and was unquestionably the most gigantic, as, being provided with both teeth and claws, it was the most formidable of ancient reptiles. It co-existed with the true *Enaliosauria* or sea-dragons, and probably preyed upon the plesiosaur. Four species

species of this genus, and six other genera, with their several species, of reptiles more or less allied to modern gavials and crocodiles, but with vertebræ demonstrating their more marine habits, have already been reconstructed from the abundance of petrified remains in the oolitic strata of England.

As examples of the ancient dragons of the land, our author selects the great herbivorous *Iguanodon* of Mantell, and its contemporary and probable foe, the almost equally huge carnivorous *Megalosaurus* of the Dean of Westminster. These monsters, whose fossil thigh-bones equal or surpass in size those of the mammoth or mastodon, had cavities for marrow in the interior of all the long-bones of the limbs, like those in existing terrestrial quadrupeds. Mr. Broderip's comment is brief and neat:—

‘One of the most distinguishing characteristics of these great land-lizards is this possession of marrow-bones. The great bones of the extremities of the enaliosaurians and ancient crocodilians were solid throughout; and the comparative weight, so far from being inconvenient in the medium through which they generally had to make their way, performed the office of ballast to steady them in and on the water, and prevent them, when on the surface, from exposing too much of their bodies, and being what the sailors call crank. But in the enormous and dragon-like forms now under consideration—those oviparous quadrupeds, in short, whose progression was to be performed on the land, and most probably in sandy or miry places and sloughs—a combination of lightness with strength was required, and the marrow-filled cylinder made the appropriate machinery complete.’—p. 357.

The peculiar structure of the teeth of the *iguanodon* adapting it to ‘cut out its huge morsels from the tough *Clathraria* and other similar rigid plants which are found entombed with its remains,’ is given in the words of Buckland and Owen. The not less remarkable modifications of the teeth of the *megalosaurus*—which combine mechanical contrivances analogous to those adopted in the construction of the knife, the sabre, and the saw, rendering them the most destructive and carnassial of natural weapons—are described in the classic language of the sixth ‘*Bridgewater Treatise*.’ From the most authentic sources, not without evidence of shrewd original observation, the author has succeeded in producing a vivid picture of the typical examples of the ‘*dinosaurians*,’ or ‘*fearfully-great land-lizards*, which once had dominion where Queen Victoria now reigns.’

But not the earth only or the waters of those primeval times brought forth abundantly their dragon-brood:—flocks also of unclean creatures of the reptilian classes with expanded wings steered aloft their flight, incumbent on the dank and dusky atmosphere

atmosphere of the same remote age. The genera *Pterodactylus*, *Ornithopterus*, and *Rhamphosaurus*; with their several species, of which about twenty are now known, represented the order *Pterosauria*, or *ancient flying dragons*. Every type of this order has long been blotted out of the book of living creatures. The pterodactyles seem to have been introduced into this planet with the ichthyosaur at the beginning of the oolitic period, and both dragons of the air and sea to have disappeared before the commencement of the tertiary epoch in geology. A little harmless insectivorous lizard, however, so far analogous to the pterodactyle as to be able to glide, by means of an expanded parachute, through the air in long flying leaps from branch to branch or from tree to tree, still exists in some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Linnæus gave it the name of *Draco volans*; but its structure presents an essentially distinct modification of the reptilian type from that of the pterosauria. In the modern *Draco* certain of the slender ribs are much elongated, and sustain, as on the whalebones of an umbrella, the membranes of the wings. In the pterodactyle the bones of the upper-arm and fore-arm, but more especially those of the finger answering to the fifth or 'little-finger,' are much elongated, and must have spread out a long and broad fold of skin like that which forms the wings of bats. The head of the pterodactyle was large,—the jaws long and strong—armed with slender recurved sharp-pointed teeth—and in some of the species (*Rhamphorhynchus*)—sheathed at their extremities with horn: thus combining the characteristic armature of both birds and beasts. The neck-bones were proportionally robust to sustain and wield the doubly-armed head, and were not more than seven in number, as in mammals, but were constructed after the type of those of reptiles. The ribs, slender as in lizards, not flat and broad as in birds, were nevertheless connected to a broad sternum by bony 'sternal ribs,' as in birds, and supported likewise osseous supracostal processes, as in the feathered class. A greater number of vertebræ were ankylosed to form a 'sacrum' than in other reptiles, though not so many as in birds,—nor is the pelvis of the pterodactyle of such a construction as to have enabled it to walk on the hind-legs, as birds do. The hooked claws on the non-elongated fingers of the hand would not only have enabled this saurian to suspend itself when it wished to rest, but to drag itself prone on the earth,—and there is much reason for concluding, with our author, that 'the pterodactyle shuffled along upon the ground, after the manner of a bat, and scuttled through the water when it had occasion to swim.'

A brief sketch of the conflicting opinions to which the hetero-
clite

clite organization of the pterosaurian gave rise, before the master-eye of Cuvier discerned its true relations, is prefixed to the chapter on 'Flying Dragons.' Collini (1784) considered it a fish, Blumenbach (1807) a bird, and Soemmering (1810) a mammal;—pregnant signs of the discrepant characters of structure which were associated together in the flying reptile of the secondary æra. Indeed, so anomalous are the combination and modification of parts in the skeleton of the pterodactyle, that there are still dissentients from the authority of Cuvier. Even M. Agassiz has deemed it an error to regard this extinct animal as a reptile of flight: he thinks rather that it must have lived in the water along with the ichthyosaur and plesiosaur, and groups them together into the family of 'palæosaurians.' But the experienced and indefatigable Von Meyer says,* in a recent description of one of the most extraordinary forms of the order pterosauria, that long-continued study of the very interesting structure of these animals had only the more convinced him of the accuracy of the views published by Cuvier so early as 1800. The pterodactyles were flying saurians. The thin compact walls and large cavities of the bones, the connexion of the vertebral ribs with the sternum by means of osseous ribs, the processes of the chief ribs in order to confer greater firmness on the chest, the long sacrum, as well as the circumstance that in the posterior limbs the tibia is the longest bone, so strikingly recall the structure of birds, that it seems incomprehensible how anybody can doubt that they were flying animals. M. Von Meyer believes also, with Cuvier, that the pterodactyles were not clothed with feathers like birds, nor yet with hair like bats, but had a naked skin, which the author of the 'Recreations' surmises to have been of lurid hue and shagreen-like texture, resembling in some degree the external tegument of a chamæleon or guana, except the smooth membrane of the wing. The average size of the pterodactyles seems to have been that of a crow or a raven, but indications of a species (*Pter. giganteus*) perhaps as large as an eagle, have lately been detected in the chalk-formations of Kent. MM. Van Breda and Von Meyer have recently disclosed a new feature in the organization of certain species of Pterodactyle (*Pt. longicaudus*, *Pt. Münsteri*, and *Pt. Gæmmingi*), viz., a long stiff tail, formed by the coalescence of many caudal vertebræ, and serving doubtless to increase the extent of the tegumentary parachute, and to give more precision and more rapid and extensive changes of direction to the flight.

We hope we have extracted and abridged enough to give a

* *Palæontographica*, 4to. 1 heft, 1846.

fair notion of Mr. Broderip's volume. It has taught or agreeably reminded us of many zoological facts and some generalizations of much interest; and, being simply written, enlivened by the stores of a rich and varied erudition, and pervaded with gleams of gentle humour, the fit accompaniment of a pure benevolence of spirit, we feel assured that it will prove to old and young readers a source of real recreation.

ART. VI.—1. *Reports of the Society for improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes*. 1845-1846.

2. *First Report of the Constabulary Force Commissioners*. 1839.

WHEN a man sets himself to the exposure of any festering mischief, which afflicts and dishonours a large portion of our people, he is apt to be met by some erudite pundit of statistics, who replies, with pedantic joy:—‘I will undertake to show the hollowness of your complaints—things are far better than they were; I will prove from this chronicle and that record how many in such a period died of cold, how many of starvation, how many of sweating-sickness, plague, or small-pox; I will prove, too, that the necessaries of life were dear, and the wages of labour low; compare, good sir, carefully A.D. ——— with A.D. 1847, and acknowledge yourself to be refuted.’

We need not pause to test these assertions, because we maintain that, were they all true and correct, there is a higher standard to which our practice should now be conformed. It would be but a meagre satisfaction to a hungry pauper, to hear the value of his own small fare illustrated by ‘a banquet after the manner of the ancients;’ and, while devouring his allotted morsel of wheaten bread in his foul garret or cellar, to be assured, on the authority of Juvenal, that the Sabines rejoiced in acorns—and, from references to the Venerable Bede, that his dwelling-place is better than the pigsties of the Saxons. We must test these things, not by our ancestors, but by ourselves. The blessings of civilization, whether physical or moral, or intimately blended the one with the other, should penetrate to the very base of our national system, and buoy up each class, in its proportion and degree, to a higher level.

In these days, though the ignorance of the people is largely discussed, and the necessity of extended education pretty generally admitted, it seems to be a prevalent dream that a few more schools, well-trained teachers, and an appropriate system, are to prove sufficient safeguards for the morals of the nation. Doubtless they are good, nay indispensable; but there are other things needful. The outside and the inside of the school are now in direct antagonism.

The

The child may drink in, with reverent docility, the language and spirit of the Ten Commandments, but will see them broken hourly in every street and alley, and most of all perhaps in the very dwelling of its parents. The beer-house, the gin-palace, the dark and pestilential court, the narrow and numerous tenements where all ages and both sexes are pressed together like a drum of Turkey figs, are skilful devices of the great enemy of mankind to suck out the marrow from education. Here indeed to little purpose is the schoolmaster abroad—it is a work of Sisyphus; the labour of a month is undone in an hour.

But should the stone be rolled to the summit of the hill, there are then new hazards to topple it over on the other side. Our present remarks shall be confined to one form of evil that assails the child when starting in his earliest search of employment; an evil mainly the result of social neglect, and remediable by the expenditure of moderate trouble and still less money.

All our great cities and most towns contain regular receptacles for the accommodation of poor travellers or temporary sojourners; caravansaries, generally speaking, of misery and sin on their road to sustain old, or create new mischief. The country is daily sending up the inexperienced offspring of its hives to seek a livelihood in the mighty capitals; the capitals, in return, send back their multiform gangs of practitioners, skilled in every device by which mankind may be deceived or plundered. These streams meet together in their course; but the feeble rill of simplicity is speedily lost in that 'Serbonian bog' of corruption 'where armies whole have sunk.' More of rustic innocence and honest purpose, both in males and females, has suffered shipwreck in these *lodging-houses* than from any other perils that try the skill and courage of young adventurers. London is the city of the plague; for though evils of a similar character abound in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and every other place of like dimensions, yet the metropolis surpasses them all, not only in the number of these mantraps, but in the business-like employment of them. No one but a mere print-fancier can have *perused* Hogarth's exquisite delineation of the active and insinuating procuress waiting at the waggon-office for the arrival of any chance victim come up to town, ignorant and friendless, in search of employment, without pausing to reflect how many snares must beset the path of the helpless female. Such a minute commissariat, however, is now superseded by the larger storehouses of advanced practice—of an age that has got far before the waggon. In these indeed—

'Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.'

It may be true that all these receptacles are not equally abominable.

abominable. Physically there may be some difference here and there; but morally the distinction is very fine-drawn. Mischief presides over them all; and the keeper of the establishment takes very good care to ask no questions, and impose no restraints that may check the flow of his nightly receipts. But putting aside the Corinthian specimens, which are, at best, 'few and far between,' we will keep to the mass of those hospitable mansions which hold out to every humble stranger in London the promise of 'good entertainment.'

The astonishment and perplexities of a young person on his arrival here, full of good intentions to live honestly, would be almost ludicrous, were they not the prelude to such mournful results. He alights—and is instantly directed, for the best accommodation, to Duck Lane, St. Giles's, Saffron Hill, Spitalfields, or Whitechapel. He reaches the indicated region through tight avenues of glittering fish and rotten vegetables, with doorways or alleys gaping on either side—which, if they be not choked with squalid garments or sickly children, lead the eye through an almost interminable vista of filth and distress—and begins his search for the 'good entertainment.' The pavement, where there is any, rugged and broken, is bespattered with dirt of every hue, ancient enough to rank with the fossils, but offensive as the most recent deposits. The houses, small, low, and mournful, present no one part, in windows, door-posts, or brickwork, that seems fitted to stand for another week—rags and hurdles stuff up the panes, and defend the passages blackened with use and by the damp arising from the undrained and ill-ventilated recesses. Yet each one affects to smile with promise, and invites the country-bumpkin to the comfort and repose of 'Lodgings for single men.'

He enters the first, perhaps the largest, and finds it to consist of seven apartments of very moderate dimensions. Here are stowed—besides children—sixty adults, a goodly company of males and females, of every profession of fraud and violence, with a very few poor and industrious labourers. He turns to another hostel—the reader will not, we know, proceed without misgivings—but we assure him our picture is drawn from real life. The *parlour* measures 18 feet by 10. Beds are arranged on each side of it, composed of straw, rags, and shavings; all in order, but not decently, according to the apostolic precept. Here he sees twenty-seven male and female adults, and thirty-one children with several dogs (for dogs, the friends of man, do not forsake him in his most abandoned condition),—in all fifty-eight human beings, in a contracted den, from which light and air are systematically excluded. He seeks the upper room, as more likely to remind him of his native hills: it measures 12 feet by 10, and contains

contains six beds, which in their turn contain thirty-two individuals—and these bearing but little resemblance to Alexander the Great, Cujas the lawyer, or Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose bodies yielded naturally a fine perfume. Disgusted once more, he turns with hope to the tranquillity of a smaller tenement. Here, groping his way up an ascent more like a flue than a staircase, he finds a nest of four tiny compartments—and they are all full. It is, however, in vain to search further. The evening has set in; the tenants are returned to their layers; the dirt, confusion, and obscenity baffle alike tongue, pen, or paint-brush; but if our bewildered novice would have for the night a roof over his head, he must share the floor with as many men, women, and babies as it has space for.

Having made acquaintance with his new associates, he will, should he have a statistical turn, reduce them under the following classification:—beggars, street-sweepers, hawkers, hay-makers, blind fiddlers, costermongers, dock-labourers, venders of lucifer-matches, actors in public-houses, navigators, brickmakers, cabmen. Here and there, as a kind of skirmishers to this heavy force, there are groups of fallen females; thieves; *high-fliers*, that is, writers of begging letters, a regular trade, profitable in its fruits, and jovial in the enjoyment of them; *molbursers*, which means boys 'who dive their hands into ladies' pockets;' and decayed persons—forlorn non-descripts.

These singular folks, for the most part, keep fashionable hours: they rise very late in what fine ladies call the morning—preferring, like owls, the night, or certainly the dusk, for their special avocations. Their delight must be great in recumbent postures, for surely such places can hardly be said to yield repose. 'It is impossible,' says one of the City Missionaries, 'to convey a just idea of their state—the quantities of vermin are amazing. I have entered a room, and in a few minutes I have felt them dropping on my hat from the ceiling like peas.' 'They may be gathered by handfuls,' observed one of the inmates; 'I could fill a pail in a few minutes. I have been so tormented with the itch, that on two occasions I filled my pockets with stones, waited till a policeman came up, and then broke a lamp, that I might be sent to prison, and there be cleansed, as is required before newcomers are admitted.'—'Ah!' said another, standing by, his imagination carrying him to the paradise of a gaol, 'you can get a comfortable snooze and scrub there!'

Few of the adults ever wash either body or clothes. As for the children—we need only say, hence the necessity for Ragged Schools! Yet, as matters now stand, it can hardly be otherwise. 'The only water,' writes a missionary, 'that can be had by the poor generally

generally in my district is obtained from a publican, or his brother-in-law, who keeps a chandler's shop; and I have often heard both refuse applicants who have come to beg a kettle of water, telling them to get water where they get their goods.' Should the water be obtained, it must be publicly used—there being but one common room for washing, cooking, and twenty other purposes.

Some will be puzzled to guess what motives can lead mankind to seek out and colonise such haunts. Is it instinct, choice, or necessity? Actual poverty impels many. For 3*d.* a-night they obtain a shelter, such as it is, and save the expense of one night in seven—inasmuch as the proprietor, in a spirit of piety, munificence, or calculation, throws in the Sabbath, and allows his customers a gratis accommodation for that day, provided they have passed with him the other six. Some, though not pressed by the same force of biting want, practise a little economy, and obtain for 1*s.* 6*d.* a-week (*furniture* included!) that which would cost a man in comparative cleanliness and comfort for 4*s.* to 5*s.* But others resort to them, as we to watering-places, for the charms and luxuries of society; gambling is carried on as keenly as at Spa or Wisbaden, joined or alternated with intoxication. Tossing and cards, quarrels and fights, the recital of heroic deeds 'on the sneak or on the tramp,' hair-breadth escapes, and plans for fresh enterprises of larceny, are the chief occupations. Nor are they all averse to the airier varieties of elegance: there are dances in many of these houses, for which Sunday-night is the favourite season; 'gentlemen on the tramp,' says a witness, 'always reserve that day for playing and drink, and a fiddler is generally in-attendance.' The charge is moderate—about 1*d.* for each person, exclusive, we suppose, of refreshments. The amusement is prolonged to a late hour; let us spare our readers the inevitable consequences.—Finally, in the catalogue of these dens may be found many that are professedly appropriated to *boys and girls*; a detail of their condition and practices would be a mere transcript of what we have already written; the horror, however, is deepened by the youth of the congregation.

In that admirable document, the Report on the appointment of a Constabulary Force, we find many curious pages given to this subject. The Commissioners begin by defining the evils of the lodging-house, and give us, like medical men, a diagnosis of the disorder:—'It is the receiving-house,' they say, 'for stolen goods; it is the most extensively established school for juvenile delinquency, and commonly at the same time the most infamous brothel in the district. Here the common vagrants and trading-beggars assemble in great numbers at nightfall, or take up their quarters

'quarters for very many days, making the lodging-house the common centre from which they issue in the morning, traverse their several beats, and return at night. Instances have been stated to us, where travelling mechanics have been seduced from their occupations into the career of mendicancy from the temptations which it offers—the very fate we apprehended for our country-bumpkin. Let masters and mistresses ponder what comes next! 'Often when a girl leaves her place,' says a felon in his confession, 'she goes to a lodging-house, and there gets acquainted with thieves.'—The 'system' at Brighton is, like Brighton itself, quite metropolitan:—

'The keepers of the lodging-houses,' says one witness, 'furnish matches, songs, laces, and many other petty articles which are hawked about as an excuse for vagrancy, thereby avoiding direct begging; and it gives them opportunities of going down areas under pretence of selling their wares, by which they have every chance of pilfering any article that may be inadvertently exposed, and, what is of greater consequence, observing the fastenings and other circumstances that may lead to robbery: for the undersigned has no hesitation in declaring his belief that the principal robberies effected in Brighton have been concocted in a vagrant lodging-house, and rendered effectual through the agency of the keepers.'

Our readers will now have some notion of the 'system' which it has been the aim of the Labourer's Friend Society to attack. It being asked once, 'What is the best method of protecting against depredation a barrel of small beer?' the answer was, 'Place alongside of it a barrel of strong.' On this principle the Society determined to act; and we shall now sketch the triumph of their superior barrel.

The first efforts were on a small scale, being simply experimental, and were limited to the adaptation of existing houses in the worst and most crying localities. The indispensable requirements were decency, cleanliness, and essential comfort—strict though considerate rules for the maintenance of order—prices the same as those commonly paid—and lastly, that the whole should be on the footing, not of eleemosynary shelter, but of a self-supporting and even profitable institution. Our readers will observe with approbation, that the object was to give the poor man fair play, not to make him the recipient of charity. That the scheme should turn out to be profitable was, they will also agree on a moment's reflection, necessary to the purpose in hand; not that the coffers of the Society might be enriched, but in order to the extension of its operations, and, above all, that builders and speculators might be induced by its example to invest capital in similar undertakings.

Thank God! the experiment has proved successful. It has in

no part failed; and we earnestly hope that when the evil shall have become more universally known, and the remedy have been substantiated by a somewhat longer trial, we shall see a multiplication of these efforts to drain and ventilate the morals of the people.

The Society's first houses, those in King Street and Charles Street, Drury Lane, hold respectively 24 and 83 lodgers, in rooms of unequal size, containing from 3 to 11 beds. The locality could not have been better chosen; it is as bad as any in London, and in the immediate neighbourhood of many of those receptacles which it was most desirable to put out of countenance. Over each house a man and his wife are placed in charge; they are invested with full authority to receive payments, admit or reject applicants, and enforce order. They have the care of all the property of the establishment, and make periodical reports to the superintending Committee of the Society, which provides the additional check of a special Inspector. Each person on his entrance, like a letter by the post, is 'pre-paid.' He puts down 4*d.* for the night's lodging; and for that sum he is entitled not only to a single bed, and a clean one, in a room not densely crowded, but to a seat in a large well-warmed common apartment with benches and tables, until the stated hour of retiring to rest, and to his turn at the kitchen-fire, to cook his dinner or his supper, as the case may be. He is provided, too, with ample means of washing, and even with a warm bath, if he is disposed to pay the extra charge of 1*d.*—which is frequently and joyfully done. The rules, moreover, of the house secure him from all insult or annoyance; no uproar is permitted, drinking is strictly forbidden, and though smoking may be indulged, it is only, as in clubs or the House of Commons, in rooms assigned for that purpose.

That these efforts have already issued in a most happy change, is attested to us by many private gentlemen who have visited the houses, by the reports of the City-Missionaries, and, we may add, by our own repeated observation. Often have we heard these poor people speak with unrestrained thankfulness of the peace and decency they enjoy under those roofs, and seen them almost shudder when reflecting on the scenes they had left. The demand for admittance is endless: were the accommodation ten-fold, it would speedily be filled up. Disturbance is unknown; the lodgers in most instances, all those indeed who are constant inmates, have established laws for their own social government, whereby any one guilty of offensive conduct or language would, as the phrase is, be consigned 'to Coventry:' the aid of the police is never required.

The Society has omitted no legitimate allurements to attract company

company—it has taken counsel from the enemy. ‘It is,’ said a witness before the Constabulary Commission, ‘a very usual thing with the lodging-house keepers to give all their customers a dinner on Christmas-day.’ We admire, though we suspect, their reverence for that holy season. The Society, however, has done the same; and here is the report of their agent, who affords us some curious peeps into private history :

‘On Christmas-day the lodgers, to the number of twenty-seven, were treated to a substantial dinner of roast-beef and plum-pudding. I presided at table, and was not a little amused at the enormous quantity of food some of the poor fellows devoured. Throughout the afternoon and evening their conduct and conversation was of the most exemplary character, their general appearance respectable—in many cases the appearance of having seen better days. After dinner I addressed them, and requested them to state freely the advantages (if any) they derived in the King Street House as compared with others of a similar description. The first who spoke was ———; he has received a college education, and informed me he was intended for the church. He partially entered into his personal history, stating what were the causes which had brought him under the necessity of living in such a neighbourhood. He stated that from the time he came to London, he had wandered from lodging-house to lodging-house, but had never met a *home* until he came here. The next was a youth about seventeen; his speech was nearly as follows:—“I tell you what, Mr. M. and gentlemen; I have been knocking about this *here* town all my life, and have lodged in a great many houses, and I must say this *here* is the *best booth in the fair*.” He then went on to tell how kindly he had been treated when ill, and of the instruction he had received from the other inmates, and concluded by amusing the company in giving imitations of the cries of various animals, the starting of the steam-engine on the railroad, &c., &c., which he did almost to perfection. Another said that in the house he had been taught habits of economy, which he had never before adopted; when he first came he was surprised and delighted with the intelligence he found among the inmates—“it was a school in which a man could obtain the best instruction without *evil*.” Another, in the course of his speech, declared he had not met a drunken man in the house, and appealed to the others whether so much as four quarts of beer had been consumed there during the last five weeks. The rest fully confirmed this, and said they would not tolerate a drunkard among them. Another, ———, was formerly a mathematical teacher; his health failing, he became a commercial traveller; the same cause compelled him to give that up. He now obtains his living by selling an ingenious mathematical work of his own composition; he is a man of superior mind. He spoke highly of the management and the character of the inmates, comparing them to a happy united family. Others gave utterance to similar sentiments, and the evening was spent in the greatest harmony.’

The benefit of these arrangements is not merely direct in the use

use of the superior houses themselves. Every establishment so conducted becomes the centre of a healthy infection; a higher standard is raised, and people expect a better entertainment as the fruit of their 'money's worth.' Not long ago the keeper of one large and thoroughly abominable tenement assailed the Inspector with a volley of imprecations. 'You have ruined me,' he said, 'with your vile building there; since you opened that house of yours, I have been obliged to spend more than four hundred pounds in painting and cleaning!'

But the Society, in their second effort, attempted greater things, and determined to raise a new house from the foundation, constructed on the best plan, as a model for future establishments. They selected a site in George Street, Bloomsbury, in the neighbourhood of Church Lane, and other streets and alleys of the same Elysian description. Here they have erected a spacious, airy building, calculated to hold one hundred men and boys—fire-brands, we hope, plucked from the fire of the general corruption.

The system and rules of this Refuge are almost a transcript of those laid down for the management of the original houses. The main difference lies in the superior accommodation. It consists of five stories besides the kitchen-floor; the staircases are wide, well lighted, and of stone; gas is supplied to all parts of the edifice, being put on and turned off at fixed hours, according to the season. One of the lower apartments is assigned to the lodgers as a store-closet; each person having a small provision-safe to himself, fronted with a plate of pierced zinc, which he keeps under lock and key—the room looks like a luggage-train of rabbit-hutches. The dormitories each contain no more than thirteen single beds; and each bed, with a narrow pathway at its side, is separated from the adjoining one by a high wooden partition, and approached by a private door from a common passage down the centre. In this small compartment are a bed, a chair, and wooden box for clothes and other valuables,—and to this contracted but comfortable recess the tenant can withdraw himself, and enjoy an hour of retirement—a privilege as salutary to the poor as to the rich, but alas! rarely attainable in any walk of humble life. The advantage, we know, is most highly valued. On each floor are rooms with zinc basins and a full supply of water for personal cleanliness, and every other convenience; and below is a spacious laundry where the inmates may wash their linen—tubs, hot water, and drying-closets are provided. The use of these comforts, including salt, soap, towels, and a small library, is charged at the rate of fourpence a-night for every night in the week. This is an increase of fourpence on the weekly payments of the other houses—an increase, however,

ever, very cheerfully paid, and very moderate in reference to the advantages obtained; it was rendered necessary, we may add, by the price of the land. The fruits of this establishment have been as happy as those of the others. We beseech any one who may entertain a doubt, to visit the house about eight o'clock in the evening, observe the arrangements, and converse with the inmates.

It need hardly be observed that if the Society can afford, and with an adequate profit, to provide all this accommodation for the price demanded at the most infamous receptacles, the gains of their proprietors must be really enormous. By way of specimen, we were informed by a most respectable missionary, that he knew an individual who rented a small house at 11*l.* 14*s.* a-year. The man put into it eighteen double beds, which brought in 2*l.* 8*s.* a-week, or 124*l.* 16*s.* per annum. If 13*l.* 2*s.* be allowed for necessary expenses, a yearly profit of 100*l.* would remain on this paltry tenement. Another missionary reported: 'One of the lodging-house keepers in my district told me that he came to London a journeyman-carpenter with only five shillings in his pocket, and now he could lay his hands any day on ten thousand pounds.' In fact, we are assured that many of the proprietors, hiring out such houses by the dozen, are men of notorious wealth, and live in what the worthy missionaries describe as 'great splendour' in different parts of London.

The model-house in George Street is the only one that has been raised from the foundation for this special purpose; but there are already in London several other good lodging-houses, not belonging to the Labourers' Friend Society, but copied from theirs. We may mention an establishment in St. Peter's, Westminster, and another, for females, in Newton Street, Holborn, under the care, and at the charge, of the London City Mission. The system, too, has found its imitators in the provinces. At Birkenhead the spirited proprietors have constructed large barracks for the reception of their work-people, but so arranged as to give to each family a separate dwelling, with every convenience that comfort and decency can require. We have also visited establishments at Glasgow and Edinburgh—in both of which towns the necessity of such refuges is as great as in London; they are small and imperfect as yet; but we hail the efforts as indicative of better things. In Glasgow we endeavoured to ascertain from the inmates some particulars of their history; but the native caution of the Scotchman was a match for our curiosity; and we learned but little beyond the gratifying fact that many of them were persons recently arrived in search of employment. Here, then, the establishment was meeting the very evil we mentioned

at

at the outset. In Edinburgh the hostelry is situated in the West-port; and the contrast of the past with the present use of the premises adds a peculiar interest to the experiment—for the cellars of that house were, in former days, the infamous laboratory of Burke and Hare.

Such is the outline of the domiciled condition of tens of thousands of our countrymen; and such the progress of some efforts that have been made to improve them. Would that we might hope to be this once listened to! For we are not unacquainted with the worst vexation that awaits the investigator and publisher of social evils,—who sees the mischief growing rapidly under his eyes, yet his statements, his warnings, his entreaties, fall still-born to the earth, and earn nothing for him but the title of humanity-monger! Meanwhile ignorance or carelessness, or both together, heap one wrong upon another; every improvement in streets, squares, or approaches; every architectural clearance, prompted by taste or convenience, brings trouble to the impoverished multitude. ‘This may be sport to us, but it is death to them.’ They are driven, at a very short notice, from their humble abodes, to search in vain for other dwellings, which, in common justice, should be prepared for them at an equal charge;—we have seen them in agonies of doubt, worn by fatigue, and anticipating a much increased rent for a still more miserable accommodation. They press, of course, into the densely crowded lodging-house, which, though miraculously elastic, refuses at last to receive any more. A short time ago whole troops of these ejected sufferers might be seen sitting night by night on the cold and damp staircases, arranged like flower-pots on the stands of a greenhouse!

We submit these things to the consideration of all ranks and professions—to every holder of property, whether urban or provincial. London is the fountain and head-spring of seventenths of the crime of England: the hotbed in which are conceived and ripened those deeds of fraud and violence which are afterwards perpetrated by metropolitan emissaries. This fact is established beyond a doubt by the inquiries of the Constabulary Commissioners; and it surely demands the serious reflection of all speculators, and seekers of political security, in the improved education of the people. Thus much for personal and social interests. Of others of a graver and more solid wisdom we demand, whether a state of things so awfully degrading, and yet so easily removed, should any longer be permitted to exist under the dominion of a Christian Sovereign?

ART. VII.—1. *Medical History of the Expedition to the Niger.*

By James Ormiston M'William, M.D., Senior Medical Officer of the Expedition. London. 1843.

2. *Is Cheap Sugar the Triumph of Free Trade? A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell.* By Jacob Omnium. London. 1847.3. *Notes on Cuba.* By a Physician. Boston, U. S. 1844.

THE late Sir Fowell Buxton's confessions respecting the utter failure of the proceedings of 'the Friends of the African' did more credit to the candour of that gentleman than to the ability and discretion of the party of which he was the acknowledged head. In the year 1840 he frankly admitted that England, after having spent at their instigation, and under their guidance, upwards of 15,000,000*l.* in her efforts to suppress the slave-trade, after having thereby seriously compromised her friendly relations with the powers whose subjects were engaged in that nefarious traffic, and having consigned to a premature grave thousands of her bravest sons in the performance of their professional duties on the shores of Africa, had but succeeded in aggravating the sufferings of the unhappy beings whom she sought to relieve.

It is not our purpose in the present paper 'to saturate the public mind with the horrors of the slave-trade.* We merely wish to lay before the self-elected champions of the negro a brief *résumé* of what they have effected on behalf of their wards, leaving to their own discernment, and to that of the public, to decide whether it will not be better that the sort of *imperium in imperio*—the Exeter Hall influence which has up to the present day pervaded the colonial counsels in Downing Street—should cease; that the duty of defending the weak and of redressing the oppressed should in future devolve on the governors, clergy, and other official servants of the colonies where such interference is required; and that every individual sheltered under the British flag, be he white, brown, red, black, or copper-coloured, should henceforward be permitted to lapse under the protection of practical government and common sense.

In making this suggestion, we by no means desire that any philanthropic body, instituted for the amelioration of the physical or moral condition of mankind, should be thrown out of work at this inclement season of the year. We could easily point out to them parishes in England where missionaries are quite as much wanted as in the most unenlightened group of the Cannibal Islands; we could show them, within two days' post of London—

* Buxton.

(for we have had enough of the Capital itself in a preceding article)—whole districts where ignorance and oppression, and famine—ay, and pestilence—are as rife as amongst the rocks of Patagonia or in the delta of the Niger; and if any there be amongst them (it may be deemed uncharitable to surmise it) who are stimulated in their career of benevolence rather by the thirst of fame than the pure love of humanity, we believe we may assure them that most people will honour them more for one personal effort made on behalf of distress abroad—or even at home—than for all the vicarious gallantry of which there have been from time to time such dazzling displays in the Strand. The most generous disregard of other men's lives and other men's interests is a claim to celebrity which, we fear, will always be open to question.

Before the slave-trade was declared illegal, the average mortality amongst the negroes during the middle passage was computed to be 9 per cent. Mr. Buxton admitted, in 1840, that the courses adopted by himself and his party had increased that ratio of deaths to 25 per cent. Slave speculators, in consequence of the augmented chances of pursuit and capture, found it their interest to carry on their trade in sharper and flimsier craft, fast sailers, run up at little cost. They likewise considered it advantageous to crowd them to an incredible degree with slaves, in order that one rapid and fortunate passage might remunerate them amply for previous losses by mortality and confiscation.* But no one could describe the failure of all that had been attempted, with a view of putting down this traffic, prior to 1840, more forcibly than Mr. Buxton has himself done:—

‘Millions of money and multitudes of lives have been sacrificed, and in return for all we have only the afflicting conviction that the slave-trade is as far as ever from being suppressed: nay, I am afraid that the fact is not to be disputed, that while we have thus been endeavouring to extinguish the traffic, it has actually doubled in amount.’—*The Slave-Trade*, p. 171.

In the year 1791 the colony of Sierra Leone was established under the same auspices, as a nucleus whence the blessings of Christianity and Agriculture were to extend their ramifications over benighted Africa. Its motto was, ‘The Bible and the Plough.’ Officials of every grade were exported fresh and fresh from England (for they died very rapidly) at the expense of the Government. Clergymen, schoolmasters, and missionaries, simple

* The captures of the *Jesus Maria*, of 35 tons (the size of a *Cowes* pilot-boat), with 207 souls on board—of the *Si*, of 89 tons, with 400 souls—of the *Vincadora*, of 16 tons, and 71 souls (*Buxton*)—attest too clearly the cause of the increased proportion of deaths,

and enthusiastic men, were urged to resort thither in abundance by sleek and voluble agitators at home, who, saying nothing of the dangers they felt no call to share, announced the colony as a sort of moral model farm, whose success was already guaranteed by the energy and piety of the powerful body that supported its interests in England.

The evidence given by Colonel H. D. Campbell, one of the few governors who had the good luck to return alive, by Dr. Madden, the Government commissioner who visited the colony in 1840, and by other witnesses before the Parliamentary Committee of 1842, enables us to judge with much accuracy of the success with which the Friends of the African have discharged the important trust of which they have so confidently monopolised the duties, and which costs the mother country nearly 100,000*l.* a-year. Up to that date more than 60,000 settlers had at various times been poured into Sierra Leone. These Africans, so prolific elsewhere, instead of multiplying, diminished in numbers—the actual population being estimated at 40,000: of whom 80 were Europeans; of these but six were women. White children born in the colony invariably died. Insurance offices charged an additional 25 per cent. on persons about to proceed thither. Colonel Campbell, on reaching the seat of his government, which he had been instructed was ‘a great annoyance to the Colonial Office, in consequence of the abuses and vile system there,’ describes a social state which we believe has not been equalled by that of any other tropical colony in the worst days of slavery. He found ‘the colonial chaplain totally ignorant of the state of religion and education,’ whilst Mahomedan missionaries were making such numerous proselytes that the white Christians thought fit to check the progress of that persuasion by destroying their mosques. The best British subjects were the Kroomen—a race of muscular, good-tempered, laborious fellows—but stone-deaf in heathendom, ardent Devil-worshippers, and, says the Rev. J. Schön, ‘fearfully’ addicted to polygamy. The liberated Africans, when turned loose in the colony, found themselves in such a destitute condition that Colonel Campbell, on subsequently visiting the interior, recognised many of his former subjects, who had returned into voluntary slavery in order to insure a subsistence. The children landed from slavers were apprenticed out to other negroes—‘as uncivilized as the children they obtained’—many of whom themselves had not been a year in the colony—and were carried off into the bush, where they lived in a state of nature. The young girls were intrusted to negro-women in the town, who grew rich on the wages of their prostitution. In the gaol Colonel Campbell

Campbell found men, women, children, lunatics, debtors, tried and untried criminals, guilty and innocent, huddled together night and day, without distinction of sex, age, or crime.* He described the European population, small as it was, as most degraded and immoral; and declared 'that what little had been done in civilizing the African population was to be attributed rather to the docile and imitative disposition of that race than to any efforts made on their behalf by Europeans.' Wages were from 3*d.* to 4*d.* a-day, and but scanty employment was to be obtained even at that low rate. Capital was stated to be unknown in Sierra Leone. Money payments were rare—muskets, check-shirts, and rum having supplanted £. *s.* *d.* in the currency of the pattern colony.

Its statistics, in a commercial point of view, were all in keeping. In the various florid descriptions put forward by its patrons, much stress was generally laid on the obvious truism that all the plants and fruits which are indigenous to a tropical country could be successfully cultivated there; and as these vegetable productions are looked upon as rarities in our climate, and are only to be met with in the forcing-houses of the rich, these common-place statements tended to give an undue importance to the settlement, in a commercial point of view, in the minds of the ignorant and the sanguine. In 1842, the industry, or rather indolence, of 40,000 settlers, all either agriculturists or idlers, raised produce for exportation to the value of 4577*l.*—something under 2*s.* 6*d.* per head per annum for each individual. Coffee to the amount of 20*l.* was exported in 1836: rum, tobacco, and sugar were amongst the *imports*. For fourteen years no progress had been made in production; and this in a country whose advances in civilization were, according to the manifestos of the Strand, unimpeded by the avarice and cruelty of speculation, or the cold-blooded selfishness of trade—where the soil and climate were originally stated to be 'admirably suited for every species of tropical cultivation,'—and where labour was abundant at 4*d.* a-day.

Such was the condition of Sierra Leone, established and conducted under the special surveillance of the Friends of the African, after nearly half a century of their fostering care—such was 'the glimmer of civilization' which these doers of good by deputy had succeeded in shedding over the country of their adoption—such their practical adaptation of the Bible and the Plough. Although it is a matter of surprise to us that these persons themselves were not utterly disheartened by the deadly failures of their experiments, it is a matter of far greater that the English nation was not disgusted and undeceived by their proved

* Jacob Omnium's description of a Cuban barracoon is paralleled, if not surpassed, by the model prison of Freetown.

incapacity, and that a ministry and a people could be found willing to endure any longer such murderous child's-play for men's lives and fortunes.

The expedition of Macgregor Laird up the Niger in 1836 had demonstrated that that river was navigable for small steamers to a considerable distance from its mouth. The Liverpool merchants with whom it had originated—persons of known capacity and humanity—were experienced in the trade and climate of the coast; moreover, the principal shareholder in that daring adventure accompanied and directed it himself. Their object was to ascertain the practicability of ascending the Niger in steamers, to verify the tales rife amongst the natives on the coast of the greater salubrity of the interior, and of the abundance of ivory, gold-dust, and indigo procurable there: and to establish, if the scheme appeared on examination to afford promise of success, a trading settlement at the confluence of the Niger and the Tchadda. Lieutenant Allen, R.N., accompanied Mr. Laird as passenger, with a view of making a survey of the river; but the enterprise received no aid or notice whatever from the Friends of the African or the English Government. Its sad results are well known. The two steamers Quorra and Alburkah penetrated up the Niger as far as Rabbah; the mercantile part of the speculation wholly failed; and but eight men out of forty-eight—amongst whom Messrs. Laird and Oldfield, and Lieutenant Allen, were luckily included—survived to tell the tale.

Yet when, in 1840, with such appalling experience to deter him, Mr. Buxton, undismayed by the evil which he had already wrought, declared that he had hit upon a *new remedy* for the slave-trade—when, averting his eyes from the almost incredible misery, idleness, and debauchery which pervaded every corner of what had been formerly his pet land of promise, Sierra Leone, he issued, in the name of a 'New Society for effecting the extinction of the slave-trade, and for promoting the civilization of Africa,' his proposals that similar establishments should be tried on a greater scale; that efforts should be made to 'cultivate districts of Africa selected for that purpose, in order that her inhabitants might be convinced of the capabilities of her soil, and witness what wonders might be accomplished by their own labour, when set in motion by our capital and guided by our skill' (*The Remedy*, p. 336)—when, in 1840, Mr. Buxton ventured on this new appeal, England, sensible, practical England, responded eagerly to his invitation. Lord John Russell disdained to reflect on the fatal fatuity which had hitherto characterised the undertakings of this party: he did not stoop to consider the state of the pattern colony which had been specially committed

mitted to their charge; and again were the elders of Exeter Hall permitted to sport with the resources of the country and the lives of braver if not better men than themselves.

Never did any previous expedition create such a sensation as that which was prepared in 1841 for the Civilization of Africa—*magnum opus*! Ample funds were voted by Parliament, in compliance with the wishes of the Prime Minister, for its outfit and maintenance; three iron steamers were built expressly for the service; the flower of the British navy volunteered for the grand undertaking—the officers attracted by the certainty of promotion and renown, the men by the prospect of danger and double pay.

In vain did Macgregor Laird, Jamieson, and other such men, endeavour to expose the absurdity and the impolicy of the attempt; the injury which it would inflict upon the increasing legitimate commerce of Africa with England; and the inevitable mortality which awaited the unnecessarily large white crews of the steamers thus dispatched up the Niger at the very season described by Mr. Buxton himself (*Slave Trade*, p. 200) as most fatal to human life. Their remonstrances were unheeded as those of interested meddlers; the little fleet crossed the Atlantic without accident; and having taken on board at Sierra Leone a sufficient number of Kroomen, on the 13th of August, 1841 the *Amelia* schooner and the *Albert* and *Soudan* steamers rolled in heavily over the bar of the Nun mouth of the Niger—were followed on the 15th by the *Wilberforce*—and began the journey ‘so much dreaded by the people’ (*Duncan*).

One hundred and forty-five white men, and one hundred and fifty-eight blacks—thirty-three of whom were destined to be permanently located on a certain model farm, the materials of which were stowed in the hold of the *Amelia*—composed the crews of the devoted vessels, which were commanded by Captains Trotter, Bird Allen, and W. Allen, R.N. Their objects appear to have been to penetrate up the river as far as Rabbah, ‘establishing new commercial relations with those African chiefs or powers within whose dominions the internal slave-trade of Africa is carried on, and the external slave-trade supplied with its victims; the bases of which conventions were to be—first, the abandonment and absolute prohibition of the slave-trade—and, secondly, the admission for consumption in this country, on favourable terms, of goods the produce and manufacture of the territories subject to them’ (*Lord J. Russell’s Letter*). They were farther to select a spot, ‘healthy, for Africa’ (*Buxton*), on which to locate the thirty-three poor wretches who had been persuaded to remain and conduct the model farm which was ‘to promote cultivation, advance civilization, diffuse morality, and induce attention to a pure system of religion throughout

throughout that quarter of the globe.' It is not easy to divine by what train of reasoning Mr. Buxton had persuaded Lord John Russell that the idolatrous, polygamic, and rum-bibbing homicides, whom he dignifies with the titles of 'the Sultans and Kings of Central Africa,' were likely to observe, any 'longer than was agreeable and profitable to them, treaties which Lord Palmerston had over and over again pronounced, and which it was notorious had proved, to be no better than waste paper when employed to restrain the princes of Christian Europe from the same detestable commerce.

The history of the business is a short one. The sources from which we shall condense our sketch of it are 'The Medical History of the Niger Expedition,' by Dr. M^cWilliam, and a brief account lately published in Bentley's Miscellany, by Duncan, the African traveller, who officiated as master-at-arms on board the *Albert*. On the 15th of August, two days after they entered the Nun, the river-fever struck its first victim.—William Bach, the mathematical instrument maker, died.

'By the 4th of September, sickness of a most malignant character broke out in the *Albert*, and almost simultaneously in the other vessels, and abated not until the whole expedition was paralysed.'—*M^cWilliam*.

On the 10th of September the four vessels reached the locality sagaciously pointed out for the establishment of the model-farm. In '*The Remedy*' (written after the results of Laird's ascent had been published) these words were actually put forth:—'*Where the confluence of the Tchadda with the Niger takes place is the spot to erect the capital of our great African establishments. A city built there, under the protecting wings of Great Britain, would ere long become the capital of Africa. Fifty millions of people, yea, even a greater number, would be dependent on it*' (p. 355). This chosen scene had now been reached. On the 11th they commenced discharging their 'farm-house furniture, carts, ploughs, and harrows, and all sorts of farming implements.' The place they selected had been a large town about two years before, but this had been destroyed by a hostile tribe, the Felatahs. The high rank grass covered the streets, the ruins of the huts, and the gardens. At every step a reptile of some sort was trodden on. After remaining on this eligible site for two days, during which time they buried a man named Powell; they discovered that it was not as well calculated for their settlement as they at first supposed, and therefore, to their great mortification, they were compelled to re-embark all their stores. One mile higher, they again landed their farming paraphernalia, including 'the famous Eglintoun tournament-tent as a temporary-

potary residence for the farmer and his servants.' But here again death began to make rapid strides:—

'We lost,' says Mr. Duncan, 'in the *Albert* alone 7 men in one week, and had 18 sick. We remained here until the 19th; during this period, men were falling ill almost every hour, consequently it was determined that all the sick should be placed in one vessel, the *Soudan*, and sent down the river to *Ascencion*, although it was very clear that most of them would be consigned to the deep long ere they reached that place. The lamentable and awful spectacle can scarcely be imagined, when on Sunday the 19th, all the sick, or at least those not expected to recover, from all three ships, were crammed on board the *Soudan*, with very indifferent accommodation, nearly all being on deck like cattle.

'We had still seven men sick, after sending fourteen on board the *Soudan*; out of 21 white men, the crew of the *Soudan*, 19 were dangerously ill. The sick from the three vessels amounted to 40, a great number out of 75 men. It was arranged for the *Albert* and *Wilberforce* to proceed up the river the following day, but unfortunately on the afternoon of the 19th and morning of the 20th a great number of the remaining officers and men fell sick. In fact we had scarcely a sufficient number out of both vessels left to take one steamer up the river; consequently it was arranged that the *Wilberforce* should follow the *Soudan*, and the *Albert* proceed up the river.'

During the ascent from the mouth of the *Nun* to the model-farm station, the King of *Iddah*, one of the 'Sultans of Central Africa,' with whom anti-slavery treaties were to be concluded, was visited for that purpose by Capt. Trotter.* Arrangements had been previously made for drawing up the compact between his Majesty and Queen Victoria; all his ministers and judges were summoned to attend, as also the commissioners of the African Society and the officers of the ships composing the expedition. Suitable presents having been selected, the representatives of her Majesty went ashore, and mounted six ponies belonging to his Majesty. Mr. Duncan, master-at-arms of the *Albert*, attired as a full private of the Life Guards, to which regiment he had formerly belonged, and carrying a union-jack, headed the procession. They entered the 'imperial tent' by a hole about three and a half feet high, which the ex-Life-Guardsman observes 'was very awkward for a man of six feet three inches, with cuirass and helmet, particularly with a boarding-pike and flag attached to it.' Here they found the Sultan squatted on a bench, looking very stern, surrounded by his court, and dressed 'much,' says Duncan, 'like

Under the head of 'Facilities for making Treaties,' Mr. Buxton informed the public, on the authority of Governor Rendall, that thirty-nine kings, including the *Emanes* of *Footah-Jallow* and the Sultan of *Woalli*, had consented to abolish the slave-trade, in consideration of a yearly subsidy of 300*l.*, or about 7*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* a-piece.

the

the Guy Fawkes' effigies in London on the fifth of November. He, however, readily accepted the presents—promised everything they asked, on condition that they should aid him in his squabbles with the neighbouring Kings and Sultans of Central Africa—ceded a portion of his territory to his sister the Queen of England—and was very anxious that Mr. Duncan should exchange his helmet for a damaged elephant's tooth. His ministers evinced great delight at being presented with some red nightcaps, spectacles, and needles; and darkness coming on before the completion of this international treaty—(only second in importance and utility to that which Lord John Russell has lately had the good fortune to conclude with the Republic of the Equator)—it was signed and sealed by the light of a bit of calabash saturated with palm-oil, blazing in a British frying-pan, which the King of Iddah was in the habit of using as a candelabrum. That monarch never spoke during the interview, but merely from time to time nodded his woolly head.*

On such fool's errands as these were gallant men despatched to certain death, in the nineteenth century, by the Friends of the African and the Government of England.

The Albert hurried onward on her desperate attempt to reach Rabbah. On the 22nd Capt. Bird Allen and Messrs. Fairholme and Webb, mates, sickened. On Sundays they lay at anchor all day, 'doing nothing but attending divine service,'—and inhaling the miasma. On one Sunday, the 23rd, says Dr. McWilliam, 'the thermometer being at 92° in the coolest part of the ship, service was performed by Mr. Schön; but what with death, with those that had left us at the confluence, and those lying sick around us, the congregation seemed reduced to a mere skeleton of what it had been.' A chief came alongside in the afternoon with three slaves in his canoe. He turned out to be the son of the potentate with whom the expedition had just concluded the anti-slavery treaty at Iddah—a prince who, during Oldfield's visit to his region, had, on the occasion of his brother's death; ensured to the defunct the sincere grief of his family, by administering to his sixty widows a mortal dose, from the effects of which thirty-one died outright, and the twenty-nine who survived were 'grievously griped;' and who had, moreover, admitted having poisoned several of Laird's people. To this murderous savage Capt. Trotter, surrounded by his dying comrades, in pursuance of his instructions, gravely read, in what

* The treaty made with the Attah of Iddah has been ratified by Government, except that her Majesty declines the sovereignty of any territory in Central Africa, or the proprietary interest in any land agreed by the Attah to be ceded to her Majesty.—Proceedings of the African Civilization Society.

language we are left to guess, *'the laws relating to slave-dealing, and also his futher's treaty abolishing slavery for ever in his dominions !'*

On the 3rd of October, being within two days' journey of Rabbah, Capt. Trotter himself was assailed by fever. At that time there remained on board capable of doing duty, Dr. M'William, Dr. Stanger, the geologist, Mr. Willie, mate, the sergeant and one private of marines, one seaman, and a hospital-assistant. It was therefore decided that they should proceed no further. Dr. Stanger took charge of the engine, and Dr. M'William of the ship, for the mate was compelled to give in that very evening, and all the engineers were either dead or helpless. Two invalids, in despair, cast themselves overboard—one perished. On the 8th, Dr. M'William observes, 'Had we run aground with a falling river at that period, the certain consequences, under all circumstances, were but too dreadful to contemplate. At this time the anxiety of Dr. Stanger and myself for the safety of the vessel, and our mental anguish at seeing nearly all our shipmates in a helpless condition, cannot be expressed.' On the 9th this death-ship reached the confluence of the rivers where the Buxtonian metropolis of African Civilization had been founded, and the Amelia schooner moored. On boarding her, the schoolmaster and the gardener were found in fever in their berths; and on shore, in the Eglintoun tournament-tent, the superintendent lay in a dying state. These, and a few others, who were also sick, they took on board: 'A great many of the coloured people wished to return; but as they had previously volunteered to stop there, *they were not allowed to leave*' (*Duncan*). The farm was therefore left without superintendent, farmer, schoolmaster, surgeon, or gardener, in charge of a negro sailor. Mr. Duncan naïvely remarks, 'I fear the result will not be very favourable.' On the 10th the Albert resumed her race for life to the coast. Mr. Jamieson, of Liverpool, whose remonstrances against the expedition had been so contemptuously disregarded, was proprietor of a small steamer which he employed in the African trade. He had generously sent out directions to her commander, Mr. Becroft, to render the Queen's steamers in any way in his power the assistance which he foresaw they would require; and that officer, hearing from the crew of the Soudan that the Albert still remained in the river, proceeded at once in Mr. Jamieson's vessel, the *Ethiope*, in search of her. On the 13th the miserable survivors in the Albert espied with surprise and delight this little steamer coming up the river to meet them. Capt. Becroft promptly sent his engineers on board and piloted them through the intricate shoals obstructing the entrance to the Niger,

Niger, with which he was well acquainted. Had it not been for his seasonable aid, the few who now survive would have in all probability perished dismally, aground on those burning and pestilential sand-banks. On the 21st of October, after their arrival at Sierra Leone, Mr. Willie died, and, finally, Dr. M. Williams' health and spirits gave way, and he lay between life and death for three weeks. During that period Capt. Bird Allen, Lieut. Stenhouse, Mr. Woodhouse, assistant-surgeon, Mr. Willmot, clerk, and many other brave proxies for the ardent philanthropists at home, paid the debt of nature.—The scenes on board the *Soudan*, since she had left the model-farm with her dying freight, had been no less awful. When her gallant commander, Lieut. Fishbourne, brought her into Fernando Po, he was the only efficient man on board. The *Wilberforce* arrived there on the 1st of October in an equally distressed condition.

As soon as the news of these horrors reached England, it was of course decided that both the diplomatic and agricultural branches of the scheme must be abandoned; but it then became necessary that one vessel should re-ascend the river, and rescue the survivors, if any, of the band who had been so strangely left on the wreck of the metropolis. Eight volunteers, six of whom had already proved the dangers of that fatal scene, readily undertook the humane task; and the *Wilberforce*, under the command of Lieut. Webb, re-entered the Nun on the 2nd of July, reached the confluence of the Niger and the Tchadda on the 18th, and succeeded in bringing out the people and the *Amelia* schooner on the 27th. During the twenty-five days they were thus employed, seven of this small party, although by this time somewhat injured to the climate, were again stricken down by fever—two died.

Of the 145 Europeans who originally entered the river—steady, sober men, carefully selected for the duty, in the prime of life, mostly seasoned by previous tropical service, and provided with every comfort and palliative which medical art could suggest and the most lavish expenditure provide—all save one suffered—forty lie buried on the banks of the Niger. And thus ended Mr. Buxton's celebrated attempt to discharge what he and Mr. Stephen at that time were pleased to term 'the national debt due by England to Africa,'—a debt which the Whig ministry are now so eager to repudiate.

Having not the least desire to deal hardly by these no doubt well-meaning gentlemen, we shall here insert the apology which at a meeting at Exeter Hall they themselves put forward in defence of their conduct in this business:—

'It is very unjust to press more heavily on the misfortunes of pure
M 2 *unmixed*

unmixed benevolence than on those of *mere gain*. The merchants of Liverpool were allowed, not only without blame, but with commendation for the hardihood of their enterprise, to send forty-eight white men up the Niger, for the development of the commercial resources of the country, and to bring back eight of those men. Not only was no cry raised against them, for staying at home while they exposed others to danger, but on the contrary the loudest expressions of public approbation were bestowed on them for their enterprise.*

From long observation and humiliating experience, we have unwillingly been driven to the cynical conclusion that 'pure, unmixed benevolence' is almost as dangerous an agent to tamper with as gun-cotton, unless it be freely diluted with the less transcendent qualities of practical knowledge and common sense. Macgregor Laird deservedly incurred the admiration of the public for *himself* heading an expedition which might, in his opinion, have led to great results both in a philanthropic and a commercial point of view—his merits were none the less because his object was defeated by the climate, the nature of which had been, until his visit, reported to be far healthier than that of the coast. Mr. Buxton and his friends, however, had no great right to be surprised that the same meed of praise was withheld from them, when, in defiance of Laird's experience and repeated warnings, they persisted in despatching others to succumb under dangers which were then known to be insuperable, for purposes in the history of which the horrible scarcely predominates over the ludicrous.*

We now propose to accompany our readers on a short visit to the beautiful islands of the Caribbean sea, which, we have no doubt, the lawgivers of the Strand contemplate with far more satisfaction than the pestilential scenes of their incapacity which we very willingly quit. One of their 'Hymns for Public Worship' has this stanza:—

*'Hasten to some distant isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile
And the blacks for ever weep !†*

* In order that our readers may be enabled to estimate the market value which pure unmixed benevolence bore at that time in England, as compared with the same article when adulterated with sense and reflection, unselfish courage, and effective humanity, we may as well here state, that for the respective parts which they played in this tragedy, Mr. Jamieson received no recompense whatever; Capt. Becroft, who saved the Albert at the risk of his life, was presented with 100*l.*; Mr. Buxton was made a Baronet; and Mr. Stephen is now a Privy Councillor. The naval officers and men, of whose conduct it is impossible to speak too highly, were, we suppose, promoted to the death honours.

† Heard sung in full chorus by a congregation of the Church of England, in Dublin, August, 1843, so says Mr. Thackeray.—*Irish Tour*, vol. II., p. 149.

But,

But, notwithstanding this melodious authority, every well-informed person is now agreed as to the actual condition some few years ago of the labouring population in these colonies. We will quote on that point a witness whose sagacity and motives no one can question, and then advert to it no more. The late Lord Metcalfe wrote thus to Lord John Russell from Jamaica on the 1st of November, 1841 :

‘ With respect to the labouring population, formerly slaves, but now perfectly free, and more independent than the same class in other free countries, I venture to say that in no country in the world can they be more abundantly provided with the necessaries and comforts of life, more at their ease, or more secure from oppression, than in Jamaica; and I may add, that ministers of the Gospel for their religious instruction and schools for the education of their children are established in all parts of the island, with a tendency to constant increase.’

We are willing to give the Friends of the African full credit for any good which they have really brought about, and we are more-over ready to admit that their motives have been generally pure—setting aside, perhaps, a little vanity and want of charity. We are quite prepared to allow that their efforts somewhat accelerated the extinction of slavery in the British dominions, and have since mainly tended to raise the negro to his present enviable position. But that slavery would have been abolished long ere this, throughout our colonies, without their interference, we are equally convinced; and we further believe, that had they been less impatient and impracticable, or had the Government of that day been less susceptible to ‘pressure from without,’ a most wanton sacrifice of life and property might have been spared, and far more permanently advantageous results in favour of the negro and of our colonies might have been insured.

But to proceed :—these gentlemen, elated with their triumphs over justice and common sense, had not the discernment to perceive that in every country the interests of the employer and the employed must be co-identical. They settled that it was for the good of the newly-emancipated negroes that a monopoly of labour should be secured to them, and therefore resisted all attempts at introducing additional immigrants, especially from Africa, as a revival of the slave-trade under another name. In short, they assumed it as their rule of action, that whatever was advantageous to the white landowner must be prejudicial to their *protégés*. The planters, possessing a vast capital invested in the soil, in machinery, drainage, cultivation, and cattle, were thus compelled to submit to pay an extortionate rate of wages. They indulged the hope that, ere long, reason would resume her sway, and that they would be permitted to employ the 20,000,000 granted to them as compensation in procuring sufficient hands from abroad to cultivate

cultivate their estates; for the difficulty of inducing the creole negroes to work, of course increased in proportion to the high wages paid to them. Their demands were based upon too just a principle to be directly refused;—but for several years they were evaded, and when at last some slight concessions were made, they were of a complicated and limited nature which rendered them valueless. Without entering more fully into this branch of the subject, we shall content ourselves with stating that, five years after evidence had been given before a Committee of the House of Commons, whereof Lord John Russell was a member, which must have satisfied the most prejudiced that the labouring population of the West India colonies were generally in the state of social and moral prosperity described by Sir C. Metcalfe, Sir H. M. Leod, and Governor Light—that the condition of the African at Sierra Leone was miserable and useless*—that additional labour was urgently required in the three great colonies of Guiana, Trinidad, and Jamaica—that the activity or languor of the slave-trade depended entirely on the high or low price of slave-sugar, and not at all on the presence of the combined squadron on the coast—and that the only efficient weapon by which that traffic could be successfully combated was cheap free-grown produce—five years after all this, we say, we find, that during the last four months of 1847 upwards of 4000 slaves have been captured by our cruisers;—and that of these, in spite of the remarkable report of the Committee of 1842 and the promises subsequently made by Lord John Russell to the West Indians in 1846, 2000 are known to have been, as heretofore, apprenticed to idleness, vice, and want in Sierra Leone, and but 300 have reached our West Indian colonies.

Meantime the planters have been forced in despair to accept Coolie immigration, which, from the physical debility and peculiar habits of that people, and from the expense of bringing them from such a distant point, has proved a total failure.

Every one interested in the welfare of the old sugar colonies foresaw that a time was not very remote when capital would cease to flow in that direction, if the course of policy we have here described was persisted in, and when the 20,000,000*l.* of compensation money would be absorbed in paying extravagant wages for unremunerative and dishonest work.† That time has come. The

* Mr. Macgregor Laird, in 1836, made the following computation:—Population of Sierra Leone, 50,000; Trinidad, 54,000.—Value of exportable produce grown in the Model-Colony, 3,500*l.*; Trinidad, 560,000*l.*—Imports to the Model-Colony, 100,000*l.*; Trinidad, 327,000*l.* A negro, therefore, at Sierra Leone, produced annually, 1*s.* 6*d.*, consumed 2*l.* worth of English goods; remove him to Trinidad, he would consume 7*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, and produce 12*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.*

† The wages paid by the Demerara Railway Company up to October last were eight dollars and a half per week to labourers working nine hours per day, and at that price labour was scarce.

high price of sugar rather induced speculators to make large investments in India and the Mauritius—the increased distance from Exeter Hall and the abundance of labour in those countries more than counterbalancing the disadvantages of heavier freight and inferior soil; and there is little doubt that if all further supply of African immigrants had been steadfastly withheld from the West Indians, and if the free-traders had not interfered, the former would have ultimately thriven upon the decay of the latter. The revolution of last year has, however, involved all our free-labour sugar colonies in one common ruin; and, it is needless to add, the chiefest brawlers in the present Parliament for the cheap slave-grown sugars of Cuba and Brazil are the very statesmen who fifteen years ago raised themselves to power and popularity by their uncontrollable hostility to the existence of slavery in the British dominions.

We ourselves are not astonished at this. The Whigs have long been notorious for their propensity to scud before the popular breeze, and it is quite in character that the very minister who despatched the Soudan, Albert, and Wilberforce to found a city on the confluence of the Niger and the Tchadda, which by its subsequent influence was to annihilate slavery all over the world, and who did not hesitate to offer up human sacrifices—we can use no milder expression with regard to the Niger expedition—for the sake of entering into anti-slavery treaties with the fuddled cannibals rejoicing in the titles of the Almanez of Footah-Jallow and the Sultan of Woolli, should, now that that mania is worn threadbare and the free-trade mania has succeeded it, sententiously declare that justice and consistency have had their day, and that the only rule of his future commercial policy must be ‘the interest of the consumer.’ It is amusing to compare Lord John’s keen sense of justice on this question towards the free-traders of England—the strong—with his contemptuous disregard of the same virtue towards the West Indians—the weak. We believe, however, that both the Friends of the African and the friends of slave-grown sugar will discover—and that at no very distant period—by the withdrawal of capital and the diminution of produce, and, consequently, of social improvement in our own colonies, and by the consequent increased price of that produce in Cuba and Brazil, that the interests of the employed can no more be permanently furthered at the expense of the employer than can those of the consumer at the expense of the producer.

The impediments which Buxtonism has during the last ten years thrown in the way of the West Indian planters have effectually prevented any possible competition on their part with the foreign slave

slave colonies. The last few packets have conveyed instructions to the tropics which will have the effect of throwing thousands of labourers out of work, and hundreds of estates out of cultivation. The various legislatures will no longer have the means to supply funds for religious and civil education, which they have hitherto done most liberally, and therefore the physical and moral condition of the free negro population must henceforward inevitably retrograde. England has virtually withdrawn her custom from her own colonies; she is about to deal with their opponents, who indeed sell *as yet* equally good articles somewhat cheaper. *But the workmen they employ are also Africans, and, moreover, slaves.*

Exeter Hall must surely inquire with some interest how those people fare. We will endeavour to show them. We fortunately have at hand a witness whose testimony must be satisfactory to all parties—he is no rabid abolitionist like Turnbull—he is no ruined planter like Jacob Omnium. We have selected for the scene of our inquiry a colony belonging to a nation celebrated for their humanity to their slaves, and for our informant, an avowed admirer of the slave system and enemy of our country. This witness is an American Physician, author of a well-written volume descriptive of Cuba. He tells the world:—

‘Although myself a native of a slave-holding state, my early education was received in a foreign land, where I imbibed prejudices against *the institution of slavery* that have only been removed by a long observance of the habits of the negro, for which the practice of my profession gave me ample means. Compared with the manufacturing and mining classes of England, they labour less, and, so far as physical enjoyment goes, are better off. I speak of those in Cuba; those in the United States are the happiest and best governed peasantry in the world.’—Notes, p. 263.

It will be at once conceded that this ‘Physician’ is no longer under the prejudices of the puling philanthropist; indeed, he admits in the same page his approval of ‘the lash, the stocks, and the chain for the inveterate runaway.’

It appears that he at first experienced some interruption in his free progress from the Lieutenant-Governor of Guines, a small town about 40 miles from the Havana, with which it is connected by a railroad, in consequence of his being supposed to be a member of a nation whose name had hitherto been synonymous with hostility to slavery. As soon, however, as he had satisfactorily purged himself from the foul stigma of being an Englishman, and all doubts of his American citizenship had been removed, he was ‘*courteously treated*,’ and during two winters wandered about the island, enjoying its beautiful climate—to which American invalids resort as ours do to Madeira—living chiefly among the coffee and
sugar

sugar-estates, and compiling the agreeable and instructive volume from which we purpose to enlighten our readers as to the past and present condition of the Cuban slaves.

It seems that the surveillance of our cruisers *only* tends to enhance the prime cost of 'bozal' negroes, as those freshly imported are called, and in no degree checks the supply when the price of produce is sufficiently high, as it has been and will continue to be since the last alteration in the sugar duties, to enable the planter to pay a remunerating price for the article. The 'Physician' (p. 254), with reference to this traffic, observes:—

'In 1841, 300 slaves were openly carried on the deck of a steam-boat from Havana to Matanzas; their owner, an Italian, was my fellow-passenger, and I learned that he had made 800,000 dollars by the trade, and intended to continue it until he had accumulated a million. In the spring of 1843, 2000 were congregated in and near Havana for sale, or had been sold at its marts, and much anxiety was felt by the slavers lest the English should notice it. These had been imported within the last few months. The whole island is in favour of continuing the trade, and, consequently, no one interferes. It is usual to give the Captain-General a doubloon for every negro landed in Cuba.'

We may therefore fairly assume that the various treaties which our most astute statesmen have from time to time concluded with the court of Spain are worth about as much as those entered into with the Attah of Iddah, the Almanez of Footah-Jallow, and the Sultan of Wooll, and no more; luckily they only cost money, not life.

'When brought by the slaver, they are either landed on the coast near the plantation, for which the living cargoes are purchased in advance, or are sent overland to the Havana, where they are divided into their different tribes, the value of which differs according to their physical and mental capacities. Thus, the Lucomees are fine athletic men, and, when not worried by their overseers, excellent labourers, surpassing in intelligence all the other negroes. They are, however, bold and stubborn if injudiciously treated, and having been in their country at the head of the warlike tribes, if already arrived at manhood when brought from the coast, are most disposed to resist undue oppression from their masters. They are very prone to commit suicide, believing, with all Africans, that after death they shall be re-transported to their native country. One of my friends, who had purchased eight newly arrived from the coast, found occasion soon after to chastise slightly one of them. The punishment of the whip is applied to the delinquent lying on his face; and when he was ordered to place himself in that position the other seven lay down with him, and insisted on being also punished. I continue the narrative in the words of my friend, although *I cannot give his graphic description of the scene that ensued*. "The boy was punished," he said, "before breakfast, and I had not long been seated to that meal when the contra-mayoral (a negro overseer) came to the door and advised me to go to the negroes, for they were greatly excited, and were singing

singing and dancing. I immediately seized my pistols, and, getting my horse, rode with him to the spot. The eight negroes, each one with a rope round his neck, on seeing us, scattered in different directions in search of trees on which to hang themselves. Assisted by the other slaves, we made all haste to secure them, but two succeeded in killing themselves; the rest, having been cut down before life was extinct, recovered. The Captain of Partido was summoned to hold his inquest over the dead bodies, which he examined minutely to see if the marks of the whip could be discovered, but, fortunately for me, there was not a single one, *or I should have had to pay a heavy bill.* The rest refused to work; and I asked the captain, if I punished them, and they committed suicide, would I be chargeable? He answered that I certainly would be if he found the smallest sign of injury on the bodies. My neighbours then offered to take each one home, but they would not consent to be separated, and I was quite at a loss what to do, when I determined to run the risk of the law, and punished all the six. They went to work immediately; they are now in the gang, and are the best behaved of all my negroes.”

The cool, deliberate, unconscious brutality of this story we have seldom seen equalled. All the officers of the government in Cuba are Spaniards from the old country: and the anxiety of the Captain of Partido, or police magistrate, to ascertain whether the negroes had died from punishment, proceeded from a habit which they have of making every infringement of the laws an opportunity for exacting money from the Cuban proprietors, and from no desire of protecting the slaves.

‘The chief object in Cuba seems to be never to let them remain idle; and I have excited the astonishment of many a creole by stating the quantity of leisure our slaves enjoy after their daily tasks are over; they could not believe they would remain disciplined. *Nor was their astonishment lessened, when I told them that in my native state, South Carolina, some planters paid missionaries to preach to their slaves, and even sometimes exhorted them themselves in the absence of clergymen!* The laws in Cuba regulating slavery are, however, very liberal to the slave. Thus by them every owner is bound to instruct his slaves in the principles of the Catholic religion *after the labour of the day has been finished*, to the end that they may be baptized and partake of the sacrament.’

The ‘Physician’ remarks, however, that none of the said laws are ever observed, ~~save~~ those relating to baptism and burial.

We will now accompany him to a cafetal, or coffee estate, and hear what he says of its proprietor:—

‘He does not amass as large a fortune as the sugar-planter, but he witnesses no over-tasked labour of his slaves. Well fed, with sufficient time allowed them for rest, and the care of their own live stock of fowls and hogs, compared with the destitute of even our own northern states, they

they are happier, and many are enabled to save enough money to purchase their freedom, which is not unfrequently done.'—p. 144.

The 'Physician' then describes the hours of labour, merely from 14 to 15 hours per diem at very light work, and how the gang, of whom 80 were men and 40 women, were comfortably locked up together in their barracoon at night; he adds,—'No attention is paid to the matrimonial compact, some being polygamists, and others making mutual exchanges of their wives when tired of them,'—like English noblemen in French melodramas. Jacob Omnium's account of these proceedings rather shocked us at first; but after having made ourselves acquainted with the social state of Sierra Leone, we suppose we were over-squeamish, and that it is all right. The male negroes are moreover hired out during the sugar-crop to the Ingenios—whither we shall follow them, that the sensitive British public may clearly understand on what terms they are (*for a time*) to enjoy cheap sugar:—

'A sugar plantation, during the manufacture of sugar, presents a picture not only of active industry but of unremitting labour. The oxen are reduced towards the end of the season to mere skeletons, many of them dying from over-labour. *The negroes are allowed but five hours' sleep.* Before the introduction of the steam-engine, and the example of a milder treatment of the negro by foreign residents in Cuba, the annual loss by death was fully 10 per cent., including, however, new slaves, many of whom died from change of climate. *On some plantations on the south side of the island, the custom still prevails of excluding all female slaves; and even on those where the two sexes are well proportioned, they do not increase.* On a sugar estate employing two hundred slaves, I have seen only three or four children. That this arises from mismanagement, is proved by the rapid increase on a few estates where the negroes are well cared for. The Saratoga sugar estate, which, with the Carlotta, belongs to a highly-intelligent merchant of Havana, is noted for the great number of children born on it, while several coffee estates, where the slaves are deprived of sufficient rest, are also unproductive.'—p. 153.*

'During the winter, when the labour is very great, many of the slaves abscond, and lead a roving life in the woods. They are often very formidable to those who, with bloodhounds, make it a business to ferret them out of their retreats.'—p. 262.

The American Doctor's account of these dogs will be read with much interest by zoologists, and ex-philanthropic members of the Society of Friends, who are reconciling themselves to slave-grown produce:—

* Advertisements similar to the following appear daily in the Havana newspapers:—'Se vende una negra criolla, parida de 15 dias con su cria, o sin ella, con muy buena y abundante leche, propia para criandera por sus buenas circunstancias y por haber estado dedicada a manejar niños; muy ligera en el servicio a la mano—sana y sin tachas en g 450.—Calle de Villegas, No. 202.'

The celebrated bloodhound is a peculiar breed of dogs, somewhat of the build of the mastiff, with a longer nose and legs. He is naturally exceedingly fierce and dangerous, but owes all his habit of tracing the runaway slave to education. When nearly grown he is chained, and a negro is sent daily to worry him by whippings and other means, not enough, however, to frighten him, the dog being permitted occasionally to bite at the negro. After a long training, and when the dog has acquired a perfect hatred of his tormentor, the latter whips him severely, and then runs a considerable distance and climbs a tree. The dog is now let loose, and follows his track; nor will he leave the tree till the negro descends. *I have cause to believe that much cruelty is practised on the human victim.* One well taught, on smelling the clothes of the runaway slave, will trace him for miles through fields and forests, silently pursuing the chase until he sees it. The training them, and pursuing absconded slaves, is made a business by some persons, who thus gain their livelihood.—p. 312.

The 'Physician' is no friend to the English, proving clearly—in his own opinion at least—that all their exertions and pretended sacrifices in the cause of abolition have entirely proceeded from motives of self-interest. He also maintains that we have an eye to the occupation of Cuba; and as he is generous enough to concede to us the merit of being excellent 'keepers'—citing Gibraltar and Malta—he sensibly enough proposes that his own countrymen should thwart our designs by laying hold of it first.

In a brief appendix he adds, that since he first published the 'Notes,' an insurrection, engendered by Mr. David Turnbull, the British consul, and Placido, a creole poet, had occurred in Cuba. We shall spare our readers his details of the astounding cruelty with which this (so-called) rebellion was suppressed and avenged. The Creole Poet died like a hero and a Christian—shot to death in the market-place of Matanzas, asserting his innocence, which is now universally admitted, to the last; and when the officials, who declared they were possessed of documents inculcating Mr. David Turnbull, were invited to produce them, they stated that they had all been accidentally destroyed! Upwards of a thousand of the negro population perished under the lash;* for O'Donnell's Commissioners, captains and lieutenants of the Spanish army, long after the fears of the planters had subsided, persisted in visiting the plantations and in lacerating the leading negroes, under pretence of collecting further evidence, but really to extort money from their owners. We have subsequently been informed, on unquestionable authority, that the general opinion of all parties now is, that there never was any combination or concerted insurrection at all; indeed the degraded and debilitated

* In his despatches to the Foreign Office, Mr. Kennedy, the British Commissioner then resident in Cuba, estimates the number so destroyed at 3000.

condition of the Cuban slaves, and the vigilance with which they are watched, render such a supposition unworthy of credit; the fact that two or three isolated gangs, exasperated by the intolerable cruelties of their administrators, rose and murdered their oppressors, having given rise to the panic which occasioned these bloody results.

Such was slavery in Cuba under a people proverbial for their humanity to their slaves, as described by a zealous advocate of the system. The high prices of last year, and the prospect of a speedy admission on equal terms to the English markets, are not, we imagine, likely to ameliorate it; neither is the ruined condition of our sugar-farmers calculated to further the cause of freedom in the eyes of slave-holding nations. The immediate influence of our free-trade measures on the African slave-trade is to be read in every packet from the coast. Prior to 1846 that traffic with the Spanish colonies had almost entirely died away—nay, the Cuban proprietors were even contemplating arrangements for the emancipation of their slaves, finding their prospects destroyed by the exclusion of their produce from our ports. Jacob Omnium graphically describes to us the reaction which occurred when the change in our policy was made known to them, and his account is, we conceive, fully corroborated by the testimony of the ‘American Physician’ (whose volume, we hope, will be reprinted here), and by the reports which arrive from time to time from our unfortunate cruisers, and from that disgrace to the Friends of the African and the colonial ministers of England—Sierra Leone. But there is other evidence too. We have at this moment before us a letter from a firm of no great magnitude in Glasgow to a planter in Trinidad, who, having ordered a sugar-mill and engine of the value of 2000*l.*, prior to 1846, saw the hopelessness of erecting it, and wrote to his correspondents to know at what reduction they would consent to take it back. They answer that if he will ship it direct to Cuba, they will allow him the cost price for it, inasmuch as they have more orders than they can fulfil for new machinery from that island. They further state, that since November, 1846, they have received similar orders from slave colonies to the amount of 20,000*l.*; their exports to our own colonies having proportionately declined. Again, Messrs. Fawcett, of Liverpool, wrote thus on the 7th of December, 1847:—

‘The demand for machinery from the British colonies, and more particularly from the Mauritius and the West India possessions, has almost entirely ceased. At one time there was every prospect of considerable extension of the manufacture of sugar in British India, but we consider this to have received a check since the admission of slave-grown sugar, whilst there is every appearance that the cultivation of the cane is greatly increasing in Brazil, as you will observe from our list of orders; and

and we have every expectation of a large demand from Cuba for steam-engines and cane-mills of large power in the course of the coming year. It should be borne in mind, too, that the Spanish slave colonies are extensively supplied with machinery from the United States of America."

By a Return just made to the House of Commons (*Morning Post*, December 27), it appears that the value of the machinery exported from England to Cuba was, in 1845, 4,807*l.*; in 1846, 16,206*l.*; in 1847 (down to October 10), 17,644*l.* The corresponding figures as to Brazil are, in 1845, 17,130*l.*; in 1846, 19,091*l.*; in 1847, 35,123*l.* The value for Cuba quadrupled—for Brazil doubled!

The following details with regard to the condition of the slaves in Brazil—a country which does not pretend to consider negroes as fellow-creatures, or to refrain from the slave-trade—have been furnished to the British Consul at Pernambuco, by M. A. de Mornay, a gentleman, who, from his occupation as a civil engineer, enjoyed excellent opportunities of observation; and will complete the information which we are desirous of laying before the English nation at this crisis in our Colonial (that is to say, in our Imperial) History:—

"The greater number of engenhos are very deficient in slaves, and the consequence is, that much work, not of immediate necessity for the production of a large quantity of sugar, is left undone, or very badly done, or else the slaves are very much overworked. There is a spirit of emulation amongst the Senhores d' Engenho to make a large quantity of sugar with a small number of blacks; but instead of accomplishing this by the economization of labour and by good management, it is generally done by driving the slaves at their work to the very extent of their strength, and even beyond it. This forced work they cannot resist many years: they become thin and languid, their skin dry and scurvy, and of a dark slate-colour, instead of the polished black of a healthy negro. During the season of the crop, which lasts from September till February or March, besides their usual day-labour from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., they are divided into two gangs to work in the mill during the night; one gang working from six till midnight, and the other from midnight till six in the morning. Half an hour is allowed them for breakfast, and two hours in the middle of the day to take rest and food, except during the months of grinding, when they take their food when they best can. Their work at this season is very hard, and it is common to see them alternately sleeping and waking without interfering with their occupations. The boys in the "manjara" (a seat behind the horses of a cattle-mill) fearing to be observed, get into the habit of sleeping for a second of time only, and of rousing themselves sufficiently to whip the horses, when they have another nap no longer than the first. The black who carries away the cane-trash from the mill, may often be observed taking a similar nap in the act of stooping to join the ends of the cane-leaves round his bundle; and it appears that they derive rest from these con-

tinued

tinual momentary snatches of sleep during their night's labour. During the times of sugar-making very few allow them Sunday. They are most insufficiently clothed, and are fed upon such coarse salted meat and fish, that to this sameness of salt food, added to overwork, may be attributed many of the bad diseases of the skin to which they are subject. A slight scratch, particularly of the legs and feet, often turns into a most inveterate sore. *If there were not a constant supply from the coast of Africa the slave-population would rapidly diminish, and many sugar engenhos, in a very few years, be unable to continue their operations.*

A few sentences will show that Brazil in the mean time has a fair supply. We copy part of a letter from a naval officer, dated West Coast of Africa, Oct. 9, 1847:—

'I have come to the conclusion that our trying to suppress the slave-trade is all nonsense. We have now five cruisers in the Bight of Benin, and within the last three months, to my certain knowledge, 4000 slaves have been taken over to Bahia safe and sound.

'Since the sugar-duty has been taken off, the demand for slaves in South America has been very extensive. We are keeping a large squadron for little or no purpose at all: the French cruisers are lukewarm in their exertions, and will be glad when the time arrives for their separation from England.

'The way the slave-merchants manage now as regards paying for the slaves is of course in goods, and those goods are principally English cottons, tobacco, and an inferior sort of spirit. These goods are brought over by chartered vessels, mostly under Sardinian colours, papers all right, backed by their consuls at Bahia—some French—and a few Americans, who are worse than all. Fast-sailing vessels come over, and in two hours ship their slaves and are off the coast. We have been rather lucky in taking four vessels (one with five hundred in): being a steamer, it has given us the advantage; sailing vessels stand very little chance; the slavers laugh at them.'

Such are already the effects of Lord John's measures of 1846.

ART. VIII.—1. *Reports of the Commissioners for Pentonville Prison.* 1843-1847.

2. *Reports from the Committee of the Lords appointed to inquire into the Execution of the Criminal Law, especially respecting Juvenile Offenders and Transportation.* 1847.

3. *Prison Discipline.* By Rev. John Field, M.A. 1846.

4. *Traité des diverses Institutions Complémentaires du Régime Pénitentiaire.* Par M. Bonneville, Procureur du Roi. 1847.

OUR treatment of criminals is at this moment influenced by two theories, which are in their tendencies almost diametrically opposed to each other. 'The principal object of punishment,' says Mr. Baron Parke, 'I take to be the protection of society'

society by deterring the offender from the repetition of his crime, and others from following his example, by the pain and inconvenience he sustains; and the same opinion is maintained by almost all, if not by all, this eminent judge's brethren not only of the English but also of the Scotch and Irish Benches at this time. By these authorities—weighty and grave ones it will be owned—amendment is considered as secondary, and to be looked to only as it may aid in the further diminution of crime. On the other hand, the reformation of the culprit is the primary object in the view of Lord Brougham, of Mr. Hill (the Recorder of Birmingham), and numerous reasoners—some of whom have come to this conclusion on *a priori* grounds, others on the alleged failure of the system of 'repression.'

It is of great importance that the public should have definite notions on these antagonised principles, so as to ascertain whither, if fairly carried into practice, each will lead us. The 'deterrent' acts on the passion of fear in its various aspects of disgrace, shame, and corporal pain—a passion supplying some of the strongest motives to the will. The opposed principle is simply and strictly educational—willing to inflict no more pain than is absolutely necessary to further the conversion of the individual, and postponing even this modicum to such other means as may effect that end without its aid. Under this system our gaols are to become so many schools, where the only punishment, using the term in its ordinary acceptation, is about as much bodily restraint as is enforced in many of our own scholastic institutions—and much less than that submitted to in the monasteries and convents of other countries.

The contrast of the theories is brought out strikingly in the answers to the Committee on Criminal Law—

'I hold,' says Lord Denman, 'the only legitimate end of punishment to be to deter from crime. But I think I perceive in some of the theories of benevolent men such a mode of administering the criminal law as to encourage instead of deterring.'

'By a reformatory system,' says Mr. Hill, 'we understand one in which *all* the pain endured strictly arises from the means necessary to effect a moral cure. *A prison becomes an hospital for moral diseases.* The prisoner may be called a patient, while the various officers of the prison will gradually attain the position in his mind of persons exercising the healing art, and be no longer regarded as the agents of vindictive power.'

While we entertain some doubts as to the existence of any mental process which shall gradually confound a warder in the prisoner's estimation with a doctor, we can have none as to the rashness of expressions which invest the statutes at large with the

the caprices and the malice of unchastised passion. Legalized punishments may or may not be too severe; but in what sense is criminal law vindictive?—of what vindictive power is the turnkey the agent? Surely a vindictive Criminal Statute is as much a figure of speech as a hard-hearted treadmill. Burke did not fear to brand with stern censure the 'loose comparisons' and 'gross discriminations' of his day in the use of such terms as 'the poor labourer,' or the 'poor soldier'—as if the very foundations of the social structure did not demand this condition in both classes of men. In our own times as much notice is demanded by the currency of phrases which tend to weaken the hands of justice and fling into its scale a bias of false philanthropy. Such cant might at least be left to the melodramatist and the novelist of congenial fibre.

We have just seen it broadly stated that to punish for the purpose of deterring is not admissible save only as accessory and incidental. The general question therefore is mooted—whether or no punishment be just? We know how complete a form the argument has assumed as relates to the pain of death; and it cannot be doubted that the effect of it has reached the category of secondary punishments also. But, in spite of these new theories, is it the fact that the mind and conscience of our nature have been changed; is it no longer true there is that in every heart which proclaims or whispers that every dereliction of duty is worthy of chastisement? Are men now able to entertain the same opinion of the thief as of the honest citizen? Hitherto, under every phasis of society it has been deemed just that crime should be punished. So strictly natural and necessary has this seemed, that, in a thousand acts of which no law can take cognizance, society inflicts a chastisement ten times severer than that of the statute-book. The loss of character, for example, entails the loss of livelihood, and hence often of life, under circumstances of great mental and bodily suffering. Has all this been a mistake? 'Are we all' (as Carlyle says) 'effeminated in this very dreary, very portentous babble of *abolishing capital punishment*, &c. &c.—all for sending Judas Iscariot, Courvoisier, Praslin, Tawell, and Nature's own Scoundrels teachable by no hellebore, to the schoolmaster instead of the hangman or the cesspool?' Are we for carrying this new philanthropy out? Ought society to consider the liar, the slanderer, the extortioner, the tyrant, the robber, the ravisher, the assassin—as merely labouring under moral malady, fit therefore for the tender care which humanity bestows on the fatalities of disease? Is it and has it all along been a mere blunder to distinguish practically *badness* from *madness*? If so, we cannot stop where Mr. Hill contemplates. 'Oh! that

I could get my son placed at Mettray,' said a French mother, 'but that is impossible—he is neither a beggar nor a thief. —Il n'a ni mendié ni volé.' Turn to any page of the Reports now before us, and you will find the poor man tempted and tempting his offspring to some petty larceny which shall lay on the parish, the county, or the country the burden of first supporting, ultimately of transporting him—a very natural consummation of those doctrines which would confound a most extended and careful education with punishment. Offer to the humbler classes of our countrymen the training of their children in the choicest spots of the land, such as Parkhurst—absolve them from all further care and cost—educate the child intellectually and morally—teach him a trade, and then take him, free of expense, to a good though distant labour-market—how few would be left to tenant our jails! If you will believe, and act on the belief, that *punishment* has no tendency either to reform a culprit or to keep away from crime those who know that crime is punished—in short, that our fears have no influence on our conduct—allow the virtuous parent at least such a perspective of good for his child as you hold out to the depraved.

We are told that crimes are on the increase, and that therefore punishment has not acted as a deterrent. The answer is, that however the aggregate of offences may continue to increase in a rapidly multiplying and condensing population, it by no means follows that they would not have increased in a far greater ratio had there been no system of punishment in the country. But how are we to get rid of the *all but* unanimous opinion of the Judges (there is really, we think, only one exception)—that the relaxation has already been carried *at least* far enough? How are we to get rid of the facts of their own experience which these Judges state? How are we to get rid of the facts adduced by Sir James Graham but a few months ago in Parliament—showing that the relaxation of penalties in some of the greatest crimes has been followed by a large increase in their number—that forgeries have increased 100, arson 60, and rape 90 per cent. since they ceased to be capital offences? (*Times, Friday, June 11, 1847.*)

On the question of capital punishment we shall not dwell—we have more than enough before us without recurring to a subject which has already been treated at some length in these pages. As respects the conflicting theories stated at the outset—the *Jurist*—who could not be more worthily represented than by Lord Denman, Lord Justice General Boyle, and Lord Chief Justice O'Doherty—still adheres to his ancient doctrine. The *Jurist* still holds his province to be simply the protection of society.

society. He takes cognizance of the acts of man, and has nothing to do with his intentions, which belong (he says) to the domain of the moralist. The former deters, the latter amends. These two governing principles are distinct, but not opposed. Justice can never be immoral, nor morals unjust. But the motives of crime cannot be arrived at by the judge—or, if at all, too imperfectly and rarely—while there are a thousand instances of offence against the moral law which admit of no legislation, and are left to the execration of mankind; such are ingratitude—hard-heartedness—pride—malice—avarice, and a hundred other forms of vice which destroy a life without spilling a drop of blood—rob without stealing, and torture with a more exquisite pain than wheel or rack. The State, however, can set both these principles into action, for its functions include the duty of elevating the moral as well as that of protecting the physical welfare of its dependants. The difficulty has hitherto been to discover a system as to the less heinous class of criminals, which shall at once punish to deter, and amend to restore; and we believe the problem will find its solution in the careful and watchful working of that kind of secondary punishment known as the Separate System. We say advisedly ‘careful and watchful.’ For there is much to fear from those who would abuse the deterrent principle, and who, seeing no punishment in solitude, would aggravate it by additional restrictions and penalties. On the other hand, they who abjure this principle will endeavour to denude the discipline of all its wholesome severities, leaving nothing to it but the name of a punishment;—and crime will be at a premium whenever the fear of inflicting penalties shall be livelier with the authorities than the fear of suffering penalties in the culprit.

The theory of the Separate System was clearly laid down in 1775 by Paley, in his ‘Moral Philosophy.’ His chapter on Crimes and Punishments anticipates every modern improvement. He argues first in favour of solitary confinement generally. He states secondly, that as half the vices of low life arise from aversion to labour; there might be two means of eradicating this—one by solitary confinement with hard labour, which shall make industry a new habit—the other by solitary confinement with nothing to do, which shall render idleness intolerable. He next proposes that the prisoner should earn his own livelihood, his earnings being left in part or wholly to his own use; also, that the measurement of confinement should be not by the days spent, but by the work done, in order to render energetic industry voluntary. After the enlargement of the criminal, he says, the principal difficulty still remains—how to dispose of him: and he meets it by the only wise and clear-sighted view of this great problem, namely, that the State is

bound to secure him employment if willing to work ; but that it is absolutely necessary that criminals should be separated as far from each other as possible. Paley's system may therefore be summed in a few words—separation with labour during confinement, and dispersion afterwards.

Had these views been as manfully acted upon as they were convincingly propounded, what a source of misery and guilt would have been dried up in our transportation system,—and how little cause would have been left for the inspectors of prisons to term Newgate the 'great school of crime' a just designation—as we could show by a thousand extracts from the Life of Mrs. Fry, &c. &c.—but let one from the Rev. Mr. Field's judicious volume suffice :—

' I could mention the name of a person who practised in the law, and was connected with very respectable families. He, for a fraud, was committed to Clerkenwell, and sent from thence to Newgate, in a coach, handcuffed to a noted housebreaker, who was afterwards cast for death. The first night, and the subsequent fortnight, he slept in the same bed with a highwayman on one side, and a man charged with murder on the other. During that period, and long after, spirits were freely introduced. At first he abstained from them, but he soon found that either he must adopt the manners of his companions, or his life would be in danger. . . . In short, *self preservation rendered it necessary for him to adopt the manners of his associates: by insensible degrees he began to lose his repugnance to their society*—caught their flash terms, and sang their songs, was admitted to their revels, and acquired, in place of habits of perfect sobriety, a taste for spirits ; and a taste so strong and so rooted, that even now he finds it difficult to resist the cravings of his diseased thirst for stimulants. The artless statement of his wife, who has throughout conducted herself with unimpeachable propriety, and who laboured with her own hands to support her husband when in confinement, will hardly be rejected.'—*Field on Prison Discipline*, pp. 52–56.

It is curious to remark how slowly and in what a piecemeal fashion the views of Paley—promulgated in 1775—adopted by Howard—nay actually put into practice in Gloucester jail in 1796 and there adhered to until 1813, when they were abandoned from motives of false economy—it is curious, we say, to see how very gradually they faltered into firmness.

Of Howard's three principles of prison discipline—solitary confinement,—regulated labour,—religious instruction—some looked mainly to the second. The State of Pennsylvania in 1786 abolished capital punishment for all but the greatest crimes, and substituted hard labour for minor offences. Though this was a step in the right direction, it failed, because the association of evil minds more than neutralized the anticipated operation of habitual

habitual labour and obedience. To amend this, criminal classification with hard labour was resorted to, which was again an improvement, for classification is partial separation. Nevertheless that also failed; and so long as the human heart is inscrutable to human eyes, must ever fail. The hardened villain was classed with one who perhaps had committed the same offence, but for the first time, and through the temptation of his necessitous poverty; the boy with the man thief. The result was, that the criminal community was divided into classes of crime—small guilds of vice; each member of which brought into the common stock his own particular experience and aptitude; and the prentice-hand had an admirable opportunity of perfecting itself under the master in the craft. This was so forcibly felt as to lead to one of the most terrible experiments ever made to obviate a crying evil. In 1821, the State of New York adopted what is called technically the *Solitary System*—it confined 80 of its criminals in separate cells, in absolute solitude, permitting no exercise, and providing them with an insufficient supply of air, light, and food. Mind and body were crushed under this clumsy and barbarous experiment; some died, many were driven mad, twenty-six were pardoned, and the rest were removed at the end of one year.

This disastrous American expedient has had the greatest influence in modifying the various theories of prison discipline. On the one hand it was palpable that Association gave a gigantic impulse to crime—on the other the *Solitary System* drove the criminal into madness. A mezzo-terme was therefore resorted to—the ‘*Silent System*.’ The prisoners were to work in bodies, but in profound silence, and at night to be separated. But this scheme of *association without intercommunication* involved a simple impossibility:—it was soon proved that the history of each criminal was as well known to his fellow under this as where Silence was never thought of. It was found, also, to require a larger and a more expensive staff to work it; and, finally, it demanded such strict watchfulness, and the infliction of such frequent punishments, that the most violent passions were pent up and raging under the calmness of the silent masses which appeared to be moved with the mechanism of clockwork—a state of mind which entirely excludes the shadow of reform in character. The *Silent System* has still its advocates in America—but even there it is obviously sinking in opinion. In Europe it is now found only in subservience to the *Separate System*: while the *Solitary System*, we believe, is discarded everywhere, except as an occasional punishment during a few days for the contumacious prisoner.

The *Separate System* differs from the *Solitary* in permitting communication, but not that of the criminals with each other. It seeks

seeks to isolate the prisoner from all evil associations and associates, and substitutes in their stead that which shall tend to make him better and wiser. It inflicts a great amount of punishment without awakening the evil passions which usually attend on it. Except in the incorrigible, nothing of a revengeful feeling is roused; and yet it is greatly dreaded. Some would even seem to prefer death to this solitude. Why is it thus? On what principle of our nature does this power act? All harshness is sedulously avoided; material comforts are abundantly cared for; and yet the man would prefer almost any other punishment to the solitude of his cell. The pangs of a retributive conscience are said to be roused in that dead silence, and to prostrate the criminal. Yet this will not explain all—for some who certainly are never reached by any such influence are among the most unhappy, and in many others there is much wretchedness *before* the mind reflects or mourns over the past. Is the social instinct, which is common to man and to many animals, so essential to the former as to the latter, that to be isolated is to perish? Are the views which Frederick Cuvier has analysed with such ability applicable to our race? And does the great physiological law of the body find its application no less in the mind? so that both follow the same rule, that what is unused languishes and loses its powers, and ultimately its life? We can but open the question, which is both beyond our scope and our limits—leaving it to the metaphysician and the moralist to determine whether we have or have not a third mode of acting on the will of man, by attacking a leading instinct of his nature in addition to the two ordinary powers of affecting his volition through the violences of fear and the perturbations of hope; and we proceed to the practical working of the Separate System.

What a contrast to the pandemonium of associated criminals does the visitor perceive who enters for the first time the walls of the Model Prison at Pentonville! Instead of the noise and bustle of the old Newgates—absolute stillness; a few silent warders only scattered here and there in the large and lofty corridors containing a triple tier of cells, which range the whole length of these galleries! In spite of the blaze of daylight which should enliven, and the scrupulous cleanliness which should raise notions of comfort, it is impossible not to feel the oppression of resistless power; it is in vain, on a first visit, that you are solicited to inspect the minutiae of the admirable mechanism by which the architect (Colonel Jebb) has contrived to secure the complete isolation of 500 individuals from each other. They are fed at the same moment, rest at the same hour, are out in masses in the open air. They are catechized in the school, and respond in the
chapel

chapel—yet man knows not man. There is contiguity, but no neighbourhood; and the very names of the prisoners are lost in the mechanism which assigns *numbers* in their stead.

It requires the aid of sense to confirm the testimony of others, that the prison is really tenanted; the impulse is irresistible to ascertain the fact. A small aperture is so contrived in the door of each cell as to permit the visitor to see its inmate without himself being seen; and he can now traverse a corridor and remark the intensity of still life. All are profoundly engaged—one plying his trade, another busy with his slate, a third fixed and motionless over his Bible. The shoe-maker is squatting cross-legged and stooping over his last; the tailor raised on his table with his implements and materials about him; the weaver hardly distinguishable amid the framework of his active machinery; the basket-maker in his corner, distant an arm's length from the heap of osiers from which ever and anon he is selecting that to which he is about to give a form and shape. It is not here, as in the solitary occupations of the world, that the artizan can beguile his labour with snatches of some favourite melody; nothing must break the silence of the cell. Its inmate soon learns to concentrate all his energies on his work, which becomes to him a solace—a necessity. Unconscious that any eye is upon him, he has no part to act, no sympathy to dream of exciting; and as he now appears, so he will be found at any interval of days, weeks, or months.

If the visitor be still disposed to linger and observe, he will presently see a long file of prisoners emerging from their cells, in such a pre-arranged order that each man is fifteen paces apart from his fellow, and so masked as to render mutual recognition impossible. Thus accoutred and marshalled, and shod so as to prevent sound, one half of the prisoners (250) proceed rapidly to the chapel, the interior of which is so arranged as to preclude even the tallest man from overlooking the one in the next slip. The pulpit is placed high, so as to command a perfect view of every convict, but intercommunion is further prevented by warders perched up on elevations, each with a full inspection of his own section of prisoners. Here at last is the silence broken—by the congregated sound of the simple melodies of our hymns; and there are few places where they strike so impressively on the heart as when they are poured forth amid the suggestive influences of the prison.* The service done, a dial-plate turns round presenting certain letters and numbers, which correspond to the sectional numbers and letters

* There is one daily service at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 A.M. The other 250 attend a second service at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 P.M.

of the prisoners; as these appear, the peak of each cap is again let down so as to mask the features, and the chapel is as silently and quickly emptied as it had before been filled.

At present the distribution of the week-day gives—

| | hrs. | min |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------|-----|
| To school instruction | 1 | 15 |
| To chapel | 0 | 30 |
| To exercise in open air | 1 | 0 |
| To reading, writing, arithmetic, in cells | 1 | 47 |
| To cleaning | 0 | 37 |
| To rest | 10 | 0 |
| To meals | 2 | 0 |
| To trade instruction | 6 | 51 |

The whole prison is thoroughly warmed and ventilated. There is an abundant supply of water for all purposes of cleanliness and comfort in every cell; and gas is let on during the requisite hours, according to the season.

‘Every prisoner has at least one hour’s exercise daily in the airing grounds. The bedding is removed by each to his exercising yard to be aired—in summer once every week, and in winter as often as weather permits. The prisoners have warm baths every fortnight, and are supplied with clean sheets once in every six weeks, and at proper periods with soap, towels, combs, flannels, whiting, brickdust, and all other articles necessary for keeping their cells in high order, and for personal cleanliness.

‘On Sundays the warders assemble at half-past seven, instead of six A.M. The wards and cells are dusted and swept immediately after unlocking. The prisoners are exercised, but no work is performed. There are three services—morning, afternoon, and evening; each occupying an hour and a half. This arrangement admits of every prisoner attending Divine service twice on every alternate Sunday.’

What are the effects of such a system of discipline? Quite innocuous, say some; madness or premature disease, say others. Both opinions are partial. It is hardly to be expected that any individual can fail to suffer, when he is at once imprisoned in body and constrained in mind. On the other hand, those who have designated prisons on the Separate System as ‘manufactories for madness,’ have probably confounded the *solitary* with the *separate* system. In France, Esquirol and other high authorities on mental diseases have asserted that the latter system has no tendency to deteriorate mind; and, as far as a five years’ experience of the working of discipline at Pentonville has gone, close observers all coincide with them. A very strong impression on the nervous system is made, and it requires careful watching to regulate it, but we believe that with such watchfulness it not only is controllable, but essential to that change of mind which

which reforms character. There can be no doubt at least of this fact, that both mental and bodily disease are much less among the Pentonville prisoners than they would have been among the same men, if permitted to pursue their career unchecked. There is a false standard of comparison when you would measure the mortality of vice with that of virtue—of the dissipated with the sober. The ratio should be struck between the criminal population free and the criminal population fettered; and who that has turned a page of any writer on the *classes dangereuses* can hesitate in believing that great saving of life and protection from disease have been effected? Be certain that of all poisons there is none so sure, so penetrating, as a rampant vice, which will first enslave, madden, and then kill, nay, even transmit its fatal tendencies to the offspring.

However, let us examine the facts. If it be true that this Separate System is maddening, it ought to tell most decidedly on such prisoners as are constitutionally predisposed to mental disease. Now on this point we can adduce distinct proof that some two or three score of persons, out of 1000 subjected to the discipline of Pentonville, have actually *benefited* by it in spite of indubitable hereditary taint or absolute individual predisposition. Take the following table from the Chaplain's Evidence in the App. to Fifth Report:—

OBSERVATIONS made upon certain PRISONERS in whom injurious effects might have been feared from Separate Confinement.

| Initials of Name. | Verbatim Extracts from Letter of Referee. | Observations on Degree of Intellect, &c., by the Chaplain when first seen. | Schoolmaster's Report on leaving the Prison. | State on leaving the Prison, as noted by Chaplain. |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| J. C. | Mother touched with symptoms of insanity. | | Improved in reading and writing. | Improved generally. |
| R. L. | Grandmother insane. | Read imperfectly. | Read well; write imperfectly; 4 rules of arithmetic. | |
| J. H. | Sister rather weak in mind. | Only knew the alphabet. | Read and write well; Rule of Three. | Very cheerful; improved in general knowledge. |
| H. N. | He and most of his family evinced symptoms of insanity. | Of the lowest kind. | Read very imperfectly; write a little; learned a little arithmetic. | Sent away incorrigible. |
| J. C. | Two sisters insane. | Of the lowest intellect, did not know A, B, C. | Read well; write tolerably; 4 rules. | Somewhat improved in general. |
| D. M. | His mother subject to nervous fits. | | Read and write well; Rule of Three. | Mentally, not morally, improved. |
| J. D. | One of his family (his mother, as I have every reason to believe), labouring with insanity. | | Read and write well; 4 rules | Improved in religious knowledge; very cheerful. |
| . R. | Of a simple turn of mind. Uncle in an asylum. | | Improved considerably | In Scriptural knowledge also improved in Scriptural knowledge. |
| W. J., alias W. C. B. | Skull fractured three years ago. | | Improved in reading and writing; Rule of Three. | |

Observations made upon certain Prisoners—continued.

| Initials of Name. | Verbatim Extracts from Letter of Referee. | Observations on Degree of Intellect, &c., by the Chaplain when first seen. | Schoolmaster's Report on leaving the Prison. | State on leaving the Prison, as noted by Chaplain. |
|-------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| W. G. | Sister considered rather silly. | Of lowest intel- lect: did not know the al- phabet. | Read and write imperfectly; 4 rules. | Cheerful. |
| A. H. L. | Had become <i>dejected</i> and <i>absent</i> after failure in business, and showed symptoms of <i>insanity</i> . | Very low in spi- rits. | Read and write well; Rule of Three. | Much improved in spirits; found comfort in reli- gion. |
| J. N. | Considered rather as an <i>idiot</i> . | Very low degree of intellect. | Read and write well; Rule of Three. | Improved in ge- neral know- ledge. |
| W. N. | Almost <i>irresponsible</i> . | Of very weak in- tellect. | Well educated previously | Rather improved mentally. |
| A. A. | Weakness of mind: made sport of by fellow- servants. | Low in spirits and in intellect. | Read and write well; Rule of Three. | Mentally im- proved. |
| F. W. K., alias A. K. | Uncle died in an asylum; another committed sui- cide. Father and sisters considered weak. | Low in spirits; over-active mind; disliked his trade. | Very well educated | Morally improv- ed. |
| J. M. F. | Mother's brother is re- ported to be imbecile; harmless if let alone. | Of a low degree of intellect. | Read and write well; Rule of Three. | Improved in ge- neral; was re- commended to be master tailor on board ship. |
| R. B., alias E. E. S., a Jew. D. M. | Not considered quite cor- rect in his mind. Aunt mad for a long time. | Peculiar turn of mind. | | Greatly improv- ed, especially in Scriptural knowledge. |
| J. M. alias J. T. | Uncle killed himself in a fit of insanity. | Low in spirits and intellect. | Read well; write imperfect- ly; 4 rules. | Improved gene- rally. |
| C. J. C. | Eldest brother exhibited symptoms of insanity. | Good intellect | Well educated | Improved gene- rally. |
| T. N. | Whole family eccentric; and very weak in intel- lect. | Weak intellect | Read and write well; Rule of Three. | Improved gene- rally. |
| R. R. | Uncle's intellect affected at times. | Low intellect; only knew the alphabet. | Read well; write imperfectly; 4 rules. | Improved gene- rally. |
| J. T. | Father died a lunatic. | Ordinary intel- lect. | Reads and writes well; Rule of Three. | Very much im- proved in general. |
| J. S. | I have thought, and more, I am sure, that at times he was not altogether right in his head. | More than ordi- narily reserved and very dull. | Read tolerably; wrote imper- fectly; improvement very little. | On the whole rather improv- ed. |
| H. C. L. | The prisoner's conduct, more especially his wan- dering propensities, are irreconcilable with per- fect sanity. | A good intel- lect; apparent- ly much com- punction for sin. | Could read and write well; considerably advanced in the higher rules of arithme- tic. Improvement tolerably fair. | Improved very much. Found peace and com- fort in the Gos- pel. |
| G. R. | He was not quite sound in mind, and sometimes not conscious of what he was about. His own sister destroyed herself. | A very low- spirited man. | Could read and write very well; considerably advanced in the higher rules of arith- metic; intelligent. Made fair improvement. | Improved in spi- rits. Found comfort in reli- gion also, I think. |
| W. H. | His mother has evinced symptoms of insanity within the last three years. | Nothing at all peculiar. | Read well, wrote tolerably; higher rules of arithmetic. Improvement tolerable. | Improved very much, especial- ly in the me- mory. Gave himself to learning hymns, chapters, &c. |
| J. L. | His father was subject to fits. | Very low spirited | Could read and write well; mensuration. Improvement tolerable. | Very down- hearted; would have sunk here, I think, but for some religious hope |

Observations made upon certain Prisoners—*continued.*

| Initials of Name. | Verbatim Extract from Letter of Referee. | Observations on Degree of Intellect, &c., by the Chaplain when first seen. | Schoolmaster's Report on leaving the Prison. | State on leaving the Prison, as noted by Chaplain. |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| J. B. | One member of the family has exhibited symptoms of insanity. | Ordinary . | Read well, wrote tolerably; knew the common rules of arithmetic. Very much improved. | Improved. |
| H. B. | I have known the prisoner to have fits when over-fatigued. | Ordinary . | Read well, wrote tolerably; common rules of arithmetic. Improvement tolerable. | Very cheerful. |
| J. K. | He received an injury in his head, from which time he became flighty and unsteady. His father was in some measure imbecile in both body and mind. | A very active mind, but most perverse. | Could read and write well; higher rules of arithmetic. Improvement tolerable. | Cultivated, his mind assiduously, but was very perverse to the last. |
| W. S. alias R. | Has found him a little insane at times; he was kicked by a horse in the head. | Ordinary . . . | Could read well, write tolerably; knew the first 4 rules in arithmetic. Improvement little. | Rather improved. |
| W. F. | I knew him to labour under a severe nervous fever for several months, which I always observed afterwards to cause a lowness of spirits. It was about 8 years since. | Good, but his constitution apparently weakened by intemperance. | Read and write well; advanced in higher rules of arithmetic. Tolerably improved. | Very cheerful; much improved, I think, in every way. Gave great attention to religion. |
| J. A. alias R. W. D. alias J. B. | Has not his senses perfect. | Half-witted . . | Could read well. Made scarcely any improvement. | Rather worse. |
| | I fully believe him to be at times insane. His maternal grandfather died insane. | Clever; good, but perverted and abused. | Was well educated on admission. Was excused from school; improved himself tolerably by reading and private study. | Not improved. |
| W. B. | Very soft in many things. | Low intellect | Could scarcely read any. Very little improved. | Rather worse. |
| J. D. | His grandmother is in a lunatic asylum. | Ordinary, but very dull. | Read well, wrote tolerably; first 4 rules of arithmetic. Improved a little. | Improved rather in spirits. |
| J. B. | His mother, grandmother and great aunt, were all subject to insanity. | Very peculiar and low spirited. | Read scarcely any. Improvement very little. | Worse when removed, but got better at Woolwich. |
| D. B. | Showed decided symptoms of insanity. On one occasion he sought for an instrument to take his life. | A very good intellect, but reserved and very peculiar. | Read and write well; higher rules of arithmetic. Considerably improved. | Improved, I think, generally. |
| H. G., alias V. | Has been subject to fits at different periods; I have always found him very dull in intellect. | Ordinary; communicative, but very dull in his manner. | Read and write well; higher rules of arithmetic. A fair degree of improvement. | Was, on the whole, better. Gave great attention to religious knowledge. |
| S. H. | Of very curious temper, and sometimes rather childish. | Nothing peculiar | Read well, wrote tolerably; first 4 rules of arithmetic. Improved a little. | Rather improved. |
| C. F. | Light and incoherent in his habits. Eldest brother perfectly deranged, and was kept bound, hands and feet. | Ordinary intellect, but looks & talks strangely. | Read well, wrote tolerably; higher rules of arithmetic. Improvement tolerable. | Always cheerful, and rather improved in those things in which he was singular. |

The inference is clear, that the greater portion of these men were benefited. If we look at the actual cases of mania occurring, the tables yield the following results. In the first year (1843), of 332 convicts, the daily average in the prison, three became affected with insanity. In 1844, when the daily average was 456, no case occurred. There was one in each of the two following years—when the daily averages were respectively 445 and 423.—In 1843 the cases were in the proportion of 9·03 per 1000.—During the whole period (four years and a quarter) since the prison was opened, the proportion of cases to the daily average of prisoners has been that of 2·29 per 1000 annually.—From the end of the year 1843 to the present time the annual proportion has been no more than 1·48 per 1000.

The Reporters say:—

‘The remarkable difference in the number of cases of insanity at these different periods may have been partly owing to accidental circumstances. We believe, however, that to a great extent it admits of explanation, and that in the year 1843 there were some special causes in operation tending to affect the minds of the prisoners, which do not exist at the present time. However that may be, there is reason to be satisfied with the result, when we find that the proportion of insanity in the last three years has not been more than one-sixth part of what it was in the first instance.

‘The statistics of insanity do not afford us the means of comparing the amount of this disease which exists at Pentonville with that in the general population. It would be more to the purpose to compare it with that which is met with in other prisons; but here also we have found it difficult to obtain such data as would enable us to arrive at an accurate conclusion. The returns from the various prisons of England and Wales, however, justify us in believing that, if the year 1843 be excluded from the calculation, the proportion of prisoners who were affected with insanity after committal to Pentonville is actually smaller than what occurs among persons of the same age in other places of confinement. The conclusion to be drawn is certainly favourable to the separate system. But it is still more so when we take into the account that, while other prisons contain individuals of all ages, the Pentonville prisoners, with a few exceptions, are from twenty to forty years of age; and that it is proved by the experience of such English and foreign lunatic asylums, nine in number, as afford the opportunity of making the comparison, that in no less than 57 per cent. of the whole number of insane persons the symptoms of the disease are first manifested in the course of these twenty years.’

Of course no exact comparison can be made between the inmates for eighteen months of Pentonville and the miscellaneous and diversely sentenced residents in any ordinary jail; but the Commissioners are so far supported by the following Note, for which

which we are obliged to Mr. Perry, Inspector of Prisons in the Southern and Western Districts. This officer says—

‘The places of confinement in the southern and western districts are eighty in number—of which seven are conducted on the separate system. In the year from 29th Sept. 1844, to 29th Sept. 1845, the daily average of prisoners in the whole eighty places was 4361—in the seven on the separate system it was 644. The average period of confinement was rather less than seven weeks. Thirty-seven prisoners were affected with insanity; in nine of whom the symptoms first showed themselves during the period of their imprisonment: but of these nine, not one occurred in the seven on the separate system. The proportion of fresh cases of insanity was therefore 2·06 per 1000 in the year, being somewhat less than the proportion at Pentonville during the whole period that has elapsed since the prison was opened; but considerably greater, if the year 1843 be excluded from the calculation.’

The following RETURN well deserves to be considered in connexion with the foregoing statement of the Pentonville Commissioners. It will show the annual ratio of mental disease per 1000 strength, in our troops quartered at home, or in our most healthy stations abroad. We are indebted for it to Dr. Balfour of the Guards:—

| STATIONS. | Period of Observation. | Strength. | Cases of Mental Derangement admitted into Hospital. | Ratio of Admission per 1000 of strength per annum. |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| United Kingdom— | | | | |
| { Grenadier Guards | 15 years, 1831–45 | 26,980 | 14 | 0·52 |
| { Dragoon Guards and Dragoons | 7 years, 1830–36 | 44,611 | 42 | 0·94 |
| Gibraltar | 19 years, 1818–36 | 60,269 | 85 | 1·41 |
| Malta | 20 years, 1817–36 | 40,826 | 45 | 1·10 |
| Ionian Islands | | 70,293 | 101 | 1·43 |
| Bermudas | | 11,721 | 9 | 0·77 |
| Canada | | 46,442 | 62 | 1·33 |
| Nova Scotia and New Brunswick | | 64,280 | 49 | 0·76 |

Compare the numbers in the last column with the recorded amount of mental disease among 1000 per annum in the model prison, and we shall find that—while the annual ratio in the latter is 1·48—it is nearly 1· at home among the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons,—1·43 in the Ionian Islands,—1·33 in Canada,—and 1·41 in Gibraltar; so that it may be fairly said that the prisoner under separate confinement suffers about as much as the soldier on the choicest spots of the Mediterranean, or in the bracing climate of Canada.

The Pentonville Commissioners very properly acknowledge the

the want of *data* for a deduction of mathematical accuracy: but looking at the general results, they seem to be fully justified in their belief that the effect of the separate system, when enforced for eighteen months, is not injurious to the human mind; and we think we have evidence before us which sustains equally the opinion that it is not injurious to the physical health. On this last point the writers, hostile to the system rest certainly on grounds far less safe than those adduced by the Commissioners. For example, these writers think it much for their argument that the mortality per 1000 in the metropolitan population between the ages of 20—40 is 10, while it is 15 at Pentonville, or one-third more. The gross results are merely looked at, and it is not considered that—while the population of the prison is selected from a vicious community—that of the metropolis includes the sober and industrious. Men gamble with life—the honest equally with the dishonest. There is not the slightest doubt that the latter are greatly the losers, are pained more, gain less, and die very much sooner than the former. But in the honest and honourable pursuits of life is there no risk? Take the casualties of our soldiers, for example, in England, in home service. While the annual mortality of Pentonville per 1000 is 15·70, that of the Foot Guards is 21·6—nay, the mortality from consumption alone in the Guards is nearly as high (14·1 per 1000) as the total mortality of Pentonville prisoners—men, be it remarked, of about the same age on an average as the soldiers. Even in the Household Cavalry the mortality, varying from 13 to 15, per 1000, is but a fraction less than that of the criminal population in the Model Prison. ‘Yet these soldiers,’ says Colonel Tulloch, ‘carefully selected, and, so far as can be ascertained, subject to no physical defect at enlistment, are better fed, better lodged, and have less onerous duties to perform than the great mass of the labouring population.’ —*Report on the Mortality of Troops*, p. 4.

The chief lowerers of life on the prisoner are bad food, bad air, and depressing passions. The two former are so completely under control as to admit of any degree of modification. The mind of man is a more stubborn element; nevertheless the discipline of the cell is so essentially mental as to leave no doubt of its effects on the generality.

It is not chimerical to hope that, as all the circumstances of imprisonment are more or less controllable, so most of its decided injuries may be warded off. It is curious to remark the effects of diet on the prisoners (5th Report, p. 12)—how little shook the scales in the balance of health and disease. No less striking has been the diminution of consumptive cases from attention to
suspicious

suspicious as to their origin. From the opening of the prison to the termination of 1844, the annual mortality per 1000 from phthisis had amounted to 11·47. The physician, Dr. Owen Rees, suspected that the dusty trades carried on in the cells might have added to the chances of death, by this disease. In 1845 measures were taken to guard against the supposed cause; in 1846 only four cases per 1000 of consumption occurred; and in 1847 (up to the 20th of October) there has not been a single death from this terrible scourge.

We could readily produce evidence that the mortality in many callings is much greater than in prisons; but we have purposely selected the soldier at home. If the discipline of the cell is not worse in its physical and mental effects than that of the parade, there should not be much to complain of. It has been objected, that to carry through that of the Separate System, a large amount of food and more active stimulants also are required. This, however, is not the case. As compared with the consumption of the soldier, the prisoner is underfed: the former has daily twelve ounces of meat, and a pound of bread, with coffee and vegetables, and this may be increased under the discretion of the commanding officer—not to say his own; the prisoner has four ounces of meat, and twenty ounces of bread per day, with vegetables, gruel, and cocoa. It was only after repeated experiments and careful weighing of each prisoner that the dietary was adopted. On a daily average of 423 prisoners, in 1846, 37 required extra diet. In some the addition was merely a few ounces of bread; in others, stimulants were given, as wine and porter. With regard to the extra diet—even including these extras the amount of food is never greater than that of the ration of the soldier, and in most cases not so great. Occasionally, of course, stimulants are required for the sick and weakly in all hospitals, military or civil; but the documents as to the relative stress of wear and tear on the soldier and prisoner are precise. At Pentonville, then, the daily ratio is 14 sick in 423, or about 33 in 1000. In the Prussian army the daily average during ten years is 44 per 1000. Among 1000 of the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons serving in the United Kingdom, 40 are daily sick. Much stress has been laid as to the Pentonville prisoners being ‘selected.’ It is true they are, but selected notoriously from a short-lived and ill-conditioned class. Provided no overt disease or marked diseased tendency be apparent, the convict is at once admitted; and we have seen from the table furnished by the chaplain that many are received whose minds and bodies exhibit anything but a vigorous constitution. It is an abuse of terms to call this selection, as compared with the kind of man required for the Dragoon Guards. No insurance office

office would take the majority of Pentonville prisoners even as average lives; a very cursory glance at the congregation in the chapel is sufficient to satisfy any physician on that point. In truth, there can be no question that the mass of our genuine criminal population is below par in physical, if not also in mental calibre.

With regard to the injurious effect on 'the will,' as evidenced in 'the listless look,' 'the want of alacrity,' 'the loss of their gregarious habits,' a supposed 'dulness of comprehension,' &c., we may say, that this faculty is certainly the one most influenced by the discipline of the separate system. All but a few reprobates are thoroughly tamed. Punishments to enforce obedience are very rare; no corporal punishments have ever been required at Pentonville. The aspect of men who have been kept in comparative seclusion, and whose thoughts have been forcibly turned within, no doubt may present peculiarities. The prompt and constant subjection to the will of others may also give a cast to the physiognomy; but if will does not mean wilfulness, there is abundant evidence to show that that faculty is in full vigour under the separate system. Whether the test be taken from assiduous labour at a trade or in school, the proficiency of the disciple shows a hearty and a healthy direction of his will. It is not to be supposed that the labour of learning, which he has hitherto abhorred, does not now demand a sustained effort of will. The chaplain reports that, of 1000 prisoners, 696 at leaving the place possessed 'considerable general knowledge'—that 713 had mastered the 'higher rules of arithmetic'—and that in many cases it is found necessary to check and moderate the ardour of investigation—especially as to religious subjects. Take from the same gentleman's paper the following out of many specimens of the concentrated activity of the mind in the Pentonville prisoner:—

'Reg. 432. This man had received, he told me, some injuries in his head from falling down a steep place some years back; had been a vagrant and singing beggar in the streets, and an associate of gipsies. When he left this place, whatever his moral character may prove to be (of which I am not now speaking), he knew more of religion and of general subjects than even respectable working artisans in general.

'Reg. Nos. 548, 598, 685, and 558. These men were of uncommonly low intellect, and on admission did not know the alphabet; they now write their own letters, and so well express their ideas on the simple subjects before them, that their relatives can scarcely believe that they are the writers.

'Reg. 580, a cab-driver—elevated now from the most debased and ignorant state to a very good acquaintance with religion and the elements of secular knowledge. His health, almost ruined by spirit-drinking, is also visibly improved.

Reg.

' Reg. 689 is an instance of a mind of some power; but previously uncultivated. He could read when he came, but had no knowledge of figures. Having made himself master of Thompson's Arithmetic however, he is now working at mensuration by himself; for the masters lose no time upon such.

' Of Reg. 504 I may confidently say that he so cultivated his mind in solitude, latterly with the help of books only, that he was sufficiently well grounded to begin a course of study in the higher departments of almost any one subject of useful knowledge. His proficiency in the trade of basket-making was equally remarkable. Being very much interested in this young man, I took a copy of one of his letters to his family, in which he says:—"I will tell you how I amuse myself of an evening, after work, on school-days, and at meal-times. I peruse and study those works which you were so kind as to send me, and then when my hands are busily engaged in 'bending the pliant twig,' my head is equally busy in applying the theory. I divide my subject into three parts, and allot a fixed portion of time to each; and when I am at exercise I have a turn at mental arithmetic. That pump is a rare place for summing; the revolutions of the handle answer the purpose of a slate, and the clicking of the wheel makes it equal to any ready-reckoner. During the summer I had an hour's practical experience in the study of natural history every day; it was rather on a small scale, and I dare say you will smile at it, but it gave me information and amusement too. In front of our airing-yard there is a grassplat, and I distinguished about a dozen different sorts of small plants and grasses, to which I gave names of my own. I found out at what time they came into flower, how long they remained, and the degree in which each was able to bear the drought that occurred. I learned the habits of several kinds of insects; and the sparrows, building their nests or feeding their young in the holes of the wall, afforded me another source of entertainment. Such is the plan I have adopted. It may seem foolish to you, who may look about you as you please, but it is to this I attribute, with God's blessing, the good health I enjoy and the rapidity with which time passes away."

We shall not extend this paper by tracing more minutely the various feelings and dispositions educed under the Separate System. Nor shall we dwell on the testimonies of the Judges and other responsible watchers of this discipline. As one example, we find the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland expressing in his evidence (a most careful and elaborate document) great satisfaction that the arrangement of most of the Scotch jails is now such as to admit the adoption of the Separate System, and his earnest desire to see the same thing practicable at Edinburgh and Glasgow. But let us at once proceed to the history of the convicts after their removal from Pentonville.

About 218 were sent to Van Diemen's Land, under regulations laid down in Lord Stanley's able dispatch of November, 1842. According to these a prisoner could by good conduct

gradually pass through various grades of relaxation of his sentence, until he entitled himself virtually to absolute pardon: but the radical defect of the system rendered all skilful details quite nugatory. Criminals were associated in gangs, and therefore deteriorated; the shocking scenes brought to light by the Reports on our convict population in Norfolk Island and Van Diemen's Land, paralleled only by the cities of the plain, proved too clearly the wisdom of Paley's rule, 'the necessity of dispersion.' These Reports, too, show that the Assignment System, which separated and absorbed the criminal population, was preferable to that which succeeded it. It succumbed, as we all know, to the cry of 'white slavery,' though in reality it had a far greater analogy to our home apprenticeship, with all its inequalities of lot, than to that with the name of which it was stigmatized. However, the Pentonville prisoners who arrived at Van Diemen's Land under promises of employment, found none. They were thrown among large gangs of convicts, idle, reckless, and depraved—and moving in masses over the country, to the terror of the inhabitants, no wonder that the good seed was choked by the tares. Some appear to have struggled hard, judging by their letters; but the very great majority, we believe, fell rapidly to the level of the slime.

The condition of the convict colonies was such that it was deemed fit to put a stop for a period to further transportation thither; but as no other of our colonies will receive a criminal population, or can legally be compelled to do so, an expedient was now resorted to which permitted them to receive transports without infringement of the law. The convicts lost their penal character—were dubbed 'exiles,' and thus acquired at once, within the colony, the privileges of freemen. In a word, in lieu of the old system of transportation, criminals underwent 18 months of the Separate System, and were sent abroad pardoned and free, with the sole condition that they should not return to England pending their term of sentence. Of the working of this plan in the case of some 460 Pentonville convicts, we have found access to pretty full details—and we can thus enable our reader to judge for himself what is the amount of *punishment* awarded by England in A.D. 1847 to the second class of crimes. We must premise, however, that the whole of this most difficult subject seems to be at sea at present. We are apparently about to abolish transportation and adopt the old *système des Bagnes* of France, while our neighbours themselves are doing away or modifying the system of keeping criminals at home, and adopting that of deporting them to Algeria. We are thinking of employing convicts in gangs on public works and in our arsenals; our neighbours have come to the

the conclusion that the valuable property contained in them would be just as safe when unguarded by a population who do not stick at murder or arson to gain their liberty. We have as yet limited the cellular discipline to eighteen months. Prussia and France and other countries have made it indefinite. However, among ourselves it would appear that many would see no objection to a longer period, or at least to recommitment to the same discipline on a second offence. Mr. Recorder Hill would only let the criminal free on proof of amendment; fixing no limit to imprisonment but that of public safety; modifying, however, the rigidity of the discipline; in short, treating the incorrigible as mad, or at least as constitutionally or organically vicious. If society could tolerate the notion, in the first place, in its present mood, and, in the second, the expense, it would certainly be protected by this mitigated *Draconism*—for the hopelessly incorrigible would die out with no worse treatment than that under which Messrs. Oxford and Macnaghten do not groan.

In the Appendix to the fourth Report on the Model Prison is a letter from Mr. Hampton, who took out 345 Pentonville people in the Sir George Seymour, in October, 1844, containing a very curious account of their amusements and occupations. The convicts seemed to have profited amazingly by their education in the prison, judging from the topics on which they ‘lectured’—‘advantages of education,’ ‘use and abuse of music,’ ‘comparative anatomy,’ ‘English history,’ ‘origin of names,’ ‘astronomy,’ ‘poetry,’ ‘the duties of domestic servants,’ ‘architecture.’ No doubt many of the lecturers were previous adepts—for, alas, the prison has had its scholars as well as its clowns. But the thirst for knowledge increases very greatly in the cell, and it is rapidly imbibed. We have had access to some other letters from gentlemen in charge of convicts, which bring the story of the experiment down to the present year. For example, Mr. Baker (an amiable and judicious surgeon of the Royal Navy) writes thus to the Governor at Pentonville from Port Phillip, May 9, 1847:—

‘The exiles, taking them as a whole, behaved well during the voyage, but there was a marked difference. I had three times the number of Pentonville men that I had from Milbank—and the Milbank offenders were very much more in number and out of proportion, and their crimes more serious. I cannot account for this; they were, with one or two exceptions, rather younger than the Pentonville men, but apparently older in iniquity, and required constant watching on my part to keep them from making a disturbance when below; they in fact had not the quiet, social gregarious habits of the Pentonville men.’

Another experienced superintendent, Dr. Robertson, R.N.,
o 2 writing

writing on the 19th of July, 1847, after his return to England, says,

‘My voyage to Hobart-town lasted 118 days. Prayers were read twice daily, and every Sunday a portion of Scripture was expounded, and I have much pleasure in saying that I never saw greater decorum and apparent sympathy in scriptural feelings than on all occasions of worship. To myself they were at all times obedient, attentively anticipating my wishes, and in every way conducted themselves to my satisfaction; indeed their manner did not cease with their leaving the ship, for I subsequently experienced it from them, wherever I met them in the colony. As a proof of the confidence I had, on arriving at Hobart-town I volunteered to take them on to Port Phillip without any guard, civil or military. I feel quite positive that if I had had a thousand such men, they would have been readily engaged within the week. . . . During the ninety days I spent in the Port Phillip district I visited various parts of the country within a hundred miles of Melbourne, frequently meeting the exiles in the fields and on the roads, &c., some as shepherds, some as labourers in the charge of wool-carts, and one as a *bullock-driver*. They seemed to a man satisfied with the treatment they received from the country gentlemen; and I was glad to find that there was general satisfaction expressed by the latter. . . . A petition was being signed for the purpose of inducing the Home Government to continue sending out these servants; and expressing their readiness to bear the half of any expense it may cost to send out their wives and children also. With respect to the number of men that might annually find employment in the district of Port Phillip, I should say at least 4000—I have been told the double, by persons of experience—and I have no doubt that in a few years, as the stock increases at the rate of one hundred per cent. annually, they will require the larger number. At present the sheep are put into flocks of 4000 and upwards, from the want of persons to attend them in the proper divisions of 1000 each, much to the injury of the feed and stock.’

We have also on our desk a whole sheaf of epistles from exiled convicts to their friends at home, and from these we shall select such specimens as will afford clearer notions of their lot than anything we could substitute.

No. 1.

‘Geelong, Port Phillip.

‘REV. SIR,—I beg to be excused for taking the liberty of addressing myself to you, but I feel it my bounden duty to return you my sincere and humble thanks for all the instruction and many good advices I have received from you, which I hope have not been altogether in vain.

‘Since my arrival in this colony I have had an opportunity of observing the general conduct of many of the first P. P. exiles, and I am happy to say that many seem to have profited by their late afflictions, and to live an upright and honest life; but, on the other hand, I am sorry to say that some appear to be almost past recovery, and to have forgotten

forgotten all the good resolutions and the many solemn promises made whilst in their solitary cell. The same is to be observed in the case of my own shipmates: some keep the narrow path, which they entered first perhaps under your instruction and guidance, and others have thrown off all regard for religion, and fear neither God nor man. Two of my shipmates absconded from my master; but they were taken in a few days, and got three months in Melbourne gaol. But with these discouraging news, as they must be to you, be not discouraged in your good work; but persevere, putting your trust in the Lord, for your labour shall not be in vain. I beg to remain your humble servant,

‘To the Rev. J. Kingsmill.’

“—— —, Reg. 514.”

No. 2.

‘Jan. 30, 1847.

‘DEAR MOTHER AND RELATIONS,—I write these few lines hoping they will find you all well, as they leave me. I have now been in this colony six months, and I have seen a little of the bush. At first I thought a life in the bush would agree well with me; but a country life here is quite different from a country life in Britain. It is very lonesome here, the houses being so far from one another. My next door neighbour is three miles off, where we are obliged to go two or three times a-day, often upon any little errand; but three miles are thought no more here than 300 yards in England. I very seldom see any fresh faces. In Britain the merry church-bells are to be heard on Sundays in all directions; but here there are no churches, only in the towns, and they are few and far between. I am 30 miles from the nearest place of worship, which is a mission station. The natural result of the absence of places of worship is, that there is very little difference between Sunday and another day. It is a common saying that Sunday don’t cross the Breakwater (which is a bridge near Corio); but public-houses are to be met with in all directions, and they are the ruin of hundreds in this colony, wine and spirits being very cheap.

‘It is now the end of winter here, and very pleasant weather it is. The rain sometimes pours down in torrents for six or seven days together without stopping, and hailstones as large as marbles sometimes break windows, and even kill small birds. The thunder-storms are awful,—the flashes of lightning follow each other so rapidly, that it seems one continual blaze,—the thunder roars, the rain pours down in torrents, the wind tears up trees by the roots,—in short, it is enough to make the stoutest heart tremble, and forces at least an awful reverence for nature’s God, who rules and governs all, at whose words the fiery elements are pacified, the rains and wind cease, and pleasant summer once more takes their place. If God give me health, I shall be able to save at least 50*l.* in four years, when, please God, I shall return to my injured friends. I have had very good health since my arrival here; and this is a country where there is plenty of work for everybody, and where there is no want, but all enjoy the necessaries, and even the luxuries of life, which is not the case in England. But still there is no place like home. Though I have a large share of what ought to make life happy,

but you could come different to that. It would be to our advantage to be together, because less would do for us than to be separate.

‘Dear Hannah, I have not told you of my freedom—I am as free as ever I was in England. No one ever looks upon me as a prisoner—quite the reverse; but I cannot leave the colony until my time is up.

‘You can go to Mr. Kingsmill and let him read my letter, for it was his wish, and it is no more than my duty, for he was a kind fatherly gentleman to me; and I am happy to say that I am able to go to my church every Sunday, which I know he will be glad to hear. Those dear children have set a mark upon my heart that I never can forget, for my daily prayer is for you and the dear little creatures. If alive, they must be grown two beautiful children. I wish I could send them a few parrots, for they fly about like pigeons; you may buy them of the natives for 6d. each. They are very handsome indeed: in fact the country abounds in such sort of birds.

‘The snakes are death if not taken in time, and rarely got over. They are things that I hate very much; but I am not up in the country where they are; for it would be awful to me to go amongst the natives, for they are cannibals. They met one of the first lot of men that came from Pentonville: they made him strip, and then felt him. A very fine thing for him that he was not fat enough for them, so they let him go again. But they are not so savage where I am; so do not let this frighten you in coming out. My dear Hannah, I think you would like the place very much if you were only in it. The time seems long to me, and always will, till I can get with you again; and, my dear, I hope there is a better prospect than ever there was in England, and by the time my 12 months is up that I shall be as good a tradesman as my master. Of course I could not take my work as a man that had been brought up to the trade, but, thank God, I get on remarkably well. My master is very well satisfied with me. He is a teetotalter, and so am I, and mean to be so till I have got you over. My dear Hannah, we live most excellently. I went to-night to the butcher’s, and bought a leg of mutton, 8 lbs. weight, for 16d. Three of us sat down to tea off it, cut up in chops, and the rest we put away for breakfast, please God we are all spared.

‘I always think of you and my beloved children—bless their pretty hearts. Give them a thousand kisses for me, and tell my dear little Johnny I shall want him soon to work as a tinker with me. It is as good a trade as any one in the colony; for earthenware is very dear here. A teacup and saucer is 6d. the commonest, so that they all use tin. I hope you have spent a comfortable Christmas. My dear, I hope you have plenty to eat and drink, for I have an abundance. I had to cook my master’s dinner, and he said it was the best dinner he ever eat. They are very partial to me, and he leaves me in charge of the shop to sell anything that may be asked for. We have three shops, so that I and two more stop in this one; and, my dear wife, I will do him justice, because he is deserving of it. Now, my dear beloved wife, I wish you all a happy new year, and many of them. God grant that this may find you alive and my blessed children, as it leaves me this night, thank God

'God for it. Forgive me, my dear wife, the ill that I have done you, and I hope it will be in my power soon to assist you. God bless you all, and farewell for the present, till we shall meet again, to part no more.'

No. 5.

'Melbourne, in Port Phillip, March, 1847.

'My dear and affectionate Wife,

'I have to inform you that Mr. — has got his wife and child here; they came out in the "Spartan" barque, from London, a month after our arrival, and are quite well and doing very comfortable. My dear, allow me to say, with truth, it was not riches and wealth, which she could have obtained had she have stopped with her friends; but it was pure love that she had for a poor fallen one, whom it hath pleased the Almighty God to raise again, that made her come out the four months' voyage to him. My dear, I trust that there is some share of that pure love that did once exist left for me, and cause you and my dear child once more to make me happy. My dear, I did think that I should have received a letter from you before this time. My dear, living is so cheap; that a man, his wife, and a family of four children may live for 10s. a-week, and have meat three times a-day. My dear, the shipwright's pay is from 7s. to 8s. a-day. If you cannot get friends to fit you out and our dear child for the voyage, write, and that as soon as possible, and I have no doubt it will be in my power to remit you what you may require for the purpose. You will, if you please, remember me to Mr. Kingsmill, a kind and benevolent Christian. Tell him I am quite well, and by the blessing of the Lord and my perseverance I trust that I shall prosper, and once more be the means of supporting and making happy and comfortable my wife and child. Thank him for all his kind admonitions to me. Give my respects to Mr. Woodcock, my instructor. I hope he and his family are quite well.'

When Mr. Baker, one of whose letters we have quoted, arrived this year in Australia Felix, one of his former charge met him with the exclamation 'We have all tumbled on our legs, sir.' He soon found this to be the truth. Within fifteen months the majority of those whom he had formerly carried out were well off. One could afford to pay 150*l.* of rent for an inn; several had houses costing 30*l.* to 40*l.* per annum. Melbourne, the capital, had added 3000 souls to its population. The bush teemed with its denizens. 'Boats full of these enterprising men came alongside the ship, eager to hire farm-labourers and other servants.' Such was the demand, that the contractor for government-works refused to take up any further engagements, in consequence of the very high rate of wages. A long list of Pentonville men, with their wages, their masters, and location, is now before us, which would raise the envy of many an honest struggler at home—board, lodging, and 25*l.* to 30*l.* a-year. The large proprietors

prietors being short of emigrant-hands, and without prospects of getting them from home, were sending vessels to Polynesia for natives, sixty of whom had already been located on one gentleman's property (Mr. Boyd's).

Here, then, is a labour-market which, it is plain, would for many years absorb thousands upon thousands of our population; and, from the nature of the country, it affords that great desideratum of criminal management—the power of dispersion. Thoughtful men, however, have been startled at the enormous advantages which this new system offers to criminals, and which seems to make punishment look very like reward:—

‘I entirely agree,’ says Lord Denman, ‘in the opinion that advantage should be taken of imprisonment to inculcate principles of morality, but I greatly dread the effects of giving them benefits and privileges which they never could have hoped for but from the commission of crimes. I own myself extremely jealous of the gratuitous instruction of the felon in a trade merely because he is a felon, and of the displacement of the honest from employment by *his* success in obtaining it.’

These words, we venture to say, will be recalled hereafter. They open a most grave question. Meantime, not to wander from our own immediate object, it seems to be the opinion of all the Superintendents, that under the discipline of the Separate System, with its *industrial and moral training*, and the subsequent deportation of criminals to a good labour-market, the great majority are reclaimed. Transportation so conducted, and with such results, is not likely, in the present state of public feeling, to want its powerful supporters; we need not, we think, doubt that it will be retained as a secondary punishment. We have abundant proof, however, that colonising with ‘rogues’ alone, or even aggregating them in numbers disproportionate to the honest part of the community, is both a blunder and a crime. The expedient of scattering convicts over the face of the globe, smuggled under the name of exiles into colonies whose laws forbid their entrance as criminals, is an acknowledgment on the part of the executive of the principle of dispersion, on that of the colonists of their willingness to receive such men as labourers. At home it is found that the reformatory discipline *has* disposed friends and employers to receive again into their circle of society the convicted and chastised criminal. Other than our penal colonies might perhaps be induced to revise their laws, and permit the introduction of transports as labourers *in aid of emigration*; we all know that most of these are crying out for hands, and can we tell why those of the reformed criminal must be less useful at the Cape, in Canada, in New Zealand, than in Australia Felix?

But then the expense!—the expense! In our anxiety to save money,

- money, we forget to look at the cost of our criminal population at home. Here, however, is Mr. Rushton, the head of the police department at Liverpool, ready to furnish us with the bill. He finds that the cost of fourteen young criminals who ran their career at home averaged at least 100 guineas a-head—independent of the expense of transportation for ten of them, and irrespective of the value of their depredations on the community:—while from 1833 to 1841 the total cost of seventy-seven boys put into the Reformatory Asylum at Stretton, was exactly 102*6*/. Of these seventy-seven boys, forty-one were effectually reformed:—

‘If you divide the cost,’ adds Mr. Rushton, ‘by the number reformed, it will be found that whilst our Liverpool system has cost 100 guineas each case, and that ten of the fourteen have been transported, it has cost only 25 guineas in the asylum where forty-one out of the seventy-seven have been reformed.’—*Report on Crim. Law*, p. 192.

According to our present system of punishment, the prison-population is in a perpetual circulation of contamination and crime. First, poor, neglected, or brought up to the trade of crime; next, in custody and before the courts—thence to the prison and hulks, and from these again thrown among their old associates, till the same necessities and temptations once more reproduce them before the judge. In this way not less than 6000 of the present inmates of prisons in England and Wales have been committed each from four to ten times. In 1839 the exact number was 5573. The cost of each prisoner in our county-gaols is about 26*6*/. a-year, or 10*s.* a-week. In the model-prison the net annual cost is 28*6*/. per man, after deducting his earnings, or 33*6*/. exclusive of such deduction. On these data Mr. Baker* has estimated the expenses charged on the country by a convict sentenced to ten years’ transportation—say one of Mr. Rushton’s juveniles, who had previously cost Liverpool 100 guineas in detections and prosecutions. This convict will cost, on an average—

| | |
|----------------------------------------------|-----|
| Eight weeks in the county gaol | £ 4 |
| Eight weeks in Milbank | 4 |
| Passage to Van Diemen’s Land | 17 |
| Four years’ maintenance in Van Diemen’s Land | 80 |

£105

By the previous processes then he had cost 100*6*/. and it requires another hundred to transport him:—the sole advantage to the country his absence from it: the moral part of the question sunk altogether. Under the Separate System, including that eighteen

* ‘A Plan for Emigration, for diminishing Crime and Misery, and for saving Public Money,’ MS., which we trust may be rendered public,

months' training at Pentonville which gives him so fair a chance of becoming an useful citizen, the cost will be just 242*l.*—the difference is forty pounds!

The old plan for cheapness was in one word—the gallows. That is happily over for the present. May not a more humane and not less efficient plan be found, viz.—abridge the costs by arresting the career? *Obsta principiis* is the soundest of maxims in criminal legislation. To effect this the arm of justice must still be terrible at first. The evidence of the Judges affords a striking unanimity as to the uselessness of short imprisonments; at least six months are asked, if you desire to reform the culprit; less than that is harmful. The arm of the law must also be strengthened, and Baron Parke and Mr. Justice Pattison suggest, as respects juveniles—1. To give magistrates a power of summary jurisdiction with the intervention of a small jury: the offender, his parents, or guardians, having the power of objecting to the jurisdiction, and electing a trial in the ordinary way instead. 2. To give the magistrate the power of sentencing to a term of imprisonment, a part of which term shall not be absolute, but capable of being diminished by good conduct in the gaol. A similar power, they think, should be given to the presiding judge or magistrate on an ordinary trial. (*Appendix*, p. 24.)

The treatment of convicts, after they have undergone the discipline of the Separate System, is offered by the executive to us under a twofold aspect. First, that of 'exile,' the history of which we have traced; and which saves all the expense of convict maintenance subsequent to deportation. Secondly, that of the 'gang system,' which, we believe, is in contemplation. It is, no doubt, hoped that, having previously undergone the discipline of the Separate System, the culprit will not deteriorate by being kept in constant communication with his fellows *alone*;—but experience is certainly against the hazarding this experiment. If such a mass of convicts be kept congregated, what the inevitable difficulties of management must be, may be learned from the evidence of the Bishop of Tasmania and others. The terror of their superintendents and the ferocity of the gangs of Van Diemen's Land may perhaps be mitigated, but cannot be annulled anywhere. If again they are to be fractioned and divided and scattered both at home and abroad, wherever public works are required, this limited dispersion will be less objectionable, but still it must be onerous and expensive. But there is yet another very serious point to be kept in view. If some 4000 or 5000 felons per annum are in future not only to be retained within our shores during their term of sentence, but on its expiration are to be at once let loose among us—the contemplation of such a nucleus

cleus of doubtful virtue among our population—a nucleus so rapidly swelling—is, we confess, somewhat startling. The unstained poor are struggling for occupation in our crowded community; is it likely that the branded and notorious gangster will be received and trusted *ad eundem*? And if not, where is he? and what has he to do here, homeless in a crowd?*

Transportation, under a modified Assignment System, ought surely to be reconsidered. There is copious evidence that it was too hastily abandoned. It is by far the least costly to the government, and might be made highly beneficial to the criminal. In this last view Mr. Baker strongly urges that the punishment of transportation should be extended to a greater number of offences. The criminal population among us is well known: character, therefore, as some of the authorities in the Report have suggested, as well as the nature of the act, should determine the degree of the punishment. It might be competent to the executive either to give a convict in the first instance all the chances belonging to such an educational captivity as that of Pentonville, or at once to transport him to a colony: even in the latter case the man is rescued from the associations and temptations of his old career. Mr. Baker has no doubt that the cost both of the prison here and the voyage out would be gladly repaid by our colonists, on receiving an assignment for two years, in two yearly instalments—after which period and payments the convict would have acquired his pardon.

As to means subsidiary to and complementary of the Separate System, there is among the works heading this article one which deserves the most serious consideration, that of M. Bonneville, not only from its display of great practical knowledge, but from the curious similarity of views and plans with those elicited from our own judges by Lord Erougham's Committee. We would particularly call attention to M. Bonneville's chapter on *restitution*. Lord Denman had arrived at the same point:—‘I would

* ‘It appears that the chief town of Norway is so injuriously affected by the proportion which the liberated convicts bear to its population—nearly one in thirty—that the inhabitants have been called upon by the police to provide the means of their own security from such persons. In France, where between 7000 and 8000 convicts are liberated yearly, the superintendence of the police (*surveillance*) and the compulsory and fixed residence of the convict are found very insufficient, especially since the invention of railways. The residence of the liberated convicts is found to be a permanent danger to society. The system of imprisonment (*reclusion*), or of the *Bagnes*, or *Travaux forcés*, is of little effect in reforming or even in deterring from a repetition of the offences punished, and the proportion of those recommitted for new offences is not less than thirty per cent. Thus, of about 90,000 persons tried in the whole kingdom, above 15,000, or one-sixth of the whole number, had already suffered imprisonment, to say nothing of the corrupting effects produced on the community even by those who escaped a second punishment. —*Second Report on Criminal Law*, p. 7.

(he says) make restitution of the thing stolen, or its money-value, a part of the sentence. This principle might be usefully adopted in all cases of loss by theft or fraud.' It has been enforced ever since 1803 by the codes of Austria, Sardinia, and Baden; and, it seems, with excellent results. Let the English thief too be made to know that, besides the punishment due to the moral offence as expiatory, he must bear the burden of reparation also. In France the thief generally buries his stolen money, and, if convicted and sent to prison, returns after a few years to his treasure, increased by his earnings during detention. With us the receiver of stolen goods makes over his spoil to relatives, who are often rich; and thus escaping forfeiture, it is remitted to him after he had been transported—at once converting the convict into the Australian capitalist. Civil restitution is perfectly feasible in all this class of criminals. In others of less capital, either the guilty person will disgorge, or, if he have spent the money, his friends will come forward to his aid.* The seeming injustice of thus mulcting innocent connexions is to be met by its not being compulsory, and by the right it gives the reliever to control the man in future. The absolute insolvent, who cannot otherwise repair the loss occasioned by his depredations, should do so by the sweat of his brow. Until he has done that, he can have no right to consider his labour as his own.

Education has now most wisely been viewed in connexion with its bearings on crime. We have seen what it does for the convict of Pentonville. A wise system would not only furnish principles of conduct, but hold out some assured prizes for which all could contend (and all bettered for the conflict), and which some would attain. Our forefathers understood this: their foundations and grammar-schools carried the boy into manhood, and furnished him with the prospect of a competence. These have, from the rise in the value of property, attracted the cupidity of the richer classes, who have in too many cases usurped the advantages meant for their humble brethren. Our parish schools, excellent though they be, give no such hope as lighted up the vista of a life from youth to old age in our monastic institutions. The charity-boy must shift for himself—he may or may not succeed in the scramble of life—but there is no hand to help him on but his own. A broader charity is wanted—a charity founded not in the despairs but in the hopes of our nature—which will cheer the heart in the heat and struggle of the battle, and will not wait to open for disappointment and decrepitude the asylum

* A very large annual surplus is left, after paying all the expenses of our recruiting department, from moneys raised by the poor relations of soldiers for the purchase of their relatives' discharge.

and the almshouse. Among our libertics give these the Liberty of Hoping. Can there be no un-penal Parkhurst for the offspring of Honest Poverty? Is that splendid institution to be the appanage only of the vicious? You have begun to provide for your soldiers in your colonies, and the view of the few thus cared for animates and strengthens the whole class. Extend the principle to the poorer classes generally, and a very few prizes thus offered to those who will qualify for it may do more to popularise education than any mechanism of Bell or Lancaster.

ART. IX.—*The present State of the Currency practically considered.* London, pp. 76. 1847.

THIS pamphlet contains a reprint of Articles (some of them very ably written) on the monetary controversies arising out of our still continued commercial distress, which have appeared in the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and the *Standard*. We might also have placed at the head of our paper the titles of some dozens of new pamphlets on the same topics—embracing as many different views of them. These discussions seem to leave the contest as hot as ever. We have so lately taken our own share in it that we may be excused for not entering into the thick of the battle again just as yet. But it has occurred to us that we might perhaps contribute an acceptable service by throwing together a few remarks on a branch of the subject, which, though of the most vital importance to the general issue, has appeared to us to be very much neglected in most of the disquisitions, which have fallen under our observation; we allude to that circle of causes which, under all systems and in all states of the currency, is for ever at work to disturb from time to time the even tenor of commercial credit and adventure, and from the operation of which, in producing occasional monetary crises of greater or less intensity, we can scarcely hope that any legislative precautions will ever entirely protect us.

Every one who has considered the subject will be aware, that when the world, or a nation, or an individual, engaged during any period in production, has replaced what has been consumed, and restored what has been dilapidated during the production, and has beyond this produced more, the world, the nation, or the individual, has created what may (in a phrase universally understood) be called fresh capital. We will take the simplest illustration which occurs to us. A man lives by the

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the cultivation of land; he cultivates it by the hands of himself and his own family. At the end of the year he has met his engagements, fed himself and his family,—nothing remains, and he starts again.* But the next year he is more successful. At the end of that year, after having performed all that is above enumerated, he finds himself still in possession of beef, pork, and bread,[†] and beer and cheese. He has created fresh capital, and is, of course, anxious to invest it productively. Having determined in what way he will improve his land or premises, he will probably send for labourers, and he will feed them on these accumulated stores while they are making the improvement. When the stores are consumed, then his capital will be invested. Let us suppose the third year to be like the first,—no surplus; then he has no capital to invest. He must wait for a successful year, and a fresh creation of capital before he invests again. The rule for the nation or the world is the same as for the individual. On this simple principle hangs what we call popularly the value of money. If any one of the three parties attempts to invest more than the fresh capital created, he involves himself in struggles and difficulties; if less, then he gets for his fresh capital no returns.

This creation of fresh capital is constantly in progress in Great Britain, though with varying rapidity. It has transformed the country from a wilderness into a garden, and has performed other things, to which we may advert in the progress of our argument. Practically, we treat the created capital as money seeking investment; and indeed a portion of it will generally exist in the shape of the precious metals. Between 1840 and 1845 ten millions of the fresh capital reached England in the shape of bullion, uselessly as it might then appear to us, but most providentially considering the subsequent course of events. The remainder of the created capital exists in the shape of goods, which are represented by credits, capable of being used as money, and which confer the power of regulating the direction of this created and uninvested capital.

We will, for simplicity, treat these accumulations as money seeking investment; and we wish to direct the attention of our readers to the separate instincts of the two great classes who have in this country the power of directing the investment of this unemployed money. We shall then have laid grounds which will enable us to show how simple, normal, and intelligible has been, in the main, the progress of each of our own monetary crises since the year 1815. We are stern bullionists. We say that a pound is 23 grains and a fraction of standard gold, and ought always (as far as such creatures as we are qualified to say always) to be so. We have selected this date, because, while
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it gives us a sufficiently long period for illustration, it does avoid any doubt or question about depreciation, and it also avoids any period of active war expenditure. We are perfectly aware that panics and crises, with their usual accompaniments, took place before 1815, and would under any standard. But we think we have enough for our purpose.

We will take first the manufacturing and mercantile classes: adverting shortly to the circumstances which give somewhat of a varied direction to the investment of their respective accumulations.

The manufacturer who finds at the end of the year a larger balance at his banker's than is necessary for conducting his business at its present extent, obeys a very natural and a very reasonable impulse when he employs the surplus in increasing his business. He keeps his capital under his own eye and control, and the existence of the surplus proves that the state of the trade in which it has accumulated justifies the application. By this process the half-dozen spinning-jennies, first collected in a loft by Arkwright, have expanded into the fifteen hundred cotton-factories which now exist within thirty miles of the Exchange at Manchester. 'So you are building another cotton mill!'—'They build one another,' was the reply of an old and successful spinner.

*Extraneous capital has only gone into the cotton manufacture on the legitimately acquired and generally well-vindicated credit of those who created the trade and have carried it on, and has been applied under their guidance. So universally has this been the case that we believe that in almost every instance in which unconnected parties have, under the idea of large profits, thrust themselves and their money into that business, they have pretty speedily retired, leaving their money behind them. In early life we were acquainted with a gentleman who at forty-five retired from the wine-trade, having realized a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. He unfortunately visited Manchester, and on the Exchange there he could not cast his eyes on any side without their lighting on men who had been themselves operatives, or at most were only removed from that class by one generation, who were still in the vigour of mercantile life, and who were reputed to be worth eighty, one hundred, two hundred thousand pounds. He determined to be a manufacturer. He built a mill in the most approved form, and filled it with new machinery. In twelve years the mill stood for want of cotton; the broker and the banker were inexorable. Like *Jeames de la Pluche*, our friend was the 'soul of honour:' the relics of 30,000*l.* paid to his creditors fourteen shillings in the pound; and he finished his life in a country town as commission agent to a London wine-house.

This

This is no solitary instance. We bring it forward to exemplify our statement that the manufacturing districts have been covered with their existing enormous amount of fixed capital—mills, warehouses, houses, shops, water and gas works, with a hundred *et ceteras*—mainly by accumulations within the trade to which they administer.

But even these vast undertakings did not exhaust the wealth which was created by the manufacturers. A very large amount of canal property was always held in Manchester and its neighbourhood; a circumstance which we only mention incidentally, to exemplify the disposition of the manufacturing body to fix their accumulations;—of which a further confirmation is found in the singular fact that 35 years ago ‘*Wheeler’s Chronicle*,’ the only newspaper then published in Manchester, appeared week after week without any London city article, and without any quotation of the price of stocks. Indeed, it is only since trusts have multiplied with the multiplication of wealth, that the public funds have been known at all generally to the manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire as a mode of investing money. We have taken the largest manufacture in Great Britain as our instance; but we believe that the same statement would be true in respect to every other large branch of our national manufacturing industry.

The accumulations of the purely mercantile and trading class have not merged so immediately in brick, mortar, iron, and timber—as those of the manufacturing class. A large portion of them has no doubt gone to create the British mercantile marine; another portion has been expended, at home, in the colonies, and in foreign countries, in creating establishments destined to increase the facilities of British commerce; but a portion has at all times floated on the surface of the money-market, recurring to its owners from time to time by the maturity of the temporary investment, or easily revocable by its realization.

Another class remains, exceedingly varied in its composition, but having this common quality, that they have been rendered by their occupations and habits an unbargaining class. In every pecuniary transaction they feel the suspicion which inexperience renders natural and reasonable. This class includes all professional men, civil, military, and ecclesiastical; all who depend on fixed salaries; those generally whose incomes are realized; trustees; and all those timid and very provident persons who are the modern representatives of the hoarders of a more ignorant and less secure state of society. This class is in the aggregate a vast accumulator. Every quarter-day presents a vast sum seeking interest without trouble and without risk. To have the Bank of England, with its unbounded and mysterious wealth,

wealth, as a paymaster ; to find the private bankers debited in the pass-book at the end of every half-year 'To Div^d. on £3630 Con^r. £——;' to be able to invest through a broker for a small charge, his power of imposition being confined within very narrow limits by quotations in every newspaper ;—these circumstances satisfy so many feelings, and obviate so many inconveniences, that our investors are reconciled to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and often, for a time at least, to less ; for the banks of deposit in England and Scotland, which allow a low rate of interest, are mainly supported by this quiescent class. They are, in fact, merely its agents to bring this mass of money into the general market. Every monetary crisis confirms the propensities, justifies the wisdom, and recruits the numbers of those who, in their investments, make security and ease the first, and profit the second, consideration. Regular, though slow, when others fail, they flourish ; they burst on the market with no gluts, but they keep up a constant pressure on the value of money ; the silent plodding operation of compound interest is always there.

With respect to accumulations arising from the cultivation of land, it may be enough to say that the cultivator generally follows the same instincts as the manufacturer, and invests his fresh capital in the extension of his own business. But the great variety which exists in the terms on which land is occupied in this country renders this a very complicated subject. We hope to be able to recur to it on some future occasion. Without doubt a general accumulation of money presses up the price of land as much as it does the price of consols ; but a simple purchase of either has no effect on the money-market. There is as much money, as much land, and as much consols as before, and whether they belong to A, B, or C, in the order which we have named them respectively, or in any other order in which changes can be rung on these letters, makes no difference to the market of either. When money is laid out on land with the view of making it more valuable, the capital may be profitably fixed, or it may be dissipated. Of the former, we have all known instances ; and of the latter, very many. The passion for improving land is universal, and in new proprietors very ardent. Every gentleman who has studied agriculture from the windows of the Hounslow and Bank 'buss, who attends the Christmas show and dinner at Smithfield, applauds the Duke of Richmond's speech, and pays his annual guinea to the Royal Agricultural Society, having bought an estate, thinks himself qualified to improve it. Twenty years ago subdividing all the fields was an improvement ; now, throwing down half the fences. But, of all the modes of dissipating capital by applying it to land, an enclosure by Act of Parliament and commissioners is the

the most simple. Before many of our readers were born, an Act passed for enclosing 14,000 acres of waste land. Of this 7000 acres were filtered through the digestive organs of commissioners, surveyors, clerks, and their satellites. Towards the conclusion of this process, the clerk to the enclosure, one of the most popular as well as most social men we ever knew, stated in the course of a convivial speech, 'that he was either 46 years old or 64: the figures were the same, and his hearers might take it either way.' He might have added, that he had been both ages in the course of his enclosure clerkship. He was 44 years old when he signed the first advertisement under the commissioners, and he was 66 when he witnessed the signatures of the commissioners to the final award. The commission died off more than once of gout and apoplexy. The unhappy commoners, their heirs and assigns, after having been deprived for 22 years of stockage and other rights of common—after having seen half of their land sold and dissipated in the manner described above—learnt at length, by public advertisement, that a parchment had been deposited with the Clerk of the Peace, on which was delineated and described the modicum of land allotted to every claimant,—and there the matter ended.

Since the peace in 1815 money crises in this country have nearly conformed to a decennial recurrence. The grand exception of 1839 is manifestly referable to a failure of food. The years 1825, 35, and 45, with those immediately following, each have been marked by the same broad features—a glut of money, a wild speculation, scarcity, remorse, and suffering; and the nation starts again on confirmed principles of prudence and caution. One-pound notes have been suppressed; banks having more than six partners legalized; the Bank Charter has been tinkered more than once; banks of issue have been regulated and restrained. Time after time we have been assured that speculation and panics would cease, because the exciting causes of the former and the pabulum of the latter had been put down by act of Parliament. But the course of 1825, recurring in 1835, repeated in 1845, and probably to be repeated again in 1855, holds on its way totally regardless of the quackery which, smothered in returns and statistics, has wholly passed by the simple principles by which, mainly it is governed.

Let us endeavour to trace this course, commencing with the period of prudence and caution to which a panic has brought the country. The engagements of the hot fit have, with whatever pain, been liquidated, compromised, or otherwise closed. From the walks of mercantile and manufacturing industry, two classes have disappeared—those who went too fast, and those who went

too slow—those who without the requisite power and depth aspired to lead, and those who from old habits and connexions were unable to follow—those who flashed into the front, and those who dwindled into the rear. Every one who has seen a large field of horses start in the same race will have observed that those which dash off at a pace which the main body cannot maintain, speedily join in the rear those whose natural rate will not bring them into an average place. The steady, deep, persevering runners carry on the race. As one effect of the crisis just passed, stocks of everything, except the raw produce of the earth in its first shape, are light. Perhaps, nationally, this is its worst effect. Pecuniary difficulties can only be overcome by producing more, whereas the tendency of a crisis is to make the nation produce less. In the mercantile and manufacturing classes the rate of accumulation has been retarded, or, more probably, accumulation has been altogether suspended. But the earth goes on producing. We have heard of many factories which have ceased to produce calico because the hire of money was 8 per cent. per annum. We seldom hear of a field which has ceased to produce wheat for the same reason. Cattle and sheep procreate and rear their young, heedless of the dismay which reigns in Capel Court and Threadneedle Street. Here, then, the foundation is laid; and where peace prevails, and property and person are secure, men will produce, and trade, and accumulate. But, passing by the state of the mercantile and manufacturing classes in this early stage of revival, let us see how it fares with the quiet class of accumulators. We see several things which will accelerate their rate of accumulation—nothing occurs to us which will retard it. Indeed, we are inclined to think that with this class accumulation goes on fastest in times of pecuniary pressure, and slowest in times of abundance. In the first place, when great abundance reigns, large sums always lie idle, as far as the first hand is concerned, yielding him nothing. He, somewhat spurning 3 per cent., has not yet acquired sufficient hardihood to venture on a novel, or more hazardous, or more troublesome security—and leaves his money in the Bank of England, or at his private banker's, by whom a portion of it is cautiously employed at the existing low rate. But 5, and still more 8, per cent. calls all these sums into use. From time to time moneys come in which were lent at a low, and go out again at an enhanced, rate of interest. This is a complicated subject. When employment is curtailed, of course accumulation by the working classes must be curtailed also. We are inclined, however, to think that the case of the manufacturing and that of the saving classes generally was pretty accurately summed up the other day by a Manchester gentleman who belongs to both
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(being a great cotton-spinner, and employing also a large sum of money in temporary investments), who, in answer to the remark that cotton-spinning was bad, said 'Yes; but lending money on railway shares is good.'

On the whole, we think no one will be disposed to deny that this saving class does accumulate during and after panic at a very rapid rate; and that their accumulations do press and must press on the rate of interest. The first assault is usually made on Consols; they are beset on every side, and must rise in price. Consols contain within themselves no principle of expansion, and though Chancellors of the Exchequer have done as much to expand them as could reasonably be expected after thirty years of peace, by dint of twenty millions for the Negroes, and eight for the Irish, and two or three at different times for Whig deficiencies; still Consols are a fixed quantity. When a sale of them takes place, as much comes out as goes in, and the pressure on the rate of interest is not relieved. Then there is the money of the irresolute, who cannot forget that Consols have been at par and below 80 within a short period, and will not touch them. Their money falls, for the time, into the hands of the dealers, and its first effect is to stimulate trade. 'Mr. A.,' says the discount-broker, 'you were naming, a short time back, some long-dated bills. The state of the market did not permit our touching them at that time, but we should be happy to see you now.' And so Mr. A., getting his long bills discounted at a rate which, when tested by the prices current, appears likely to leave a profit, enters into some adventure which he would otherwise have let alone. But even to this there is a natural limit. Draw and discount as you will, you can but effect the exchange of all the goods which exist; and recent events in corn and cotton have shown us how nearly consumption treads on production. Meanwhile, the exaggerated prudence produced by the last crisis has lasted six or seven years. Accumulation has gone on; the earth has yielded its average produce; manufacturing and mercantile industry have provided for their own extension. There is no use in continuing to knock at the door of the discount-houses, or of Consols, Exchequer-bills, or mortgages. You may, indeed, drive up the price till you have little more than the honour of possessing the security; but, invest as much as you will in these securities, there is no less unemployed money, there is no more interest to be paid. If more interest must be paid, more money must be employed in some way which will yield it. Willing or unwilling, directly or indirectly, you must—we should say *speculate*, if it had not pleased Chancellors of the Exchequer to make that word disreputable. We will say, as less offensive, that you
must

must enterprise. You must drain morasses, or subdue wilds, or embank estuaries, or cut through isthmuses, or make some new work, or improve some old one, in a manner which will give a return on the money expended.

There is indeed one other plan. You may invest your money so that you shall never see the principal again nor any interest. This is unsatisfactory to those who happen to be engaged in the transaction, but it is a great relief to the market. We have availed ourselves of it pretty extensively in each of the three last great gluts of money—in the two first spontaneously, in the third by compulsion. It is managed in various ways. You may lend to people who spend the money in cutting one another's throats, and therefore cannot pay you—the Spaniards for instance, and their descendants in the Old World and in the New: this we did in 1825. You may expend money on mines, abroad or at home, which do not exist, or which will not return the expenses of working: for this also we may quote the year 1825; and if any gentleman will turn back to a share-list of Christmas 1826 7, he will find many other instances which tell the same story. You may, like the Canon of St. Paul's, of facetious memory, lend to people who can pay, but will not. The money may be laid out productively—but not to you. The present effect is the same, and the market is relieved. You may make Thames Tunnels, or useless buildings, or useful ones too expensively. The Government may come to your aid. It is exactly the same whether they dissipate or you; if they did not dissipate they would save, and would be increasing the pressure by redeeming Consols at par. But instead of this they may make Caledonian Canals, or Shannon Navigations; they may take the Ordnance-office to their counsels, and fortify all the world. A million went very soon at Vido, and untold millions—we shall probably never know the amount—on the line of lakes and canals in Canada, at St. Hellier, Ascension, and many other places, known only to the Royal Engineers. For the unnamed *private* follies of that crisis we must refer our readers to the share-lists from 1835 to 1837.

Then comes the third and last glut of money, in which, as far as investments without return are concerned, the famine of 1845-6 represents the follies of 1825-6 and those of 1835-6. Whatever we paid for food, to make up for the deficiency in our own average produce, was money paid for which we shall have no pecuniary return present or future. We will only name one other mode of dissipating money, which was peculiar to the last hot fit. We not only surveyed, planned, and sectioned, and deposited at the Board of Trade, and at many other places, every possible and every impossible line in England, Scotland, and
Ireland,

Ireland, but we took a good wide range over the rest of the world. We kept an army of martyrs (in the etymological sense of the word) who sustained, from 11 in the morning to 4 in the afternoon, for five days in the week, from February to August, a constant ascending and descending stream up the wide staircases which lead to the New Committee Rooms of the Lords and Commons; besides filling with a crowd, which a weak man elbowed through with difficulty, every passage, avenue, lobby, hole, and corner in the neighbourhood. Engineers, surveyors, attorneys' clerks, traffic-takers, notice-servers, &c. &c., waited for ten days together to be examined, and then, after half an hour of examination, waited for five or six more to see whether they were to be recalled; daily retired at four o'clock to Henderson's Hotel, the 'Union,' or the 'Hummums,' to recruit the body with very unwonted delicacies; and then relieved the tedium of so monotonous a life at the French Play, or perhaps 'the Hall of Rome.' We are not speaking of expenses which attach to any Railway bill which has passed, to any Railway which is made, is making, or is ever likely to be made. We speak of the money which was spent on Railway bills which were defeated or withdrawn, and have not reappeared. To this expenditure we can approximate by a calculation which must be considerably under the mark. In the year 1845 alone (*see* paper 208, Feb. 1846) 14,651,817*l.* was paid in under the 10 per cent. standing order. We certainly shall not be over the mark if we say that one-half of this money was paid in by lines which have disappeared. In them will be included the competing lines rejected sometimes two or three in one group, the independent lines rejected on standing orders or on merits, and all lines merged, bought off, and withdrawn. Surely we shall not err if we say that the depositors on these defeated lines did not receive back more than one-half of their deposits: we fear 6*s.* or 7*s.* in the pound would be nearer the mark. But take it at one-half; then we have 3,663,704*l.* as the money spent and irrevocably gone on Railways in the year 1845 alone. And how much must this be within the mark! It includes no line withdrawn before paying the 10 per cent.; it includes no defeated branch of an old line, because they always evaded the 10 per cent. by saddling the new scheme on some power of raising money previously obtained. It includes no defeated nor annihilated water-works, gas-works, docks, piers, and harbours; they were not subject to the 10 per cent. clause. Then there is nothing for what was fruitlessly spent *abroad*. When we say that millions have been spent and lost, we do not mean that a set of men have bought shares and have sold them
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for so much less money; we mean that the money has been spent, and tried to be converted into fixed capital—and there is *nothing*—nothing more reproductive than a Poyais bond, a Thames Tunnel, a Caledonian Canal, or the plan and section of a railway in the Sierra Morena.

We have thus suggested some of the main heads under which money was dissipated in each of the three crises: not because we consider this as the main feature in the case, but because it has indisputable and very considerable weight, and because in disputations on our pecuniary difficulties we have seldom seen money spent recognised as of much importance, and money lost, never. It is always something wrong with the currency, or over-trading, or over-production, or want of confidence. —

‘Folks don’t pay,’ said the dog’s-meat man,
 ‘And I’ll tell you the reason why;
 Tis ’cos they’ve paid as long as they can;
 They’ve drawn the cash, and the tap is dry.’

and so said many a trader besides. Money’s scarce! Why? ‘It is all the Bank of England,’ say Sir W. Clay, Mr. Jones Loyd, and their disciples, who seem to think that, by some clever management of the Bank, we might spend our money without perceiving that it was gone. ‘It’s all the bill of 1819,’ say Messrs. Muntz, Spooner, and Newdigate. ‘It is all the bill of 1844,’ say the Chambers of Commerce. But no one, except the Times newspaper and the Dog’s-meat man, thinks of saying money is scarce because we have spent it—part of it so that we cannot get it back in a hurry, and part of it so that we shall never get it back at all—gone from us and our heirs for ever as much as if it were gone beyond Jericho to the bottom of the Dead Sea.

We have already stated that dealings in existing unexpensive securities, paying a definite amount of interest (say twenty millions, or any other sum), are mere transfers of the securities to the parties who at the moment are willing to pay most for the right to receive that interest. A. has 150*l.* of loose money, and B. has a transferable claim to receive 3*l.* per annum. A. in his extremity gives B. 150*l.* for the 3*l.* per annum; then B. has 150*l.* of loose money. No difficulty is solved; there is but 3*l.* per annum between them. If they must have more they must make it by enterprise, adventure, or speculation. John Bull, when he has money, is a careful and rather timid animal, and, to a certain point, long-suffering. It is said, that when a lion is gorged with food, a child may play with him. But no one doubts the fate of the child if the lion’s next meal be omitted or curtailed. Give John good interest, paid half-yearly, and, though never contented, he is very quiescent. For many years he was taught

taught by law that the interest of money was 5 per cent. ; and even after the law was changed he felt rather ashamed of himself when he took more ; though we dare say that feeling is now wearing off. Under the influence of prudence, generated by alarm, he submits to 4 per cent. quietly ; with much grumbling he may tolerate 3 per cent. ; but at 2 per cent. his inmost soul revolts. In fact, every wild speculation in England has begun by John's rebellion against 2 per cent. Then his native spirit of enterprise, which has only been in abeyance, revives. Some one brings forward a new scheme, or resuscitates an old one ; canals, waterworks, docks, gas, each in its turn : but we will take our illustration from the great absorbing investment of the present day—Railways. An inventive genius proposes to lay a road with parallel lines of iron—by no means a novel proposition ; but his road surpassed, both in its plan and in its execution, anything which had before been attempted. As the work approached completion, slowly and cautiously he announced that he intended to convey passengers by locomotive steam. Eight miles an hour was talked of, but twenty was intended and immediately attained. This Liverpool and Manchester Railway originated in the hot fit of 1823-4, and was completed by 1830. The success was indisputable ; but the nation, smarting from 1825-6, was cautious. Storms of opposition rose on every side—canal-owners, reasonably alarmed for the value of their property ; county-towns, which imagined that their prosperity depended on the travelling chariots that rolled through their streets ; posting and coach masters, whose existence seemed to be at stake ; every carrier, from Pickford and Co. to Jacques the higgler, who travelled twice a-week from Hitchen to London with butter and eggs. Every publican was alarmed ; country gentlemen declared that their lands, and fox-hunters that their sport, would be ruined : every prophet from Isaiah to Malachi predicted evil. If we repeated their prophecies we should seem to those who do not remember the period to be romancing. They extended from the ruin of the wayside inn to the setting of the sun of Britannia, never to rise again ; which last was to be thus effected : that every nobleman and gentleman would desert the country, which would be left to radicals, navvies, engineers, and manufacturers. No wonder the Legislature was cautious. But the accumulation of money and the continued fall of the rate of interest allayed the fears, answered the arguments, and set at nought the prophecies. Before interest had fallen to its lowest point in 1835, the London and Birmingham, the Grand Junction, all the Midlands, the Derby and Birmingham, and several short lines in the manufacturing districts, had obtained the sanction of the Legislature, and

and were in various stages of construction. During the same period our capitalists, curtailed in their interest at home, had entered into a vast speculation in North American securities. The usual results followed: *the money was spent*. Interest rose; the principal American merchants could not realize their securities, and stopped payment. Then came the struggle between money for temporary and recurring purposes, and money for fixed investment; railways attempted to carry on their works by the issue of preference shares and other irregular securities. Crisis, panic, and everything that everybody ought to have expected ensued. But instead of this, everybody wondered how it could be. It was not one-pound notes—it must be either the Bank of England or joint-stock banks. The Chamber of Commerce in Manchester said it was all the Bank of England, and demanded a parliamentary commission, and to be allowed to give evidence before it. And they did give evidence, in pages almost interminable; and they said that the Bank of England sported with their property, and made them richer or poorer by millions at its pleasure. And the Scotch bankers gave evidence, and the English bankers, and the Directors of the Bank of England, and Mr. Muntz, and Mr. St. Jones Loyd, and Mr. Page (a pet, we believe, of Mr. Joseph Hume's), and Mr. Thompson. And all the great men attended diligently—six present and past, and perhaps two or three future, Chancellors of the Exchequer. Then there was much wise discussion in the Commons. Sir William Clay we think (if we wrong the honourable Baronet we beg his pardon) discovered that the evil arose because 'there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes.' The remedy was to have only one bank of issue. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer said that the joint-stock banks re-discounted their bills; and we believe he repeated this statement with much horror in the last session of Parliament. Much wise care was expended on the bullion in the Bank of England and on the foreign exchanges; returns were invented so minute that they would let us know almost from hour to hour what the Bank was doing; and many sage fears were expressed; but almost by a miracle the law escaped alteration. In five years, while we were busying ourselves with other things, as if by magic, the bullion in the Bank of England was fourteen millions, and the interest of money was from three to two per cent. And what was going on elsewhere? Brother Jonathan, troubled with no vested interests or residential cares, had in his cursory way completed 1000 miles of railway. Every nation on the continent was astir. British patriots were alarmed, and British statesmen advised the straight course and turned the first sod. Great bankers and capitalists

capitalists appeared as chairmen and directors of various lines of railway, and as projectors of others. From this moment reserve and caution were abandoned, and the cry was, 'The devil take the hindmost!' A provisional committee, an ordnance map, and a straight-edge were all that was necessary for laying down a line of railway. Everything came out at a premium. The discreetest, the wisest, the richest, the most noble, sued to men of straw for allotments of shares, in terms the urgency of which would have astounded the independent, and, when refused, expressed their resentment in terms which would have shocked the polite. No doubt it was very provoking to have demeaned oneself to such people, and to have got nothing by it.

Next came the demand for food. We spent our money, and we know all the rest. Indeed, we are playing the return game at this moment.

Hitherto we have spoken only of the increment and decrement of realized, but floating and unfixed, capital; but another element enters too largely into the value of money to be overlooked. In this country an always large, but very variable, amount of credit is used as capital; and its fluctuations are probably more operative in stimulating the very high and very low values of money than the more regular movements of realized capital. This credit is, in fact, an anticipation of capital, a using of capital before it is created. It is probably capital in course of creation, and with respect to which there is at the time good faith that it will be created. By certain mercantile and money-broking manoeuvres this anticipated capital is enabled to liquidate engagements for which realized capital must otherwise have been employed, and for which the requisite amount must have been constantly kept floating. Perhaps instances, similar in principle to those with which we have unhappily become too familiar, may explain this more clearly than any mere attempt at abstract description.

The great house of Bamboo and Co. trade with the East Indies, and the great house of Cockleshell and Co. with the Mauritius, being much engaged in indigo and sugar respectively. Each house keeps a loose 50,000*l.*, in order to insure regularity and ease in the conduct of its business. This money it employs in short investments, having it always within reach in case of emergency. Of course, when money is abundant, short investments give a low rate of interest, perhaps $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 per cent. For several years previous to each of the years 1825, 1835, and 1845, bills of lading, or some certificate of produce *en route* from distant parts of the world, or the six months' acceptances of great houses in London, were cash in Lombard Street on some moderate terms :
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the rate of discount might vary $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from month to month, or at shorter intervals; but somewhere within 5 per cent. they were always cash. In the course of business such documents came regularly into the hands of B. and Co. and C. and Co. While matters stand thus, some great indigo-planters come to B. and Co., and say, 'We are prepared to offer to you our agency, but we expect that our agents should advance us 50,000*l.* You will always be amply covered by goods. The interest on the 50,000*l.* will be 5, or 6, or 8 per cent., according to the rate which money may bear in India at the time; and the profits of the agency are very large.' The offer is tempting. On one side is 1500*l.*, which the 50,000*l.* may make by short investments; on the other is 4000*l.* of interest, many thousands of commission, and a new connexion. But B. and Co. possess no money except the 50,000*l.* hitherto employed for the ease, convenience, and regularity of their business. With many resolutions to establish forthwith a reserved fund to replace the 50,000*l.*, they hand over that sum to the indigo-planters, and carry on their previous trade by raising money on their documents and long-dated bills. Things go on smoothly, and they do establish a reserved fund; but almost inevitably, before pressure begins to be felt or even suspected by them in London, they find how much more advantageous it will be that the reserved fund should follow the 50,000*l.* than that it should remain in England. We need not pursue the similar course of C. and Co. in the Mauritius. Their capital is fixed, and the squeeze comes: the lenders are fewer and daintier, the borrowers as numerous and more urgent than before. First the doubtful names, and then the long bills, are thrown out. There is not money to be lent for every one who wants to borrow. Documents and six months' bills are no longer cash on any terms. Neither they nor the indigo and sugar plantations will liquidate mature engagements; and our friends B. and Co. and C. and Co. are compelled to stop payment. In this instance we see, first, how credit is admitted in times of ease to act the part of realized capital; and, secondly, how in times of pressure it is expelled.

We have thus cursorily touched on the main facts of the three great pecuniary crises, and find in them all the same marked features: the patient exhausted by the late attack; great caution and timidity; a coyish abstinence from extraordinary enterprise; consequent accumulation of loose capital; the struggle which drives down the rate of interest; the general rebellion against the low rate; much wise investment which yields an adequate return, but which is eventually driven into the background and obscured by reckless speculation. Then come money spent and gone; the mortal

mortal struggle for the use of what remains; diminished production; private ruin; a falling revenue; and other national evils.

How easy it would be to put on paper a nice scheme by which all this fluctuation and evil should be avoided—by which, as accumulation took place, leaving enough loose capital to keep the market healthy, the accumulation should every year be profitably expended and fixed; railway A should be made this year, and B next; docks and harbours the third, just as the accumulation of capital permitted; and so, everything in its turn, till we come to the canal through the isthmus of Darien, and the railway from Cairo to Suez. Well! cannot this be effected? From time to time the Legislature has been of opinion that it might—from time to time it has passed bills having that object—from time to time the authors have assured us, with the utmost confidence, that the object would be obtained. We have no wish to remind any gentleman, who may survive, of his childish ignorance and opinions; but the matter is recorded, and it is of importance now to remember, that, when one-pound notes were cried down, those who were then esteemed greatest and wisest expressed the strongest conviction that, with a metallic small circulation, and a fixed gold standard, pecuniary fluctuations would altogether cease.

We always feel some sentiment for one-pound notes, because subsequent events have shown that they were totally innocent of all the grave charges which were brought against them. We can produce evidence solemnly delivered, and statements deliberately printed, and great names attached to each, to declare that one-pound notes brought this great empire to the verge of ruin. We do not want to extenuate their failings, nor to determine in what proportions any evils which resulted from them should be apportioned between banking and law. • We remember that no one defended them; and we believe that with the great body of the nation their vulgarity stood much in their way—a one-pound note issued by a grocer, and smelling of tobacco and figs, usurping the King's prerogative!

The standard having been fixed, and one-pound notes removed, nothing else quite so prominent remained. But, as money still continued its vagaries, something else must be tried; and we think the next discovery which was adopted by the Legislature was that perfect publicity must make us secure. Of course there was much opposition. The same stupid and humbug policy of secrecy and concealment, which has brought so many joint-stock banks into trouble, had many advocates. But common sense and publicity prevailed: partially at first—averages, and returns of a preceding quarter—then of a preceding month—and now, we think, of the preceding week. We believe Mr. Joseph Hume contends that
every

every M.P. ought to have a full account of the Bank of England transactions of the preceding day laid on his breakfast-table.

We have a perfect right to make useful publicity a condition of the charter which we grant to the Bank of England; and in this case we have a good security for correctness. Where you have no security for correctness, publicity—that is to say, returns professing to give publicity—may be more doubtful. The Legislature generally does harm when it professes to people that it is protecting them, not really having the power to do so. But let that pass. All we say of publicity is—that it has not prevented speculation, nor panic, nor very severe pecuniary pressure. Let us not omit to mention that several very absurd and pernicious restrictions on banking have been removed, though others have been permitted to remain.

Then we come to 1844, and the last great remedial measure—a measure passed neither in haste nor in adversity—matured by counsel—sustained by numbers—as it seemed, a measure for ages—and certainly urged on, more than any other philosophical measure we ever knew, with all the insolence of assured success. Of this measure we have declared our opinion in a previous Number; we do not now wish to say much. In the first place, we could not rediscuss it without getting into the question of currency, which we have carefully avoided, and we hope with advantage to our argument; in the next place, this bill is probably passively abandoned. When a minister of the Crown applies for a committee on a very important bill, which was passed only three years before with his full concurrence, it looks very like abandonment. This we may say, that the bill did not prevent atrocious speculation, panic, crisis, private calamity, or public loss. Now we are going to try again. Our rulers must suppose that there does exist somewhere a remedy for pecuniary fluctuation, and they are going to fish for it in a parliamentary committee.

After all this publicity—after returns from the Bank of England—how much gold bullion—how much silver—how many notes—where they are—public securities—private securities—public deposits—private deposits—rest: in short, a weekly balance-sheet and taking of stock;—returns from joint-stock banks and private banks—how many notes and how much bullion—and a weekly summary in the Times, showing the increase or decrease of every article since the last return, and since the corresponding week of the previous year—and a statement, weekly or oftener, in the Times, showing to a minute fraction how much dearer or cheaper gold is in London than in New York, Hamburgh, or Paris: after a public exposition, to a degree quite unprecedented, but vouched by public accountants, and tested by open meetings,
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of the affairs of all the suspended houses ;—after all this, a Parliamentary inquiry.

We have taxed ourselves, and we have said—If we had the power of calling before us any man, and of asking him any question, whom should we call, and what question should we ask him, from his answer to which we should learn any fact material to our understanding the pecuniary state of England for some years past?—and we have got no answer. At all events there must be two conditions precedent, if we are to have any confidence in the inquiry—

1st. That no man shall be a member of the committee who has been a member of any previous committee on the subject, unless he can show that he has almost always voted in the minority.

2ndly. That no witness shall be examined by this committee who has ever been examined on this subject by any previous committee.

What is the use of Sir William Clay, and Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd, and Sir Charles Wood, and Mr. George Norman? They are effete—used up ; the country has had what it can out of them—they are done with. For nearly twenty years we have studied their doctrines—and have listened to their prophecies—and have been enlightened by their philosophy—and have shaped our legislation by their precepts—and the result has been a ludicrous failure. We do not include Sir R. Peel among such men. We have no reason to think that his opinions have been or are more fixed on the subject of currency and credit than they have been on other subjects which have crossed his political career. We know nothing which should prevent Sir R. Peel from supporting free trade in credit, which is probably the next phase in which this subject will present itself seriously to the Legislature. On one point we must guard ourselves. We believe that Sir R. Peel will, under any circumstances, stoutly maintain the standard of 1819. If the effects of the measure of that year were such as Sir Robert Peel himself, in common with most other reasoners on the subject, has been accustomed to represent them, he cannot but be aware that the operation must have been attended with much injustice. This injustice arose solely from the circumstance—that, by a new law, pecuniary engagements were compelled to be liquidated by a standard which was not the standard by which the vast majority of them were entered into. There are those, indeed, who take a different view of the facts in connexion with the restoration of cash payments in 1819 from that taken by Sir Robert Peel, and contend that the standard of value was either not affected at all by that measure, or only in a very insignificant degree. Into that controversy we do not at present mean to enter. But how-
ever

ever the case may stand, there can be no doubt that the vast majority of unliquidated pecuniary engagements now existing have been contracted by the standard of 1819—and to compel the liquidation of them by a different standard would be to perpetrate deliberately the very injustice which, whether with or without exaggeration, has been ascribed to the Act of 1819. To this Sir R. Peel can never give his consent.

But the question recurs—Are these distressing fluctuations inevitable, or may they be prevented by legislation? It will assist us much in answering this question, if we understand exactly what it is which we want to effect. What we want to effect is, that there should be an uniform or nearly uniform return for capital in this country. Nothing short of this will do. Does any existing law prevent this from being the case? We are not aware of any law which prevents a man from investing his capital regularly as he makes it, or which compels or encourages him to hoard or half-hoard it at one time, and to embark it in a rash speculation at another. If so, there is nothing to repeal. The effects, whatever they be, are produced by the spontaneous action of the public. We dare say our readers will some of them remember for how many years all the most renowned of our statesmen professed that the main object of a corn-law was to give a steady price of wheat, and that the amount of that price was comparatively an object of indifference. Many people say now that each of the laws passed with this object failed more than its predecessor. Without at present re-discussing this question, we may very safely say that *no law* has failed as much as the worst of them. We give an example not more for the facts than the feeling. An agricultural friend of ours, an old farmer aged seventy, grew in one field in the year 1845 a quantity of wheat, which he stacked on one frame in three partitions. July and the very beginning of August brought, in 1846, harvest even in the midland counties. Our friend said that there was a splendid harvest splendidly got, that the potato failure was a humbug, that he had been assured from Liverpool that the harvest in America was miraculous, and that wheat would be immediately 35s. per quarter. So he hustled out one-third of his stack, and sold it at 46s. But almost before he could deliver it, wheat had risen to 60s., which damped his ardour of selling. Between harvest and Christmas wheat crept on to 80s. Then it hung till in April we think it took that extraordinary jump which drove it up in some places to 140s. per quarter. Our friend got out another one-third of his stack, and sold it at 118s. per quarter. The purchaser pressed to have the remainder, but our friend said 'No! it was plain there was not food enough in the world; that they could not find it; that if he was wrong

wrong he should hurt nobody but himself, and that if he was right they would be glad enough of his corn; that at all events he had once sold wheat at 160s. per quarter, and that he should like to sell it at that price once more before he died.' The last compartment of the stack he sold about harvest-time 1847, without any remark about markets, but saying that he wanted the frame to set his new wheat on. Could anything be more childish or absurd than our friend's reasons for selling on either occasion? He did not invent them. God bless him! he never invented anything. He learnt them at the market-table. They were the concentrated wisdom of the Corn Exchanges of London, Liverpool, and Hull. Their all but universal acceptance was the reason why wheat was 46s. in July and 118s. in April. They were acted upon; and ruined a good percentage of the corn-trade. In investigating a matter of this sort philosophically, private feeling must be laid aside. When eighteen millions of people (we allow two millions for Ireland) carry on nearly half the commerce of the world, there must be many and most deplorable failures. But we know no people fitter to fail than these. They are exactly the men who create panics. We are afraid that on all such occasions very extensive failures are the only safeguard for the public. If for five years no fires should occur in London, all the insurance-offices would be shut up, the fire-brigade would be dismissed, or would have become inefficient, the engines would be out of repair, and on the first fire London would be burned down. If for five years in England there were no failures, if every man paid promptly twenty shillings in the pound, in the sixth year the whole city would go smash, and the public credit with it. We have thus insinuated a negative reply to the question, Can these fluctuations be put down by act of parliament? and we have suggested another question, Ought we to put them down if we could? to which, as we are convinced that we could not, we shall decline to give a direct answer.

Of the suspension by the Executive of the Bill of 1844, we will only say that we never could see its applicability to the evil which it proposed to remedy. What the gentlemen in London and Liverpool really wanted was, some one who would lend them money at rather less interest, would take rather worse security and rather longer dates. What the Chancellor offered them at 8 they got already at 6½ or 7 per cent. No doubt the knowledge that Government had interfered would produce a very considerable effect. Many people would be ready to say, We have now—to use a Lancashire phrase—taken stock of these gentlemen; we have got a measure of their timidity. This remedy will do nothing. Another turn of the screw, and they must try something

thing else; and it will take but a few turns before we come to paying our debts with less than twenty-three grains and a fraction of gold in the pound sterling.

One word as to the other expedients which have been proposed. The first was that *all* the cotton-factories should discharge their hands, and stop working for several weeks. Cotton was stated to be scarce, and an unwise competition was going on for its possession. Cotton *was* scarce, and all the cotton-spinning nations in the world were struggling for it; so the proposal of these wisacres was, that we should withdraw from the contest, and allow the manufacturers of Lowell and Rouen to buy it at their own price!

The next proposal was, that all railway works in course of construction should be suspended. We will not enter into the contest between trade and rail. We are inclined to think that one party had the loudest of the outcry, and the other got most of the money. The complaint against railways was, that they fixed capital which ought to be left floating for the 'support of the trade of the country'—a wide phrase. What trade? Not the import trade. For what says the apostle of the crusade against railways? He tells us, in a solemn warning, that we have imported a great deal too much: that we have indulged in tea, and coffee, and sugar, and figs to a degree which we could not afford: that we must consume less: that we must reduce our expenditure—not, he says, our public expenditure—for that must be increased—but our private expenditure. So the support is not wanted for the import trade. It is not wanted for the cotton-trade, for too fierce a competition already exists for the small stock which remains of the raw material. Surely it was not wanted to stimulate the iron-trade, when all railway works were about to be suspended. But we are falling into the case of a Scotch minister, who, having taken for his text, 'Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah,' asked his congregation 'if they knew what this great fish was?' and, without giving them time to reply, indulged the humour which was in him by making several most improbable guesses—'Aiblins (perhaps) it was a troot'—'Aiblins it was a sprat'—'Aiblins it was a saumont;' and by giving most conclusive reasons against each of them. An old woman, who could stand this trifling no longer, roared out from the middle of the congregation, 'Aiblins, meenister, it was a waw!' So we, without further trifling, must take the word out of the mouth of these advocates of trade, and say that the support wanted, and so clamorously demanded, was support to houses, who, carrying on their business either without capital, or with a capital totally incommensurate to the magnitude of

of their engagements, were in danger of stopping the moment their credit was curtailed. And we are far from saying that this was an improper object. Our previous remarks will have shown our opinion that the system of using credit as capital has been carried to an outrageous and dishonest extent. We believe the only corrective to be, that the parties who have most transgressed should suffer, and be for an example. But we by no means think that the suddenness of the correction can with safety be made proportionate to the magnitude of the evil. We by no means say, that to divert the means by which many houses, even commercially unworthy, may, in a crisis like this, be propped and supported, is unattended with danger. Having given this opinion, we must state the strong case for a railway. The company have expended one million, for which, from the day their railway opens, they will receive a net income of 7 per cent. The return may be stated with confidence, for the calculations of respectable companies have seldom been falsified. But before they can open, and receive one sovereign, they must lay out another half-million. We will not trouble our readers with the calculation, but they will find that, commercially, the railway company will be better off by giving 10 per cent. for half a million now than by waiting two years and then getting it at 5 per cent.; and this without making any allowance for the dilapidation which begins to take place on railway work the moment it is suspended. And what is the case of the country through which the railway passes? The roads and lands are cut into ribands: communications, water-courses, fences, everything is temporary, not meant to last for two years—in fact, altered from week to week as the work progresses. Then everybody is preparing for the change. Coach-proprietors have been wearing out their carriages, and harness, and horses. Everything and everybody connected with the old communications is at the lowest ebb. We must say that we think the claim for this half-million is irresistible.

We have thus stated the main facts of three great pecuniary struggles. We have hinted at the means by which the Legislature has endeavoured to anticipate or to combat them. We have also made some allusion to the remedies which have been recently, and may still be, floating in the public mind. We will now take one of these periods, and will briefly advert to what are the real dimensions of the evil. Of the three periods, that which, but for one circumstance, we should say, with some confidence, is now passing away, we believe to have been much the most severe.

Being also the most recent, we are of course best acquainted with the facts which have attended it. We say then, that this struggle, and its consequent suffering, has, as far as England is concerned;

concerned, been nearly confined to London, Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Manchester and its dependencies; and in a very minor degree (if at all) Leeds, Birmingham, and Bristol. The whole rural district of England, including many towns having from fifty to a hundred thousand inhabitants, has been nearly unaffected. We have the means of knowing that, in the middle of England, the sums on deposit with the country bankers have not been diminished by 10 per cent. The bankers have not raised the rate of interest which they allow to their depositors. They have not charged more than 5 per cent. where they have made advances, nor more than the same rate for the discount of bills, either across the counter or to their customers. The shop-keeping and local manufactures of the rural districts, and of all towns which we have not included in our list, have not been visibly affected, and all agricultural payments, *no small item*, have been made with their accustomed ease and regularity. We state these circumstances in order to show how large a proportion of the country is ready to start on the work of reparation.

Having thus endeavoured to assign some limits to the existing pecuniary pressure, we will say a few words about panic. We remember a clever picture in 'Punch,' in which two West End butcher's boys having met in the streets, one of them, propping his back against a post, says to the other—'Jos! what is a panic?' 'I don't know,' says Jos; 'but they say there is one to be seen in the City.' That is about as definite an idea as most people have of a panic. When some great and unexpected failure has burst on the commercial and monetary world, like that of Sanderson, or Trueman and Cooke, both of them solvent houses—when two or three great banks have suspended their payments, as in Liverpool—or when the suspension of one has been attended with a severe run on another, as in Newcastle—it is very natural that every dealer in money and in credit should say—'I will enter into no new transactions to-day. I must have to-day to look about me—to learn whose credit these events may affect—and to consider what will be the future value of money.' This, when it exists extensively, may be fairly called a panic. But even such a panic as this is generally appreciable at per centum. It has its price. It is either a 10 per centum, or a 15 per centum, or a 20 per centum panic. And it never lasts above a day—or two—at the utmost. But we should think the principal panic must have existed in the minds of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of Sir R. Peel, when they saw the reserve in the Bank of England daily diminishing.

The Bill of 1844—we believe, after all, we must own—has hardly been fairly tried. To try it fairly (its friends may say)

we should require an independent Bank parlour—not a set of men, a good per centage of whom has always been in the habit of being insolvent; and a good John Bull of a Governor (we have been told there is such a man), who would care neither for First Lords of the Treasury, nor for Chancellors of the Exchequer, but who would say, ‘Here is the law on one hand, which I must keep; and here is my proprietary on the other, for whom I must do the best I can.’ He would sit in the Bank parlour; you could not get him west of Temple Bar.

When we travelled in the North, on our arrival at Carlisle the coach-proprietor insisted on having all the luggage, which had arrived on two coaches, loaded on to one. It rose to a fearful height. When the coachman saw his load, he remonstrated with the proprietor; and said that he did not think it possible to drive that load safely over his ground. The proprietor said, ‘That is no business of yours. Get on the box, and be off.’ The coachman, being a conscientious man, and not willing to kill any man without giving him warning, then addressed his passengers—‘Gentlemen, you see that coach. Mr. Wilson has ordered me to drive it, and I shall drive it; and, gentlemen, I shall keep time.’ Then, anticipating the apology which they would not be able to hear when they were killed, he said, with much pathos, ‘Gentlemen, I do assure you it is not my fault.’

So our John Bull of a Governor told the two great finance-ministers and the legislature that their coach would break down when they came to the bad road. But they told him that he was an old woman; to go on, and stick to the Act. So our John Bull would have done. He would have gone to his Bank parlour (half filling it), and would have kept the Act, and thought about his proprietary: the only two things with which he would have had any concern. When he found his reserve dwindled down to between one and two millions, he would have said, ‘Now I think I have made as much money for my proprietary as I safely can; I shall hold my hand, keep the Act, and take care of ourselves.’ A deputation comes up to him from Liverpool, wanting a million or something of that sort. He says, ‘Gentlemen, there is our last return: there is our Act of Parliament. You see we cannot do it.’ So the deputation speeds away to Downing-street, where it finds the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Treasury, and the panic—and Sir R. Peel not very far off. Then these two great finance-ministers would jump into a cab, and hurry off to the Bank, and, falling on their marrow-bones before the big man in the parlour, they would say, ‘If you have any bowels of compassion, break the law for us—the law of 1844.

Sir

Sir R. Peel has authorized us to say, that the law of 1844 ought to be broken. "Rob us the Exchequer, Hal." We will do anything you require—we will write you a letter—we will call Parliament together—we will bring in a Bill of Indemnity. Here we are to pledge the whole support of Government. Sir R. Peel has authorized us to pledge the support of the amicable opposition.' Give us such a Governor of the Bank, and it will soon be seen who will flinch first—who will cry out first against the Act of 1844.

That Act is now on its trial before the country—arraigned for being mischievous and good for nothing. If we were its counsel, we should advise it to ask leave of the court to plead guilty to the minor offence of being *Good for nothing*; but if Sir R. Peel, Sir C. Wood, and Sir William Clay persist in holding up their hands and saying for it *Not guilty*, we wish them a good deliverance. God save the Queen!

P.S.—Since the foregoing hints were penned we have read the debate on the appointment of the Banking Committee. We are gratified to find in it, in the aggregate, clearer views than we have been used to in such parliamentary discussions. The defence of the Bill of 1844 was exactly what everybody anticipated. 'Tis true that the Bill did not prevent wild speculation and panic, though we said it would. We said there would be no more 1825's; but we never thought so, and you must not find fault with us; that was only allowable parliamentary exaggeration. This, however, we tell you, that, but for the Bill of 1844, the speculation and the panic would have been a great deal worse than they have been.' As this defence requires neither knowledge, nor talent, nor any qualities but a bold face, and great confidence in the timidity and ignorance of your audience, we have nothing to say to it. But one assumption was made by two or three speakers in the debate so extremely barefaced, that we cannot wholly pass it by. It was assumed that but for the Bill of 1844 more than seven millions of gold would not have remained in the Bank of England during the worst of the pressure. The reason seven millions odd remained was that there were sixteen millions odd to begin with, and that the export of nine millions sufficed to turn the exchanges. About the same sum turned them in 1825, and a very much less sum on every other occasion. Does any one suppose that, if the Bank had begun with eight millions of gold, and the famine, and the Bill of 1844, that a single sovereign would have been left

left at the end of the pressure? In 1797 we exported not only all the gold in the Bank of England, but every guinea out of our circulation, to carry on a foreign war. And do you suppose that the men of 1847 would have let the two sides of their stomach grow together for want of food, because we had put some stupid quackery into an Act of Parliament, and had divided the Bank into a banking department and an issue department? We send gold abroad when we want something for it, and we keep it at home when we don't; without, in either case, consulting the fancies of Sir W. Clay and Sir C. Wood. Now, we do not send gold abroad because we want nothing; we do not want food, nor tea, nor sugar, nor coffee, nor indigo. Neither, it appears, do we owe money abroad, because people from all quarters are sending bullion to pay their debts to us.

ART. X.—*The present Movement in Italy.* By the Marchese Massimo d'Azeglio. Translated from the Italian. London, 1847.

THE Marchese d'Azeglio, whose work, in the absence of a better, we have placed at the head of this article, is a native of Piedmont, a man of respectable family, and the son-in-law of the celebrated Manzoni. He has studied painting with professional assiduity and with considerable success; he has also been a candidate for fame in the walks of literature; he, too, is the author of historical romances, which have been praised by his countrymen, but of which we confess we have never qualified ourselves to judge. He is, no doubt, a man of general accomplishment and of lively talent; but we have yet to learn that he is entitled to interpret between Italy and the rest of Europe—to rebuke princes, or dictate to imaginary senates. We congratulate him, however, on having rightly understood the improved taste of the present age in avoiding all thundering denunciations and every appeal to the knife of Timoleon or Brutus. He assures 'foreign countries' that Italians no longer take Rienzi or the Gracchi for their model. For ourselves, while we recognise some traits of Rienzi, we own we can trace but little imitation of the energy of the Gracchi. It is the absence of courage, still more than of practical talent, that has been so woefully conspicuous in all the efforts of the Liberali. Their wishes, he says, are moderated, and their disinterestedness increased. We would gladly believe him:—but we were in Italy during the rebellion of 1831, and during the commotions of 1843

and

and 1845, and we have not got over the disgust of witnessing such a race of meanness, corruption, and treachery.

The Marchese is sanguine in his hopes of the good effect of the 'moral force' which is to be opposed to existing governments. We do not understand him, and we think he does not understand himself, unless, indeed, he is guilty of mystifying his readers. 'Moral force' in the people, we take it, can only mean physical weakness in the governors; nor can 'moral force' have any effect unless supported by physical energy. It was not in 'moral force' that the confidence of the Reformers was placed in 1831 (the last occasion on which they had an opportunity of displaying their prowess), since it was to a civil war that they trusted for success. May not the Papal government of that day be said to have trusted more effectually to 'moral force' when it purchased the submission and the secrets of the rebel chiefs with gold?

We shall make few comments on '*Gli ultimi casi di Romagna*'—a sort of defence of the abortive risings in Romagna. He condemns them himself, but more, we fear, because they were premature and unsuccessful than because they were flagitious. We have never admired what is called the 'Liberal cause' in Italy, but we would not do it the injustice to confound it with the felony of the smugglers at Ravenna, or of the desperadoes and ruffians of Rimini, who seized a defenceless town, frightened the priests and old women, robbed the treasury, and afterwards dispersed before a few companies of Swiss, to pursue their natural calling in the highways and hedges of Romagna.

One chief complaint against the Marchese is that his essay on the new movement is not written in good faith. The real object of it he does not disclose; he leaves it to be divined. The Italians, amongst many pleasing and some valuable qualities, possess an overweening opinion of themselves; they still vaunt their martial skill, and in proof of it appeal to the Scipios and the Cæsars. The Marchese has his full share of national as well as personal vanity—but can he really opine that a union of Italian princes (were some magician to bind that rope of sand for him) could successfully oppose the power of Austria? This question he leaves undiscussed—but his meaning is manifest by allusions to Nayarino and to Belgium. It is on the assistance of England, of France, or of Russia, that all Italians must rely who seriously hope to get rid of the German rule.

Our author admits reluctantly that the Austrian is a better government than that of any of the native princes, and he also admits the superior prosperity of that portion of the Peninsula over which it extends, while he justly ridicules the preposterous

terous notion that the Italian princes have leagued together, at the instigation of Austria, to govern ill, in order that the superior administration of the Lombard provinces might be more conspicuous. The truth, however—though we too make our admission with reluctance—must be told—it is extremely difficult to find among Italians a sufficient quantity of the sober and homely qualities necessary for administrative justice. The reason of this is to be sought rather in their history, perhaps, than in their lively impressive character; but at present we are only concerned with the fact. If the German acts too uniformly with the passionless, unreflecting regularity of a machine, the Italian can with difficulty be made to understand the apathetic, impartial consistency of the law; and the consequence is, that with the mass of the people the German government is infinitely more popular than that of their native sovereigns. We would wish to be clearly understood: we mean that the government is respected as just and impartial, while the persons of the Germans are certainly disliked—disliked, perhaps, as much for some of the most respectable points of their national character, as for its defects. The foreign rule, indeed, is much resented amongst the upper and those of the middle classes who think that under other systems they should be esteemed and employed; but the mass of the people look on that with considerable indifference. As *foreigners* the Germans, no doubt, are disliked by them also; but in the sight of a Lombard, the Piedmontese, the Tuscan, and the Roman are equally foreigners; nor has this feeling of disunion in the least diminished, however much party writers have agreed to misrepresent the state of public opinion. The nobility of Italy, generally idle and insignificant, and too often dissipated, have little command over the respect or the sympathy of the lower classes. The landowners, known only through their agents, have no hold on the affections of their peasantry. The priests, by principle and by interest, are attached to their princes, and their influence is generally enlisted on the side of authority. So very cold, however, is the feeling in every part of the social body to their governors, that we have seen dynasties changed and principalities severed and united without a murmur, and almost without an observation. The revolution in Piedmont in 1820, so discreditable to all that were engaged in it, is a proof of this. A few discontented and ambitious persons, tampering with lukewarm or disaffected troops, were able to force one prince to abdicate and to install another in his place. As far as any popular sentiment was manifested at all, it was favourable towards the late sovereign, Victor Emanuel. The provisional government, regarded by the people with surprise rather than with favour, existed without support,

and

and was overthrown without resistance. None of the peasantry, and few of the towns-people, took any part in the struggle.

In Lombardy there is too much substantial comfort for the existence of general discontent, and if the crisis should arrive, it will be found that careless landlords and tyrannical stewards are objects of greater dislike than the phlegmatic Germans. The administration of justice is entirely unimpeachable; nor could we name an executive government more free from abuses. Many causes have contributed to mislead opinion in England on this point. The stranger is disgusted at first by the existence of a custom-house (an institution which the English have no particular title to cavil at); he is irritated by the formal demands of the German sergeant, and complains of his stupidity, because he himself cannot explain his meaning. On entering the city, he is in the hands of a valet-de-place, who is in nine cases out of ten a ruined adventurer, and who has no need to be told that abuse of authority is usually popular with an Englishman; he therefore indulges his own spleen, and gratifies his employer, by abuse of the Germans. The same gentleman takes up a French newspaper, where he finds the editor (who cannot forget the ejection of his countrymen) eloquent in abuse of Austria and the woes of Italy: accordingly the stupidity of the Germans, the hatred of the Italians towards them, and the general sympathy of Europe, become favourite themes with our tourist, and are noted down in his journal, to be spread abroad as far as his opportunities permit. Those only who have lived in Lombardy can be aware of the good faith and honesty, the patience and forbearance of these much-belied Germans. But, however it may be concealed, the Austrians are the objects of attack to all Italian liberals, and to those who espouse their cause; and it is on a very simple principle that they are systematically represented as universally detested.

The Papal government, which by common consent has hitherto been admitted to contain most abuses, is, however, thoroughly Italian, and in it are illustrated all the defects of the Italian character, for though the Pope himself is rarely a Roman, and his advisers may be natives of other districts, they are invariably Italians—but it is also a government of priests, of childless men, of persons who at best have but a life interest in the state, whose office depends solely on the life of their patron; whose object it is, therefore, to make a rapid fortune for themselves and their families while the opportunity lasts. This is a defect common in some degree to all elective governments; but that of the Pope has others peculiarly its own. Its jealousy and its weakness have made it repress the energies of its lay subjects; while it has always

always found its interest in the rivalities of foreign princes and in the discord of its neighbours. Macchiavelli felt and deplored this evil; the pretensions of the Church, he perceived, must ever be a barrier to the freedom of Italy; he thought it possible, however, to make them subservient to this end, by appealing to the family pride of the reigning pontiff. Could a vast sovereignty be accumulated in the house of Medicis, the support of the Pope (a member of that family) would be secured, and the minor states might by degrees be absorbed in the larger monarchy. The character of Lorenzo, the favoured prince to be placed in this elevated position, promised but little; his successors, however, might be less feeble than himself—and by these means national independence might be secured, if civil liberty (of which he despaired) were to be sacrificed. The constant complaint of that profound politician is the want of public spirit in his countrymen—their want of virtue and disinterestedness. ‘This lovely country,’ he exclaims, ‘is given as a prey to the spoiler, to the dissolute Frenchman, the rapacious Spaniard, and the mercenary Swiss—but worst of all! it is the Italians themselves that have abandoned their paradise to these demons!’

The restoration of the nationality of Italy has been the cry of her patriots in every age. It is now revived, and its herald and champion is the sovereign whose political existence is its greatest obstacle, and who, whatever may be his personal character, will ultimately be most opposed to it. The abuses of the Papal government had reached a point that called imperiously for reform, and, on his elevation, Pius IX. acceded to the general wish; it would not have been in his power, had it been his inclination, to continue the system of Gregory XVI.—that system, indeed, must have fallen had Gregory himself lived a short time longer. It is not, then, the projected reforms of Pius that we blame—we admit reforms to have been necessary; but some of his errors we believe he must himself have already discovered. The liberty of the press in Rome was usurped rather than accorded; but the Pope would have judged more wisely in using his influence to curb its licence than in contenting himself with being the object of its idolatry. The difficulties of his position were numerous; had he possessed all the talents and virtues that have been attributed to him, and had he found all the agents of government as disinterested as patriots are supposed to be by poets, his difficulties would not still have been surmounted. His practical reforms have hitherto, in fact, been few; the misgovernment of ages is not to be amended by the flattering exhortations of a well-meaning prince, nor by the declamations of the Lentuli and the Gracchi of a newspaper. ‘But we are afraid that a prodigious difficulty

difficulty has been needlessly created by the quarrel with Austria—most ill-timed, and which might certainly have been avoided; and that the policy of the Pope, or rather, we should say at once, the desire of innovation fostered by his imprudence, has spread a general distrust and anxiety throughout Italy—a vague indefinite discontent, which will not be quieted till serious calamities have been inflicted.

To give any intelligible outline of the state of Italy and of the Papedom at this moment, it will be necessary to take a retrospect: but we need not go into the invasion of the French, their occupation of Rome, and the melancholy fate of Pius VI. The election of Pius VII. took place at a moment, and in a country, to which French influence did not extend. In the subsequent disputes between Buonaparte and the Pope, the violence of the despot defeated its object. The passive resistance of Pius, which was not to be overcome, and the persecutions to which he was exposed, rendered him an object of interest to all Europe. Roman Catholics resented the imprisonment of the head of their Church; sovereigns were alarmed at the violence offered to an independent prince, and felt a common interest in supporting him; while all men agreed in condemning the indignities exercised on an amiable and high-minded old man.

It is highly probable that the temporal power of the Pope would have been curtailed at the general settlement of Europe in 1814, had not the sudden escape of Buonaparte from Elba put an abrupt end to many deep-laid projects and roused Europe again to active resistance. His subsequent defeat, which placed the world for the moment at the disposal of the conquerors, might not so entirely have altered the political destiny of Italy, but for the ill-advised proceedings of Murat. The intrusive king of Naples had purchased the favour of the allies by his timely desertion of his benefactor, and his political alliance with Austria. Alarmed, perhaps surprised, at the return of Napoleon, staggered by his success, undecided and hesitating, he found himself an object of suspicion to the Austrian general; and at last, in defiance of the best advice, when the movement was too late, he declared himself the ally of France, and marched towards the north of Italy. The Pope deserted Rome as the Neapolitan army advanced, nor did the Grand Duke of Tuscany remain to receive these unwelcome guests. Romagna, which had all along been occupied by the troops of Murat, became the scene of his military operations. A flush of success gave him confidence. The Austrian commanders, unprepared for such an attack, retired before him: his triumphs were announced in exulting proclamations, and the manifesto of a French adventurer, dated from Bologna, admonished

monished all Italy that the moment had arrived when a small exertion would free it for ever from the yoke of foreigners. Nor can it be denied that the moment was favourable. Austria, startled by the rapidity of Buonaparte's success, had concentrated her troops in the hereditary dominions. Marshal Bellegarde had hardly a sufficient force to garrison Milan, and would certainly not have ventured to face the Neapolitan army, had it been seconded by any appearance of support from the people. This was not, however, the case. Murat's bust was crowned in several theatres, and in some market-places; processions awaited him at city-gates, and streets were strewed with flowers; sonnets were showered upon him; but no recruits joined his standard; on the contrary, his muster-roll was daily thinned by desertion, even while fortune seemed to befriend him. The enemy gained courage as he appeared to lose it—and he abandoned his last chance by opening a negotiation when he should have pushed his advantages; this imprudence hastened the inevitable catastrophe—the destruction of one of the best appointed armies that ever took the field, the flight and despair of its chief.

The Austrian army was now in possession of Southern Italy; and Marshal Bianchi, ruling with sovereign authority in Naples, treated with King Ferdinand for the restitution of his hereditary dominions.

It was not without reluctance that the Emperor resigned the possession of a kingdom which had long been a dependency of the House of Austria, and which had only been conquered from it during the last century; but the jealousy of powerful neighbours proved a stronger bar to his wishes, perhaps, than the rights of Ferdinand; he was obliged to look elsewhere for an indemnification for his losses, and at first there was little doubt that this would be assigned to him out of the spoils of the Church. The legations had never yet been restored to the Pope. Murat had occupied them; to Murat the possession of *all* his dominions had formerly been guaranteed by Austria, and his spoils were now the legitimate prize of the conqueror. There was, however, on the other hand, a returning respect for ancient and prescriptive rights; perhaps, too, reflection on the vast efforts called for by the demonstration of 'the hundred days' had taught moderation. Such at least are the motives that it becomes 'the dignity of history' to assign; but something, we think, may be attributed to the personal character of the patient and long-suffering Pope, and more, perhaps, to the skilful diplomacy of Cardinal Consalvi. Never did any man possess a more graceful address, or a more imposing presence; the dignity of his features—the intelligence of his eye—the wisdom of his pallid brow—worked powerfully in his favour, before

before his conversation, lively, insinuating, and profound, had completed the conquest. He was a statesman of the old school, supple, imperturbable, well practised in the finest fencing of diplomacy; his visit to England he had turned to the best account, and secured the personal favour of the Prince Regent, by whom the interests of the Holy See were powerfully supported at the Congress.

The Papedom was restored with nearly undiminished possessions, but severely taxed with subsidies demanded by Austria; and Pius VII. returned to Rome. He passed along a road once trodden by more bloody victors, and, traversing the Milvian bridge, he entered the Vatican palace beneath a triumphal arch, and took possession of the stronghold of his predecessors amidst the deafening gratulations of his people. The Rome he found was unlike the Rome of his youth. The French had stripped it of its ancient ornaments. Deprived of its court, of its illustrious pilgrims—without commerce and without activity, it was shrinking still farther from its distant walls. The task of Consalvi was a hard one. The Pope, abstracted from temporal affairs, devout and humble, abandoned the reins of government to the powerful secretary, and he, by disinterestedness, at least, and zeal, deserved his confidence.

The first measures of the restored Pontiff, and the lofty language he at once assumed, had surprised rather than awed his neighbours. The restoration of the Order of Jesuits was unpopular with the Catholic world, and, except perhaps in Piedmont, the Pope found few supporters. Consalvi had dreaded Austria; he had been too well versed in the ancient maxims of the court of Rome not to be fully aware how much the papal authority has to fear from the persevering ambition of that power; but he soon discovered that Austria alone was the protecting barrier that stood between all Italian princes and their disaffected subjects. When the Emperor Francis visited Rome, he was received with all the elegant and refined attention that love and gratitude, and it may be fear, could suggest. Nor was his great minister forgotten. Prince Metternich, lodged by the side of his imperial master in the Quirinal palace, found an apartment so elegant and commodious, that he could hardly persuade himself that some fair form would not appear beneath the silken draperies to claim and receive his thanks. Amongst his numerous qualifications Consalvi was not an able financier, nor was he by inclination an economist. The contributions to Austria, which, notwithstanding the reciprocal blandishments of this visit, had not been remitted—the rewards which services demanded, the bribes which might not be withheld—the disorganised state of the provinces, the disbanded soldiers who threatened to seek their subsistence
on

on the highways—*these were* all calls that would have exhausted the amplest exchequer, and this was empty. The revolutions of the last century had swept away all the resources of the Vatican—the indulgences, dispensations, and bulls that had formerly supported it in more than royal splendour were now no longer issued for the benefit of the Pope. If the obedient Catholic of the old and new world refused to eat meat in Lent, or to marry within the prohibited degrees, without a sanction from Rome, it was now the coffers of the local government only that his scruples filled. The estates of the Church, too long neglected, were totally insufficient to supply even the ordinary expenses of government. The people, unaccustomed to taxation (till the French occupation), grew discontented and impatient. The Cardinal, so admired in the drawing-room, so popular abroad, became odious at home. He was equally censured for the abuses he left and for those he reformed.

On the restoration, every act of the usurping government had been at once annulled. An edict from the Pope abolished the French code, and in restoring the rights of primogeniture, he re-established feudality also. This error after a time he amended, and the noble was invited to resign his feudal supremacy, the government offering to relieve him from the expenses of administration—a proposal that was in most cases gladly accepted; the trouble and cost far outbalancing the pleasure of feudal pageantry. There does not exist a country in Europe in which the *picturesque* has less influence than in Italy—nay, our transatlantic kinsmen themselves cannot be more material and prosaic in their notions and habits than her natives. Family pride, as we understand the word, has no existence. Power, wealth, and influence are adored, as in the rest of the world, but the mysterious veneration that hangs about a great name is unfelt. The baronial hall, the emblematic canopy, the ‘household coat’—the spacious cloister, its venerable inhabitants, with its precious library, and its profuse hospitality—all these, with their romantic associations, which would address themselves so powerfully to the fancy of an Englishman, and plead so effectually in favour of antiquity, are without power for the mind of modern Italy. The indolent proprietor, wasting his existence in the joyless dissipation of the capital, neither felt nor regretted the influence he parted with. A cunning steward and a pettifogging notary had long abused his delegated authority. The canopy hung in tatters in the hall—the portraits mouldered in their frames—his gardens were filled with weeds, or perhaps a slovenly crop of the bailiff’s cabbages. His peasantry, dirty, ignorant, and neglected, were abandoned to the insolence of the ‘Vice-Prince,’ or the

the tyranny of the bailiff, against whom the 'Arch-priest' (the principal ecclesiastical authority) would prove a feeble protector. Something of these numerous ills was remedied by the sweeping reform of Consalvi; but the real object of the measure failed, at least for the present, and the finances of the country were irretrievably involved, when the death of Pius afforded an opportunity for a change of system.

The death-bed of a Pope is too often a mournful example of human ingratitude. The prince who abroad is revered as a deity, and at home is secluded like an Eastern Sultan, is then abandoned to the mercy of menials, whose only care is to secure the pillage which they have shamelessly seized. The illness of Pius was sudden and short. It is said that Consalvi, hearing a rumour of his danger, went in haste to the palace, passed the guard and ascended the staircase, hurried through empty ante-chambers, and penetrated to the bed-room of his sovereign without having met a living creature. The chamber even was deserted; it was with his own hands that the State Secretary performed the humblest offices; and he alone witnessed the last struggle, and received the dying benediction. It was this pious task that had detained him from urgent business. To recover the time thus lost, he was closeted for two hours with his secretaries, and the necessary orders were then issued, though in fact with the life of the Pope his office ceased.

The first act of the Sacred College was to pass a vote of censure on this infringement of the letter of the law,—a vote which would have been carried without a dissentient, but for the generous protest of two personal enemies of the fallen secretary, Fesch, Archbishop of Lyons, and Pacca, Dean of the Sacred College, and his predecessor, in office. This sufficiently explains the feeling of the Cardinals *his brothers* towards the fallen minister.

The Conclave assembled. In spite of the spirit of intrigue and of reckless ambition—passions that survive all others in the bosom of aged churchmen—it was felt that the choice must fall on one accustomed to business, frugal, prudent, and moderate. The Austrian influence, always unpopular at Rome, was detested now, because identified with the cause of Consalvi; a Cardinal inimical to that power must therefore be chosen. The result of a scrutiny was one morning found favourable to San Severino. It is believed that the vote was insincere, as the College were well aware that Albani, who possessed 'the secret' of Austria,* would put

* Austria, France, Spain, and Portugal, each possess the right of putting their veto on one nomination of the Conclave. A cardinal, employed by these courts, is trusted with the 'Secret,'—i. e. name of the obnoxious cardinal.

her veto on the nomination: the fact proved so. Cardinal di Gregorio, the organ of the Spanish court, and acting also for Naples, visited Pacca in his cell. It is said that these two influential persons recognised the necessity of coming to an immediate decision. Neither could entertain hopes for himself. It was assumed that the future Pope should neither be a monk, nor a partisan of Austria, nor a man of lofty birth with a troop of relations; above all, that he should forswear the system of *Consalvi*, and introduce some reform into the financial department. 'Cardinal della Genga has a scheme for restoring the finances: let him be our choice.'

After some preliminary intrigue and numerous ballottings, without which an election would hardly seem canonical, the vote fell on the last-named cardinal; and Austria, having already used her veto, had the mortification of seeing the very man elected whom of all others she would have wished to exclude. He had acquired the purple by having held the offices which usually lead to that eminence. He possessed, however, neither fortune nor high connexions. He had been employed in diplomacy; he was not in priest's orders; nor had he at any time been distinguished for the ascetic virtues of his predecessor. He possessed, however, some excellent qualities, and also some showy ones, by no means unimportant in this conspicuous station. His person was tall and graceful; his face, if not handsome, was remarkable for its earnest expression, and for the ashy paleness that overspread it. His manner and address were pleasing and dignified; and he had, notwithstanding his habits of life, methodical habits which enabled him to transact business with accuracy and despatch. He was crowned with the usual solemnities; and his inauguration is remarkable as being the last in which the Pontiff, mounted on a milk-white mule, and attended by the Sacred College on horseback, proceeded in stately array to take possession of the temporalities of his see in the ancient basilica of St. John Lateran, the cathedral church of Rome, which boasts the lofty distinction of being *'ecclesiarum urbis et orbis mater et caput.'* The selection of his style in the roll of Popes was supposed to indicate his plan of government; he chose rather to identify himself with those of haughty pretensions, than with the Clements and the Benedicts, whose administration had endeared them to the people. Pasquin did not neglect so fair an opportunity:—

'Non è Pio, non è Clemente,'

'Ma vecchio Leone senza dente!'

Leo XII. soon made it evident, by the choice of his secretary, that he intended to be his own first minister. Austria, in moody discontent, long refused an ambassador, and the choice of his

agents was made in avowed disregard to the wishes of that court. As a sovereign, he was arbitrary,—he has even been called tyrannical; as a Pope, his government was exemplary. Anxious for reform, and zealous for the honour of his order, he stimulated the zeal of the parochial clergy; the regulars he visited with his dreaded presence, and with the rod of his displeasure. But his health sank under the accumulated difficulties and anxieties of his high place; and his corpse was conducted to St. Peter's amidst the hisses and execrations of the populace. His financial scheme had wholly failed. It is surmised that he assisted the Apostolic cause in the Spanish peninsula with large sums. It is certain that taxation had not been diminished, that the public debt was increased, and the treasury empty; while a greater spirit of disaffection and ill-humour prevailed among the people than had yet appeared since the re-establishment of the papacy.

The College again assembled, and, after another period of doubt, hesitation, and intrigue, the choice fell on Castiglione, a Cardinal-bishop, holding the suburban see of Frascati:* a man of moderate opinions, of irreproachable character, and moreover somewhat sickly and well stricken in years.

If this pontiff, who assumed the popular title of Pius VIII., did little to merit the gratitude of posterity, he did nothing to deserve the censure of his contemporaries. He was bewildered and perplexed. He found courts of law into which he could not infuse a love of justice; he found lawyers and judges who sold their clients and their judgments. He deplored the evils which he could not abolish. All he could do was to cut off one of the prime sources of abuse. The pernicious system of arbitrary interference with the courts of justice, pursued by all popes, practised by Consalvi, and abused by Leo, he steadily avoided. The 'Uditore Santissimo,' whose office much resembles that of our Chancellor at its first institution—the minister who issues the papal rescripts, stopping causes he does not choose should advance, and not unfrequently reversing legal decisions—during this reign had a sinecure. Pius VIII. was never prevailed on to grant one of these odious rescripts. We remember to have seen a lady, a relation and friend of the Pope, who, having an important cause pending, had posted to Rome

* The College is divided into three classes—the cardinal-bishops, who hold the six suburban sees, Ostia and Velletri, Santa Rufina and Porto, La Sabina, Frascati, Albano, and Palestrina; the cardinal-priests, which class includes the high ecclesiastical dignities; and the cardinal-deacons, composed of those in deacons' orders, or not in holy orders at all—from whom are most commonly selected the state officers—these holding high ecclesiastical preferment seldom being employed in secular matters.

on learning the elevation of her kinsman. He readily accorded her an interview, and when she cast herself at his feet he kindly raised her, and asked her what she desired. She demanded a decision against her unjust adversary. The Pope heard her in silence. 'My daughter,' he said at length, 'have you a rosary?'—'Yes, holy father: do you think I would walk abroad without it?'—'Give it me, then,' he replied; and having blessed it, he returned it. 'I have now done all for you that a Pope can do. The decisions of the law are pronounced by the judges, and I have no power to interfere with them.'—Within less than two years this Pope died; and it was only from the next reign that the Roman people learned to appreciate him.

The Pope expired at the Quirinal. The body was transported at nightfall, in a state-carriage, to the Vatican. The noble guard, wearing scarfs of white and black crape (the mingled mourning for the pontiff and for the prince), attended on horseback, each bearing a waxen torch; the gendarmerie followed, every man provided also with a torch; the horse-artillery brought up the rear, thundering along the uneven, ill-paved streets at a hand-gallop, the pace at which etiquette commands the sad procession to advance. No religious emblem accompanies it. The body is embalmed on the bed of death. The chapter of St. Peter's receives it at the door of the cathedral, which is also the chapel of the Vatican palace; and here commence those tedious ceremonies which precede interment. The military escort returns at a yet more resounding pace, leaving a long echo in the darkening night. The Cardinal Camerlengo assumes the regency of the state; the *annulus Piscatoris* is formally broken in his presence and in that of the Congregation; he visits the Apostolic palace, and, after receiving the customary salute, he issues his orders to the captain of the Swiss guard. 'Chi ci paga?' demands the cautious mercenary, with shouldered arms—the mutinous altercation of former days being now converted into state etiquette. 'Ci penserà io,' replies the prelate: the weapons are lowered, the guard follows his eminence, and obeys his orders till the oaths are administered to another Pope.

Prince Chigi, the hereditary governor of Rome, and protector of the Conclave, assumes his office, which is declared to the people by the double sentinel at his palace gates. A day is appointed for the assembling of the cardinals, and the foreign members of the College arrive with the speed that age, dignity, and indolence permit. Their entrance into Conclave in the Quirinal is an imposing spectacle. Each elector, attended by a chaplain and two domestic servants, takes possession of the apartment which has been assigned

him by lot, and fitted up by his own upholsterer. Every arrangement on this solemn meeting marks the suspicion with which the princes of the Church regard each other. The kitchen and the servants of the palace could not be trusted; no Cardinal would venture on eating a meal that had not been prepared by his own people. His dinner is daily brought him in a covered barrow, used only for this purpose: it is sealed by the clerk of his kitchen, attended by a servant in his livery, and guarded by a Swiss soldier. The seals are broken in the presence of two fraternal Eminences. No unexamined communication whatever is permitted with the external world.

Every morning after a mass, performed each time by a different minister, the Conclave proceeds to a ballot and scrutiny: but these for some time are well understood to be merely preliminary skirmishes. Day after day, at noon, the idle and curious of the city flock to Monte Cavallo to witness the smoke issuing from the funnel of the stove on which are burnt the papers after the ballot: and there is much fun and ribaldry when the outward sign announces the fresh abortive effort. The memory of Leo XII. was still odious—and Pasquin thus addressed the electors:—

‘Bestie siete—una bestia farete:

Abbate attenzione di non fare un Leone.’

The recent revolutions in France and Belgium, the disturbances in Germany, and the unsettled state of Italy should have hastened a decision. There should have been a truce to idle jealousies and petty animosities, and the choice should have fallen on a man bold at once and cautious; a man of piety, and man of the world; one who could grapple with the difficulties that were arising on every side round the papal throne. The Conclave judged otherwise. They had sat for fifty-six days before the window over the great gate was broken through, and the hand of the Cardinal Dean, bearing his cross, protruded. No tempest like that which drove the people from the palace when Pius VIII. was elected, cast its gloomy prognostic over the opening scene. The morning was bright and clear, and the words of the antique formula were heard by the remotest of the multitude:—‘Magnum vobis annuncio gaudium. Habemus Papam, Dominum Cardinalem Capellari qui sibi nomen assumpsit Gregorium XVI.’ The announcement was followed by the cheers of the people; they knew nothing to the disadvantage of the new sovereign; but the choice was an unfortunate one. Capellari, a native of Belluno, born a Venetian and now an Austrian subject, was a member of an order strictly reformed on the rule of S. Benedict. He had early quitted the world, and had risen to eminence in his order by his theological acquirements.

acquirements. His hat had been the reward of his dexterity in arranging the Concordat between the King of the Low Countries and the court of Rome. A man of foreign and humble birth, a recluse by choice and by vocation, already advanced in life, feeble and timid, proved the favoured candidate at a moment when the energy of the seventh Gregory, or of a Paul, would hardly have sufficed.

Gregory XVI. (who had assumed that name in honour of the celestial patron of his order) was crowned in the balcony of St. Peter's, amidst the waving of peacocks' feathers, the rolling of drums, and the salvoes of artillery, which, repeated along the coast of Italy to that of France, and from thence to Spain, announce to the Catholic world that its new chief has been consecrated, and has showered his blessing 'on the city and on the world.' It was on kneeling thousands that he bestowed his first benediction: on the altar of St. Peter's he accepted the homage and granted and received the kiss of peace from the cardinals, his brothers and first subjects. He was carried, in snowy robes and with the tiara on his brow, through the spacious aisles of St. Peter's to the majestic palace of his predecessors. The procession passes before the Clementine chapel; the priest advanced from the altar, and dropped a lighted match on a heap of prepared flax; a brilliant flame blazed up for a moment:—'Sancte Pater, sic transit gloria mundi.' The peace of Gregory was as evanescent. The first sound that disturbed the slumbers of gratified ambition was the news of the revolt of the provinces and the rebellion of Ancona; these events preceded the accustomed donatives and the usual acts of grace with which all reigns commence.

Whatever were the faults of Gregory, he had as yet had no opportunity of exhibiting them. It was not a sense of wrongs that incited revolt—it was the hope of support from France. The facility with which a great monarchy had recently been overthrown gave confidence to the discontented of every country, while it disturbed and terrified all established authority. The papal rebels were as timid, however, as the papal generals that opposed them. They might have marched on Rome and ended the war; they wasted time in idle manœuvres, and lost the confidence of their partisans by silly negotiations. The Bishop of Rieti armed a cohort of his peasantry, defended the walls of his city, and worked a diversion. Meantime, the Roman populace, exasperated against their untried Pontiff's enemies, assembled in tumultuous troops around his coach whenever he appeared, and frightened him with their boisterous zeal, hardly less than the threats of the insurgents. The French were everywhere insulted; but the students of the Academy had made themselves peculiarly obnoxious

noxious by the haste with which they had mounted the tricolor-flag; their martial president was forced to withdraw the emblem he had hoisted with such exaltation; and, content with this triumph, the mob made no effort to force the barricades with which he had fenced his official dwelling, not very prudently, perhaps, as they seemed rather to invite the attack which they could not certainly repel.

The discontented of the Roman and other states had at a ready audience to the emissaries of Revolution from Paris; but the language which the French king and his ministers whispered into the ears of royal ambassadors differed widely from that of these apostles of mischief, and even from the speeches which they themselves as yet now and then found it necessary to utter. The Italians were deceived; they were again the dupes of treachery, and experienced the fate of those patriots who trust to foreign aid for what their own right hand should accomplish. The Pope, in the helplessness of his terror, applied for assistance to Austria. The tranquillity of Italy is so important to that power, that any risk must be run in maintaining it. The ill-timed appearance of some of the younger members of the Buonaparte family in the rebel camp gave the desired excuse for intervention. The Austrians passed the Po; the rebel bands dispersed before them, and several of their chiefs found it necessary to hasten their negotiations at Rome for pardon and reward on the surrender of their secrets. The Austrians now assumed the plausible attitude of protecting the papal rebels from the wrath of their offended sovereign. A double end was served; this was in accordance with the humane policy of Vienna, and it placed the imperial Government in advantageous opposition to that of the Pope. We well remember the cordial reception that was given to the white uniform in Bologna and at Ravenna, and the undisguised and unchecked insults to which the papal troops were exposed.

The appearance of the Buonapartes on the scene had startled Louis Philippe, and effectually revived his old aversion to Italian liberalism. His position at home, however, demanded some appearance of intervention; and French vanity was gratified by the semblance of success in the piratical occupation of Ancona. The Pope protested, and his protest was disregarded; it was not at first that he perceived the advantage he could reap from this proceeding: subsequently he availed himself of it to the utmost. The Austrians were obliged to renounce their claims to those subsidies and indemnifications which the French did not demand. And in spite of Ancona, and the picture of that splendid triumph ordered from Horace Vernet for the Gallery of Versailles, the dis-
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affected soon discovered that French diplomacy would support the authority of the Pope at home, and his independence abroad, should Austria attempt to dictate her will in accents too haughty.

A breathing time ensued. The great difficulties that Gregory had now to encounter were fiscal. He was assisted, though sparingly, by the Church. Three lay commissioners, men of influence and practical knowledge, were invited to examine into the financial condition of the country, to report upon it and suggest a remedy. The plan proposed by these gentlemen would instantly have relieved the Pope from his most pressing difficulties; the regular clergy, with whom much capital lay dormant, were to be amerced in a large contribution. The project was submitted to the Sacred College; it was approved, but, at the same time, unhesitatingly rejected. The Pope himself, if the love of his order could have slumbered, was fully alive to a hint that the fate of Ganganelli might be his if the wrath of the conventual clergy were excited. From that moment he became the determined opponent of all extraordinary plans of taxation. The regular clergy, however, contributed something, and Cardinal Bernetti, the Secretary of State, a man of expedients, found no difficulty in raising a loan—the terms of which were so advantageous, however, to the lenders, that the minister's integrity did not escape suspicion. Tortonia and the Jew Rothschild were hailed as the saviours of the state; it was with this title that the Pope received and embraced his wealthy subject.

Under the joint protection of France and Austria the Pope might repose in security, and resume those habits of indolence that constitute the charm of the cloister. But the vials of wrath were not yet poured out. Pestilence and famine were in store.

Had His Holiness possessed those meek virtues which by some are supposed to belong to the cloister, he might now have exhibited them. If he could not head armies or unravel conspiracies—if he possessed not the talents of a financier or legislator, he could at least afford an example of piety and self-devotion. He could offer up his prayers for the general safety—he could watch over the welfare of his flock. Instead of this, he fled to Castel Gandolfo with his immediate attendants, and drawing a cordon round that residence, remained inaccessible to all, while the exhausted exchequer was further taxed for a large sum daily expended in an anti-pestilential machinery. The demon of fear seemed to possess his mind. The lofty walls of the Vatican gardens were raised still higher, and surrounded by movable battlements. The secret passage, or 'Cavalcavia,' that connects the Vatican with the castle of S. Angelo, was reopened and prepared for immediate use, in case Gregory, like another Clement, should

should ever require a retreat more secure than his fortified palace within the capital.

More tranquil days returned; the personal fears of the Pope were assuaged; but his dread of reform and innovation, his aversion to business, and his general indolence remained undiminished—a disposition naturally timid grew more timid still. Feeble by advancing age and by habits of self-indulgence, he abandoned the cares of government to officials and subordinates, and the patronage of it to his valet-de-chambre. The ministers in every department were men from whom the Pope thought he had nothing to dread, and from whom the people had nothing to hope—men equally devoid of birth, of talent, and of honesty—the creatures of the valet—men who had paid for their office, who were interested in the maintenance of abuses, who hastened with utter shamelessness to secure their fortune, admonished by the failing health of their patron that the time was short.

Such was the state of confusion which Pius IX. was called on to remedy; but the task was difficult and displeasing. He saw more ill than he could amend, and his good feelings made him loth to punish the culprit, even where he could effect no remedy without doing so. The act of amnesty with which he began was too general to be just, and a measure, at best, of very doubtful prudence:—he was rewarded, however, and stimulated onwards, by the applause of thousands. The corruptions of the state demanded reform, but true reform is slow and cautious. The freedom of the press, extorted rather from his weakness than from his judgment, soon produced deplorable effects. The periodical publications revelled in the newly acquired licence, and neighbouring powers were irritated by the daily repetition of their malignant and unjust attacks. Another measure, pregnant with danger, was the organization of the civic guard; this body, though inspiring no terrors to the Austrian grenadier, may successfully overawe the native government. Several of his acts have already proved that the Pope has doubted of the wisdom of those early measures; but how can he recede—how consent to endanger his dearly prized popularity? One of his own ministers, in former days considered as a hot Jacobin, has not hesitated (in the society of Englishmen) to lament the failure of repeated efforts to establish something like a Conservative press for the counteraction of flagrant calumnies of every sort—a most complete failure—never was one-sided impudence more triumphant! Another capital error is having invited ‘boards’ of his subjects to suggest schemes of administration, and to write pamphlets on political reform. We pay the Pope the compliment of believing him the most enlightened man
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in his dominions, and we certainly know of none that can counsel him. The Republicans smile. 'Let him alone,' said a noted reformer in a foreign country; 'he is doing our work—give him but a reign of ten years, and he will be the last Bishop of Rome having temporal power.'

It should be borne in mind that the Roman government has hitherto been equally despotic in form and in principle; that no provincial or municipal assemblies existed to form the nucleus of a great council. No national spirit or character pervades the heterogeneous realm—made up of possessions to hardly one of which anything like a decent title can be shown. The donation of Constantine to S. Sylvester, though ridiculed by satirists, and dropped by the papal jurists, is the only charter that can be adduced for the possession of Rome itself, and the 'patrimony of St. Peter.*' The 'Agro Romano,' and the 'Commarca,' may be said to come within the same category. The remoter provinces of the Church, though claimed in right of donations and bequests, were all in fact acquired by conquest and usurpation, by the spoliation of princes and governors, and in direct defiance of the known wishes of the people;—for no government was less popular in the middle ages than that of the Church—none was exposed to more frequent rebellions, and in these repeated struggles all popular rights were trampled on by the victors.

In the vast territory included in the sufficiently questionable legacy of the Countess Matilda the claim of the Church in former times was seldom denied, though its jurisdiction was always resisted. The Pope, often an exile, and invariably struggling with the numerous enemies of his temporal rule, was most frequently unable to enforce his right, and, if for a time he gained military possession, he was obliged to delegate his powers to counts, marquises, and apostolic vicars, who ruled despotically and in utter defiance of the papal rescripts. Towards the close of the fifteenth century the Romagna was overrun by Cæsar

* The patrimony of St. Peter comprises the country that lies between the right bank of the Tiber (including the Vatican basilica and the quarter called the Borgo) and the mountains of Tuscany; of this district Viterbo is the principal city; and the Campagna di Roma is comprehended in it. The 'Agro Romano' extends between the sea, the mountains, and the left bank of the Tiber. The 'Commarca' is that beautiful hilly region which overlooks Rome, from the Sabine hills to those which form the boundary of the kingdom of Naples. Though these districts formed the earliest possessions to which the Church lays claim, they were parcelled out among numerous feudal lords, both temporal and spiritual, who exercised independent authority, and set the pope at defiance. In the patrimony the most powerful barons were the Orsini; while the Colonna, the Conti, and the Savelli portioned amongst themselves the practical sway of the Agro Romano and the adjacent hills.

Borgia, and, with his father's sanction, formed into a principality, to be hereditary in his family. After the ruin and flight of that artful adventurer, his acquisitions were annexed formally by the warlike Julius to the immediate dominion of the Church, to which, in spite of occasional rebellions, they have since remained attached, and now, under the name of the Legations, still continue to furnish those resources by which the government is maintained. The duchy of Spoleto, which contained several independent republics and principalities, continued till long after to enjoy its freedom. It was Paul III. who conquered Perugia, and Città di Castello was usurped from the Vitelli in the following reign. The duchy of Ferrara was seized at the close of the sixteenth century by Clement VIII., and the little duchy of Urbino was added in the seventeenth. With this last usurpation, the territorial acquisitions of the Church cease. What the system of clerical government was, the grass-grown streets of Ferrara and the deserted heights of Urbino declare—but this is not our present purpose. These possessions, though claimed by the Pope as a right, were conquered by arms, and he thought himself at liberty to establish any form of government he pleased. An unmixed despotism was invariably preferred, in which all power was removed from the laity and lodged with the clergy alone, and the provinces were henceforward to be governed by cardinals, delegates, and governors responsible only to their ecclesiastical employers.

The claims of the court of Rome to supremacy were, and would be again, unbounded; though at times suffered to slumber, they have never been resigned; they have constantly been revived when the moment was thought propitious. The charge of Christ to Peter gave the care of the whole human flock to the Church; upon this warrant the Popes distributed the vast continents of America between Spain and Portugal—they certainly possessed no other. But within his own oldest dominions it is easy enough to show that the absolute power of the Pope is of modern establishment. In his own capital even, before the close of the Western schism and the restoration of the seat of government to Italy, his sway was divided, first by the prefect, who swore fidelity to the Emperor, and afterwards with the noble on whom, with the title of Patrician, or Senator, the administration was conferred. By degrees, however, the struggle for power terminated in the victory of the Popes. The office of Senator, at first so important, became at length a costly pageantry—an honorary distinction that the Pope conferred on illustrious foreigners. To Sixtus V., one of the most remarkable sovereigns who have ruled in Europe, the merit is due of consolidating the States
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of the Church, establishing a system of government, and at last curbing the licence of the nobles. But the change went far beyond diminishing their feudal authority. From this period they began to abandon the country and to fix themselves permanently in the capital, where they were deprived of the shadow of power or influence. The Roman senate (the consuls were yearly chosen from this body, and their names inscribed on the 'fasti' that commence with Junius Brutus) was composed of a certain number of families, long established in the city, who boasted themselves the genuine nobility of Rome; but while to their tribunal were submitted the most trivial cases only, all real power was concentrated in a prelate who ruled with the title of 'Governor of Rome,'—a dignity which he could only exchange for that of a cardinal. The Savelli, Colonna, Orsini, and Caetani, the ancient untitled 'Baroni Romani,' while deprived of all power, had never the advantage of seeing a member of their families raised to the papal throne. The jealousy that their rank and wealth excited, always secured the preference of a foreigner, and the Barberini, Buoncompagni, Borghese, Chigi, and Corsini, though Italians, were natives of foreign states. The love of their collaterals, to denote which the word *nepotism* was invented, and which distinguished these princes, has peopled Rome with a nobility wealthy, but not of the country, and often possessed of foreign estates to divide their allegiance. It is to this class of persons, generally speaking, that those magnificent palaces belong, which strike the stranger with so much astonishment when he first visits Rome, and which have in fact been built by sovereigns who taxed the world to support their splendour.

The real right of citizenship in Rome is confined to a few. The 'Trasteverini,' or dwellers on the right bank of the Tiber, boast themselves the only legitimate descendants of the ancient Romans, and make good their claim by their haughty and insubordinate bearing. The Montagnoli, or inhabitants of the Viminal and Esquiline hills, are principally descended from the country-people who sought refuge in Rome during the barbarous ages, and these emulate the Trasteverini in ignorance, in bigotry, and in lawlessness. It is with this class of his subjects that the Pope is ever most popular, whether, like Gregory, he seeks to stem the torrent of innovation, or whether, like Pius, he hopes to guide it. In these, however, centres the nationality of Rome. They are its true types. Handsome in person, picturesque in attire, they pass the day in idleness, muffled in cloaks and basking in the sun in winter, lying asleep on their faces in the shade in summer, and seldom rousing themselves but to drink in the wine-shops and gamble with their comrades. Desperate quarrels are the consequence

quence of this life, and assassinations have never been scarce. The neighbouring church affords a safe asylum, where the criminal remains till he can effect his escape, if he is not rich enough to purchase his peace from the kinsmen of his victim—unless indeed these last can procure the order from the Grand Penitentiary to seize him within the sacred precincts.

An intermediate class there is between the noble and the populace. This, the '*mezzo ceto*,' consisting of unennobled proprietors, merchants, lawyers, and physicians, is the class amongst which the advocates of reform are principally to be found, and which has been represented sometimes, by those who are not familiar with it, as more intelligent and more respectable than the 'class of superior rank. There are besides a great many foreigners resident in Rome, together with a mixed population, composed of pensioners of the Church and of the higher nobles, of denizens, of refugees, and of a poorer sort of strangers, who come to the capital to follow those trades and perform those menial offices which the Romans are too proud to do for themselves. Such are the heterogeneous materials of which the population is composed. The most invincible prejudices exist among all these classes—prejudices which have never yet been eradicated, which forbid amalgamation, and frustrate all hope of constitutional government.

Hitherto the whole scheme of polity had been to monopolise every branch of administration in the hands of the priesthood, and it was by the watchful care of this monopoly that the state had been enabled to exist. Pius IX. assailed this system—and in doing so, we suspect he has evoked a spirit that neither his power nor that of his successors will be able to lay. We do not for a moment doubt that the public business will be as well conducted by laymen as by priests:—but how long will the lay ministers, governors, and magistrates be in discovering that it becomes them not to receive orders from an aged pontiff and an impotent presbytery? It is the opinion, we know, of many fervid Romanists, that if any method of preserving his independence could be discovered, the head of their Church would be more powerful without a territorial dominion at all—that he would be less under the influence of his great neighbours, and his attention would be more exclusively bestowed on ecclesiastical affairs. These, therefore, are surveying passing events with feelings into which we cannot enter. But, moreover, of Pius IX., in his capacity of head of the Church, we have observed still less to admire than in the administration of his temporal affairs. In the latter we give him full credit at least for the purest intentions:—but in his ecclesiastical capacity in
Belgium

Belgium and in Switzerland he has exhibited all the selfishness and arrogance of the Vatican at its worst period, and his recent interference with our Government scheme of education in Ireland (whatever may be that scheme's particular merits) we must consider equally insolent and unpolitic.

The invariable maxim of the Church of Rome has been to watch the bent and disposition of the age, to appear to lead while in fact it follows, to enter into and to render it subservient to the great aim of ecclesiastical supremacy. The spirit of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was fierce, enthusiastic, and romantic. The crusades against the Saracens were devised by the clergy to rid Europe of its warlike and turbulent population; and the success was complete. Deserted Europe was abandoned to the priest, who availed himself of the opportunity to aggrandise his order. In more civilised times, when learning was revived, the churchman himself led the van in the crusade against ignorance—and if to a period of security a moment of danger succeeded which seemed to threaten the very existence of the papacy, the tide of the Reformation was stemmed by those uncompromising champions of error, the Jesuits. A pleasanter path was next opened for ambition; and the cautious priesthood found it easier and less invidious to dictate to the counsels of Europe through the invisible confessor, who occupied the closet of power, and alternately flattered the vices and excited the terrors of superstitious kings and queens, ministers of state, and their troops of favourites, male and female. But when this system too had had its day, the revolutionary spirit that had cut it short was not neglected by the Proteus-like churchman. The priesthood has acquired a power in France it failed to gain under the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, and the cause of the Roman tiara is advocated in Germany by the professed opponents of all secular authority. In Ireland the audacious disaffection of the Romish masses has long been openly countenanced by a clergy who have at least done nothing to check the bloody barbarism of their manners; and it is at the very moment when, although Irish crime had never before attained such a flagrancy, English resources had been lavished with the most unparalleled generosity in the relief of Irish poverty—it is at this very moment that a new Pope, his name trumpeted everywhere as synonymous with the cause of human freedom and social rights, dares to affront the monarchy of Great Britain by a direct interference with a detail of its internal legislation. Nay, it is at the same moment that this misguided Pontiff has ventured to carve England herself anew into Romish dioceses, and nominate one of the cunningest of Jesuits (we care not to ask whether or not he belongs

belongs to the actual Order of Jesus) to the Primacy of England, with the title of Archbishop of Westminster.

It is no wonder that the great powers of Europe should be watching with alarm this new impulse given simultaneously to the spirit of priestly ambition everywhere, and to the spirit of civil disaffection as well, by the rash movements of Pius IX. The agitation, meantime, proceeding from the centre of Rome, has already disturbed Italy itself from one end to the other.

The kingdom of Naples, long separated in interest from Northern Italy, need hardly enter into our present sketch; it is obvious, however, that Naples is rather in the condition of wanting assistance than of having it to offer.

The King of Sardinia claims to be ranked with the new Pope as 'the advocate of constitutional opinions.' Can that prince suppose that Europe has forgotten—that his own subjects can forgive—the melancholy result of his former vacillations? In youth he appeared in open hostility to his sovereign and kinsman, and but for the interference of France he must have paid the penalty of his temerity. Neither was his pardon secured without those sacrifices of his associates, from which honour should have shrunk. During his retirement at the court of Tuscany, where the late Sovereign, the soul of honour, afforded him an asylum, the two kinsmen were never known to interchange a word; the Grand Duke could not refuse hospitality to the husband of a beloved daughter, but neither could he conceal his abhorrence of the conduct that had obliged him to solicit it. His life, though one of suffering, both moral and physical, has not been remarkable for the austere virtues, nor has he obtained much credit for sincerity in the covering of devotion which at intervals he has thrown around it. He is ambitious, however; and adopting the lax maxims of policy that the Dukes of Savoy, his ancestors, so effectually practised, while they stripped the 'artichoke of Lombardy' leaf by leaf, he hopes to seize the whole at once. With this bait held out to him by the 'patriots' of Italy, who can smile more and conceal as much hatred in their bosoms as himself, he has again appeared as the champion of liberty.

Tuscany, fertile, prosperous, and industrious, exhibits—or but lately exhibited—the model of material happiness. Its sovereign, a prince of the house of Austria, the heir to many of his father's virtues, and some of his grandfather's accomplishments, will be classed by none with the versatile chief of the house of Savoy. But he, too, has been rash. With the best intentions he has granted reforms not called for by necessity, nor calculated to advance the happiness of his good-humoured but not over orderly people. A
stricter

stricter enforcement of the criminal code, a little less of mistaken lenity, a better administration in every department might have been called for; but there was melancholy weakness in sanctioning licence in the press, and arming his subjects with blunted swords, which are likely to remain idle except when they are mischievous. Already his 'Guardia Civica' has, on numerous occasions, shown itself to sympathize not with the law but the offender. The assassin within sight of Florence is said to be almost as safe as in Tipperary. What taxes are paid will barely suffice for the ordinary expenses of the state; and there is an end for the time of the draining of the Maremma and all the other good and great undertakings that tended alike to the honour of the Prince and the solid improvement of the country.

Parma and Modena have been governed by members of the same house, with a less honest administration however, with more abuses, greater latitude, and a less general prosperity to the subject. The Duke of Modena, without having done anything to deserve it, has inherited much of the unpopularity of his father. The Archduchess Maria Louisa, having done everything to deserve the love of her subjects, was rewarded with, perhaps, more hatred than any other branch of the imperial family. Her successor, like the Duke of Modena, will follow, of course, the policy dictated by Vienna; while Sardinia and Tuscany rank as the allies of the Pope, approving of his measures and treading in the same steps; and Naples, secretly hostile, professes neutrality.

It remains to consider the state of the Austrian territories—the Milanese and the Mantuan duchies, and the Venetian Provinces, which together form the kingdom of Venetian Lombardy—the splendid possession of that power which must still be considered as the arbiter of Italy.

Milan, which was claimed in the sixteenth century as a fief lapsed to the Empire, formed a part of the vast monarchy of Spain. Mantua fell two centuries later, on the extinction of the house of Gonzaga, to the Emperor of Germany, on the same plea. On the division of the Spanish monarchy at the close of the War of Succession, Milan was assigned to the Emperor. The government of the Imperial Viceroys in the last century created no discontent, and the Milanese, in passing from the elder to the younger branch, found their advantage in a better administration of justice, and a much keener superintendence of the conduct of the Viceroy himself. It is well known with what expense of blood and treasure Austria defended her Italian dominions at the close of the century. Army after army was equipped—to be met and defeated no less by the incapacity of their own generals (if not by their treachery) than by the military talents of
of

of Buonaparte. It was not till the last necessity that she submitted to the Treaty of Campo Formio, a transaction discreditable to her, and hardly surpassed in the infamy it stamped on the name of republican diplomacy.

At the general peace, Austria was justly entitled to an indemnification, since no power had made greater sacrifices, and the Venetian provinces were deemed but a moderate compensation for losses in Germany and in the Low Countries.

The Emperor Francis, a native of Italy, and warmly attached to the country of his birth, returned to take possession of his Italian states with the ardour of a lover. Though flattered by the demonstrations in his favour at Milan, the disorders which led to the murder of some of the French partisans, and which with too much probability have been attributed to the inflammatory harangues of the late Count Gonsalvoni, could not but occasion him disgust and horror. A system of conciliation was at first attempted. Crosses, keys, and titles were liberally scattered. The Emperor had no cause for distrust, and he intended to give no cause for complaint; but, however blameless, he had the mortification of soon seeing the end of his popularity. The ill-conducted rebellions of Naples and Piedmont, which were to have broken out simultaneously with that of Lombardy, were quickly quelled, and the chief conspirators of Milan found themselves compromised without having merited the applause of their countrymen by one act of courage or energy.

The Emperor, outraged as a sovereign and wounded in his best feelings, did not take a bloody revenge: the sentence of death which was pronounced against convicted treason was, in every case, commuted into milder punishments: and the number of those so dealt with, as well as their ultimate sentences, have been grossly misrepresented. In all, nineteen were sentenced to a few months of imprisonment—twelve to ten years, and three to twenty-one years of seclusion in a fortress. Much, indeed, has been said of the rigours of Spielberg, and many persons, in the freedom and ease of their comfortable studies, have decreed that 'death was a thousand times preferable to such a doom.' We fancy, however, that these gentlemen would have been of a different mind had the alternative been offered to themselves; at worst, these martyrs lived through their captivity—in most instances its term was shortened—and some of them are still alive to recriminate and contradict each other, and to disclose (with exaggerations) the secrets of their prison-house.

The desire for domestic government is so natural that we cannot be surprised that Italy craves for independence. Three hundred years have not reconciled Milan to foreign dominion; and most gladly

gladly should we see an independent monarchy, temperate and powerful, in the north of Italy, capable of resisting both foreign and domestic assault. But, alas! a longer education than Italy has yet submitted to in privation, in sacrifice, and in self-devotion, is needed to prepare her sons to fight this battle; and above all, if it is to be fought, and if it is not to bring with it a mere change of masters, it is by patriot hands alone that the sword must be wielded. This great lesson the Italians have not learned. In spite of all experience they will lean on foreign support. Strange to say, they even cast their eyes with lingering regret on the disgraceful period of the French usurpation, assuredly one of the hardest despotisms that modern Europe has ever seen. Desolating wars required a constant supply of men, and repeated conscriptions nearly swept away the youth of the provinces. 'The Continental System' prohibited articles of English manufacture, while the best market was closed on Italian industry. The cumbrous and oppressive method of collecting customs was not altered. The censorship of the press was maintained with a severity which left that of the Inquisition far behind, and with a machinery more extensive and complete than that tribunal could ever command. The police exceeded the fabled activity of old Venice: social liberty had no existence. The proprietor suspected of disaffection was visited with the most summary inflictions. Soldiers were billeted upon him by the troop—his sons or his nephews were dragged into the conscription. The tribunals were notoriously under the influence of power, and no instance will be found of a favourable decision for a person looked coldly on by the Government, while the most iniquitous sentences are recorded to the advantage of its partizans. Governors, Prefects, and Commissioners of the Police collected pictures and curiosities; they did not disguise their love of presents, and they grew rich, and their galleries full, at the expense of anxious suitors. Oppression and insolence were carried into the theatre, the coffee-house, and the drawing-room. The most arbitrary interference was practised in families. Marriages were made between the rich heiress and the soldier of fortune, and the excuse was admitted that Buonaparte's system of amalgamation required the sacrifice. The Court of the Viceroy was attended by a large assemblage of the gay and brilliant of both sexes, and of the highest rank; absence from it would have been accounted disaffection, and punished accordingly. Wherever he was, the French soldier demanded the best the country afforded; and if the officer sometimes waived his rights, the praise was due to the courtesy of the individual, and not to the laws, which permitted every licence.

To all this the Austrian government presents a complete contrast.

The French taxed each city, not only for works of utility and comfort, but also to raise triumphal monuments to the glory of their masters; they wished to see an appearance at least of mirth; they gave popular fêtes with the money of the community; they provided the music, and insisted that the company should dance. Under Austrian rule the fêtes have been discontinued, certainly, but the works of public utility have been completed. If the French made two roads over the Alps, the Austrians have made six. The costly reparations of the cathedral of Milan, and even the triumphal arch at the northern entrance of the city, though a monument humiliating to Austria, have been finished. The French system of centralization reduced the provincial cities to utter insignificance. Venice, despoiled and degraded, was slipping from its shores into the sluggish canals which the Government thought it not worth while to clean. In this state the marvellous city was handed over to the Emperor of Austria. The curse of Marino Faliero seemed upon it. Daily petitions were offered up at Vienna to enable the fallen noble to destroy the palace of his ancestors and sell the materials. An Imperial decree put a stop to this devastation, and the foresight of the Government has saved the city from a calamity more irreparable than any inflicted by Attila. Justice, as we have before said, is administered with an impartiality unknown in the rest of Italy, and perhaps not valued by Italians. Domestic tranquillity is not disturbed by the tyranny or gallantry of police-agents and foreign fortune-hunters. Vienna has not been declared the centre of 'European civilization,' and Italy has not been despoiled to adorn it. The German governors, civil and military, are maintained on frugal and moderate salaries, and the Court of the Viceroy is on a scale of unostentatious simplicity, while the domestic habits and private virtues of the royal family form a noble contrast with the disorderly conduct of the Buonapartes whom their chief intruded on the country, and surrounded with theatrical trappings and factitious titles.

No assertion has been more fearlessly made, and more constantly repeated, than that Italians are never preferred by the German government to posts of honour in their own country. When the Austrians first re-assumed possession of Lombardy, Italians were named to numerous offices, nor were they removed but at the reiterated complaints of their own countrymen. Municipal jealousy interfered also with these appointments: the Venetians thought it hard that a country which had governed itself for many centuries should receive a governor from Milan—and Milan would have received the appointment of a Venetian governor as the last degradation. Many such appointments were tried; but the choice was not always fortunate; displaced officials proclaimed

proclaimed the injustice of the Government, while, in fact, they should rather have praised its forbearance. It would be easy, if it were not invidious, to quote examples: let it suffice that the experiment failed, and the Italians themselves were the first to admit it.

The patience and forbearance of the Austrian soldiers and officers in Italy has often been our astonishment. We have constantly seen them exposed in public places to the most contemptuous and injurious treatment. Every such place resounds with abuse of the Government, and sufficiently disproves the alleged activity of the police.

As we said at the outset, it is chiefly among the upper classes of society that the Germans are thus unpopular. Let us repeat our warning too. Europe will probably not again suffer its surface to be overrun by French armies. Italy may never again be exposed to the tyranny or the contemptuous forbearance of French generals; but the noble of Northern Italy has a worse warfare to expect, should he be abandoned to the tender mercies of his own peasantry by the withdrawal of the protecting influence of Austria.

While doing its utmost to repress innovation, no government can have shown itself more careful of existing rights, or less inclined to cruelty or vengeance than hers in Italy. It has restrained the severity of neighbouring princes:—even the rebels of the late Duke of Modena were protected from his pursuit, denied to his demand, and suffered to seek their safety in Switzerland.

It was the dread of innovation that prompted the occupation of Ferrara—a measure in our opinion precipitate and impolitic; the dominions of the Pope should have been held sacred from invasion; and the pretences, too, by which the measure is excused are most frivolous. The citadel of Ferrara, at a distance from the town, and commanding the mouth of the Po, was assigned by treaty to Austria as an important military station for the protection of Northern Italy. It was by no means intended that this possession should compromise the Pope's independence, or enable the Emperor to dictate the sort of government he should adopt in his own dominions. The alleged ambiguity in the wording of an article in the Treaty of Vienna could not with fairness be interpreted in favour of the stronger party; neither, even if it were, could the exercise of that right be considered less hostile *now*, since it had been waived before. If Austrian officers were insulted in the streets of Ferrara, they should have abstained from visiting there; if an insult offered to an individual of a powerful nation were to justify the occupation of the territory

where the alleged offence was given, a precedent would be established by which treaties are made waste paper, and of which Austria might be the first to feel the effects. But while we condemn this measure itself, we deplore it still more if it is to be the cause of an English intervention in the internal affairs of Italy. We trust that, whatever may have been the Earl of Minto's commission, he had no authority to plunge us in this new sea of difficulties.

The statesman who signed the Treaty of Vienna understood British interests better than the brilliant orators who have attacked it. We have since departed from all his principles, and what has been the result? Our desertion of the loyal parties in some of our colonies, and of the material interests of others, tend alike to the aggrandizement of the United States. Our desertion of the Sultan has increased the power of Russia and of France, and has been the means of introducing French civilization into Africa, propagated by the humane Cubières. In Spain and Portugal we have prolonged the horrors of civil warfare, and tarnished our laurels by the discomfiture of a British army on the very scene of former glory. We have toiled for the advantage of the new French dynasty; we have assisted to do what Louis XIV. and Buonaparte never accomplished; and have indirectly promoted intrigues which would have disgraced the cabinet of Versailles when presided over by a Pompadour or a Du Barry. If under the specious pretence of liberty and civilization we assist in despoiling Austria of her natural influence in Italy, we shall not forward the views of the Italians in self-government; but we shall aggrandize our rivals by assigning the first interest in Italy to France, and by uniting the Illyrian provinces of the Venetian empire to Russia.

As for the Pope, we (though good Protestants) wish him too well to desire to see him continue in his present course—a course that can only lead to embarrassment—and worse: but we must repeat that we should have thought better of him, both as a priest and as a politician, if he had *not* interfered in Ireland to prolong discontent and ignorance, and if he *had* interfered in Switzerland to stop the effusion of blood.

ART. XI.—1. *Letter from an Irish Proprietor; [the Earl of Devon] to the Ministers of Religion of the District.* Begg and Son, London, 1847.

2. *On Poor-Law and Labour-Rate: a Letter from an Irish Landowner.* By J. Hamilton, A.M. Dublin, 1847.

THE anticipation of our last Number has been exactly realized. Ministers have called Parliament together at an unusual and inconvenient season, for, we might almost think, no other purpose—certainly with no other result—than to increase the alarm of the friends of our existing institutions and exhibit their own extreme inconsistency and weakness. The symptoms of their inadequacy to cope with the difficulties of the times—which they have largely contributed to create and complicate—are obvious to every attentive observer; and as this feebleness in the Government is in our judgment a great aggravation, if not a main cause of the public danger, we feel it our duty to expose it in some of its more prominent features: not assuredly in any hostility to the individual men, nor even to the ministry—for we see no present probability of any better, and a possibility of a worse—but to warn, as far as our humble voice can reach, the Country that the measures of the so-called Government are not the result of any clear views, fixed principles, or substantive system of their own, but a compound of expedients, compromises, and makeshifts, by which they endeavour to balance themselves between their discordant supporters, and to play over again the old Whig game of occupying Place, which they are alike unequal to fill and unwilling to resign.

Such an administration has no efficiency, but for mischief. The weakest can pull to pieces—to build, or even to maintain, requires thought and strength. The essence—the first principle on which the abstract necessity and utility of any kind of government rests is *resistance*. If every man or knot of men are to have their own way, there is no need of a costly and cumbrous machine to regulate and control them: the very terms—‘*duty*,’ ‘*law*,’ ‘*constitution*,’ ‘*government*’—imply restraint and pre-suppose force and power in the governing body, the existence of which in the present case no one will be bold enough to assert. The ministry will, no doubt, obtain sometimes large, but always precarious majorities, by only venturing on half measures of either good or evil, or by indulging in turns the various factions on whose support it exists, by the sacrifice of some interest or lopping off some portion of the constitution to which these happen severally to object. Happy should we think ourselves if we could hope to awaken in them some salutary apprehension of the pit into which this downward path

path must lead them, and into a disposition to deserve from the Country at large such a degree of confidence and support as would enable them to conduct the government on sounder principles than in their present ambiguous and precarious position they can venture to avow.

When they took what looked like courage, but was, as we shall show, the very reverse, to the extent of suspending Peel's Charter Act, they, we believe, expected that their measure would never be acted on, and hoped that they should therefore not have to apply to Parliament for an indemnity. They seem, however, subsequently to have changed this opinion, and the obtaining this indemnity was the first motive publicly assigned, and it was a sufficient one, for the assembling Parliament. We concur with the opinion of Lord Stanley, that their proceeding did require an act of indemnity, or at least some formal parliamentary sanction. Their letter to the Bank, though from circumstances beyond their control not acted upon, was an infraction of the law—just as it would be at common law a misdemeanour to advise, instigate, and aid the commission of an offence, though it had happened, from extraneous causes, that the offence had not been ultimately committed. When, in former times of scarcity, a government had laid an embargo on the export of grain, they came to Parliament for an indemnity, even when no attempt to export had been made, and therefore no actual illegality committed. The cases seem exactly parallel. Indeed, Lord Lansdowne, in one of his speeches on the Irish case, inadvertently admitted this doctrine, by asserting, very truly,

‘that to excite persons to violate the law was of itself a misdemeanour at common law, which could be punished with severity.’—(*Debate*, 6th December.)

And that this was their own deliberate opinion and intention up to the eleventh hour is proved by a *curious circumstance*. The ‘Times’ newspaper for the morning of the 23rd November, the day that Parliament was to meet, had been over-night favoured with a sketch of the Queen's speech, and in this sketch we find—

‘Her Majesty's speech will commence with a statement of the reasons which have rendered it necessary to summon the new Parliament at this season of the year. The commercial pressure, though happily somewhat abated, *still prevails to a ruinous extent, and calls for relief*. In order to allay the excessive feelings of distrust which lately prevailed, Her Majesty's Ministers felt it their duty to interfere, as they believe wisely and successfully, with the operation of the Bank Charter Act. *For this interference, though only permissive, and not carried into effect, the sanction of the Legislature will be solicited.*’—(*Times*, 23rd November.)

Nothing

Nothing can be clearer. On Monday the 22nd, when the Queen's speech was prepared, 'the interference, *though only permissive, and not carried into effect*, required the *sanction of Parliament*'—but on Tuesday the 23rd, when the Queen's speech came to be delivered, it was no infringement of the law, and no sanction of Parliament was necessary. The Queen's Majesty requires at Tuesday noon none of the advice or assistance for which she was so impatient on Monday night.

What had happened in that so short interval to change the promulgated purpose? Early on the morning of the 23rd, the First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer dispatched a letter to the Bank revoking the letter of licence—which was notoriously neither more nor less necessary or useful when it was thus suddenly annulled than when it was issued. No man can doubt that this revocation was connected with the alteration in the Queen's speech, and that both were adopted to relieve the Ministers from not merely the trouble of a bill of indemnity, but the much more serious embarrassment of legalizing in the face of Sir Robert Peel the suspension of his *chef-d'œuvre*; nor do we doubt that he, considering the bad odour in which his Bill was in the City, was quite as willing to get rid of such a discussion as the ministers.

But what had been the measure itself? Was it really taken with any view or expectation of relieving the mercantile crisis? We are satisfied that it was not. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, both immediately before and after the letter to the Bank, declared his conviction—somewhat supererogatively we thought—that the Act of 1844 had nothing to do with the distress—it had not caused it, and its suspension would not relieve it. Why then, in the name of common sense and consistency, was it suspended? For two reasons—the first an obvious one—the strong public opinion against the Act, and the incapacity of this ministry to resist anything approaching to popular clamour; but the second—and we suspect the still stronger reason, was that the Bank itself was, or fancied that it was, in jeopardy; and that under the pretexts of yielding to public opinion, and of aiding commercial credit in general, the real cause of the suspension was to still the secret anxieties of the *Parlour* itself. There is another curious circumstance connected with this transaction. We read in the public papers that on Friday evening, the 22nd of October, Sir Robert Peel being on his way through town to visit the Queen, had a long conference, protracted to midnight, with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Such a confidential interview was in itself curious enough; but when we recollect that it took place on the eve of one of the gravest affronts that any ex-minister before Sir Robert Peel had ever

ever received—the repudiation of one of his leading measures—it strikes us as being very strange. We, of course, can know nothing of what passed at that unparalleled *tête-à-tête*; but we do know that next day Lord John Russell came to town, and had also a long conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that early on Monday the 25th, immediately after those interviews between the parent of the Charter Act and its most zealous sponsors—the Act was unceremoniously discarded as a humbug on the first occasion on which it came to be tried. It is a singular fate for so able and so cautious a man as Sir Robert Peel that all his measures fail—that those puny statesmen whom he had despised, ridiculed, and turned out as unfit for the public service, should now overthrow, without resistance or even remonstrance on his part, his most important measures—the very measures for the sake of which he had submitted himself to such awful sacrifices as no public man ever before made. Lord John Russell repealed his last Corn Law the moment he came into office; and on the first pressure Sir Charles Wood suspended his Bank Charter Act; and in both cases he acquiesced—and in the latter at least, distinctly approved. In fact, nobody doubts that they *durst* not have done it if they had not obtained his direct or indirect concurrence. This would have been a startling phenomenon in former days, when Governments and Oppositions were expected to fulfil candidly and above-board their respective duties.

The next principal topic of the Queen's speech exhibits the same species of evasion and subterfuge. The commercial distress—so rapidly consequent on vast changes in the ancient commercial polity of the empire, from which both the late and the present Government had triumphantly prophesied a new æra of unparalleled wealth and felicity—this wide and ramified desolation of trade and all that belong to trade, would naturally have formed a prominent feature in the sessional manifesto of a Ministry alive to its duties, as we believe Lord John Russell's to be, and capable of executing them, which we heartily wish it were. And so it was announced, as we have seen, in the over-night sketch of her Majesty's speech—

'The commercial pressure still prevails to a ruinous extent, and calls for relief';

But in the actual speech we find nothing about either 'ruin' or 'relief.' The whole question was—to use an old parliamentary phrase—blinked; prominently promised in the *programme* of the *Times*—but shirked in the revised speech—squinted but not looked at. To have mentioned it substantively would have been a kind of pledge that they had, or a confession that they ought to have had,

All these shifts and devices, paltry and miserable, are easily seen through, and therefore of no substantial importance except as they discredit the Government; but what follows is of an infinitely graver character—and suggests a series of larger and more painful considerations—IRELAND!

We have, from a comparison of dates and circumstances, very great doubt whether the state of Ireland had any share in originally determining Ministers to assemble Parliament. It is too true that there has been hardly a week in the last fifty years in which a Ministry would not have been justified in calling the attention of the legislature to the social condition of that perverse and therefore unhappy people—but while the last prorogation was running out, there arrived news of three or four murders, of the class for which, amongst nations, Ireland alone is infamous, and which are of such regular and, as it were, habitual occurrence, that by ceasing to surprise, they seem to be stripped of somewhat of their horror. Each fresh outbreak creates a sensation for the moment, and Lords-Lieutenants offer rewards and publish proclamations, and Ministries reluctantly introduce Arms Bills and Coercion Bills, imperfect in their original provisions, and gradually pared down to absolute inefficacy in deference to the Opposition of the day—whose inflammatory harangues in such discussions have done infinitely more mischief than the mutilated Bills were able to do good. We have read speeches delivered by public men both in and out of Parliament that, considering the excitable nature of the Irish people, we could not but consider as downright incentives to the crimes which their language almost justified; while others, more moderate or more guarded, produced nearly as bad an effect by diluting their reprobation of the crime with the suggestion of extenuating circumstances and by plausible propositions for the removal of this or that grievance, to the existence of which they choose, always gratuitously and generally falsely, to attribute the exasperation of the people. This is the prevailing and most dangerous cant. It was that of the Whig Opposition, and is still, we are sorry to say, the tone of the Whig Administration. It is that of the Roman Catholic priests, of whose share in these terrible executions we shall say more hereafter. It is that which misleads and perverts public opinion into seeking theoretic antidotes for imaginary springs of evil, instead of seeing, by the lights of experience and common sense, the main source of these disorders in the lawless disposition and habits of the people (however caused), and the best and indeed only remedy—not in fits and starts of nominal coercion, but—in a strong, steady, and fearless application of the laws protecting

protecting property—so that the peasantry should be at last convinced that the murder of a landlord will not forward that usurpation and confiscation of his estate, which is the sole result that these unhappy and ignorant savages contemplate. It is on this subject and in this view of it, that we the most seriously blame the paragraph of the Queen's speech, in which, after deploring these atrocities, her Majesty is made to account for, and, as it would seem, to excuse them, by recommending to Parliament in the same breath, and evidently as a remedial process, the consideration of *the relations of landlord and tenant*. The words of the speech are more general—referring only to 'measures, which, with due regard to the rights of property, may improve the social condition of the people;'—but having been twitted in debate with the vagueness of this allusion, Sir George Grey put a bold face on the original equivocation, and asked how any one could doubt that a *Landlord-and-Tenant Bill* was meant.

What conclusion can men of common sense draw from the juxtaposition and connexion of these topics? What, above all, will the Irish peasants, so *sanguine* on this point, be taught by their priestly teachers and agitators to draw?—but that the existing laws of property and the conduct of the existing landlords are at the root of the evil, and that the legislature not having applied any remedy for an admitted grievance—a *grievance denounced from the Throne itself*—they were justified in taking into their own hands what one of their reverend apologists, while defending himself from the charge of being the immediate instigator of a murder, audaciously calls 'the wild justice of revenge'—a phrase, by the way, borrowed by Father Macdermott from Bacon, and at second-hand; for it is clear that had he read the whole passage, he never would have directed attention to it. 'Revenge,' says Bacon, 'is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed out.'

Do we mean to charge her Majesty's Ministers with an *intention* to countenance these horrors? God forbid! but we tell them, more in sorrow than in anger, that they have been guilty of great imprudence and injustice in thus collocating the proved but unpunished atrocities of the peasantry with the imputed but, we believe, wholly unprovable misconduct of landlords. We warn them, moreover, of the absolute impracticability of the object which seems now paramount in all their measures—the endeavour to reconcile the destructive alliances which they made and the destructive principles which they adopted in their Opposition state, with the sober and severe task of governing the country. It is this 'halting between two opinions,' or, what

is worse, this embarrassment between their present duty and their former professions, that exposes them to want of confidence on all sides, and makes their Ministry the weakest in fact and the lowest in estimation of any that, we believe, this country ever saw.

But this affair is, on closer examination, worse than even it looks. The Ministry, who put this clap-trap into their Sovereign's mouth, had no preparation—we had almost ventured to say no intention—certainly, no digested plan for fulfilling the royal promise. They had no *Landlord-and-Tenant Bill* ready; nay, had no idea of what such a bill should consist: and we need hardly add they had no very decided hope that they could produce anything at all. After Sir George Grey had, as we have seen, triumphantly construed the vague terms of the Speech into the announcement of a *Landlord-and-Tenant Bill*, he immediately after dashed the expectations of the Irish party by a cautious salvo, 'that he had great pleasure in saying that they *hoped* and *intended to be able* to produce such a measure, but that *there were great difficulties in the way*.' This damper, however, on the confidence of the Royal Speech and the ministerial gloss was, on reconsideration, thought not heavy enough; and the next night, in the debate on the Report, the Prime Minister himself came forth with stronger doubts and a more dilatory plea.

'There is also another measure which involves a subject of vast importance, *which is difficult to deal with*. We have devoted the greatest attention to it, and have been as yet *unable to determine* on such a measure which shall combine improvement of land in Ireland with the undoubted and indefeasible rights of the landowner. Her Majesty's government, as I have already stated, have devoted their earnest attention to the subject, and they regret they cannot have the advantage of the advice of the late Lord Besborough, who had well considered the question, and who only deferred bringing in a bill on the subject until he could be in his place in the House of Lords to explain the principle of his measure. The *death of this nobleman has prevented* her Majesty's government from knowing his views on this subject, and that is a source of much regret.'—*Debates, 24th Nov.*

Very true, perhaps. But Lord Besborough had died on the 16th of May: * and why the Queen should have been made to

* We must take this opportunity of doing justice to the memory of Lord Besborough; he was a keen partizan and would and did go great lengths for his party; but to much personal amiability and courtesy of manner he added a thorough knowledge of Ireland, and, we believe, a determination to administer the government with more impartiality than his antecedent connexions would have led us to expect, and with as much vigour as his colleagues would allow. We say this, *το γαρ γρας εστι θανοντων*—and not at all by way of suggesting any unfavourable contrast with his successor, by no means his inferior in personal qualities, and who, if less intimately acquainted with Ireland, must be, on the other hand, more free from the imputation or suspicion of any anterior prejudices.

promise in November what his death six months before had rendered it very doubtful whether her Majesty's Government could perform, is a riddle that we can no otherwise solve than by the supposition that they knew not and know not what either to do or to say; and hoped that, being themselves 'perplexed in the extreme,' the country might remain a little longer in the same bewilderment.

Let our readers not think that we are, in these observations, hunting the Ministry through hedgings and doublings hardly worth critical or historical notice. It is by traits like these that the characters of administrations, as of the men that compose them, are developed. We know that Turenne and Marlborough were the great and successful commanders—unrivalled till our own day—but it is from anecdotes of the 'groom' of one and of the 'cook' of the other, that we learn that happy patience and placidity of temper which was probably at the root of their greatest successes. So it is from their weakness and inconsistency in the little matters they attempt, that we should be authorized to infer the inadequacy of this Ministry to deal with the higher duties of government. But this affair of the *Landlord-and-Tenant Bill*, from which we venture to draw our conclusions as to Sir George Grey and Lord John Russell, is no anecdote of *groom* or *cook*—no trifle, though a detail—no enigma, though obscure. It is a matter of the highest importance, and will, if we are not mistaken, play a part in the future discussion of Irish affairs which will fully justify the preliminary observations we have made and those with which we are about to bring the whole subject before our readers.

In the first place, it must be observed that there is some predisposition—nay, a steep declivity—in the Irish national character both to sloth and turbulence, to laziness and outrage; and there is abundant evidence in old times, and flagrant notoriety in our own day, that these unhappy quarrels are fostered and exaggerated by the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood—the only influence or authority, we confidently assert, that exists or has, we believe, ever existed over the minds of the great Roman Catholic mass of Irish population. These priests, from temporal as well as from spiritual motives, which we may lament but cannot wonder at, could never do otherwise than execrate the Reformation; they alike abhorred the *heretic* and hated what they called the *usurper*: and the same term of obloquy—*Sassenach*, denounced—to an enmity as evergreen as their native shamrock—the *Englishman* and the *Protestant*. The tithes forfeited to the 'intrusive Church' festered in their memories;

to keep their ecclesiastical claim alive, they adopted the device of embarking all their co-religionists in the same cause; and in this view made it their business—an easy, pleasant, and popular one—to keep alive in the minds of the people a strong animosity against tithe-paying, combined with all their old clannish notions and all the claims (by the lapse of time become quite imaginary) to forfeited estates. They did not think it necessary to remind their flocks that all the lands possessed by the Roman Catholics themselves had been granted and settled, and were now held, under the existing establishment; that if another series of rebellions and revolutions were to bring about the restoration of the forfeited estates, it would be nearly—if not utterly—impossible to ascertain to whom they should belong; that if it were possible to find the ancient hereditary proprietor, he would be a leviathan, engrossing to his single dominion a larger estate than the richest modern landlord ever held, and would be as little inclined to part with his property by an agrarian distribution as a Sassenach; and that, in fine, an agrarian revolution, even if carried to its fullest extent, on the principle of universal gavel, would only condemn the allottee to more hopeless misery. These historical views and moral consequences the priests kept to themselves; but they allowed the poor people to believe that each individual Teague and Paddy was himself the rightful heir of those ancient principalities, the designation of which they would sometimes assume. Ourselves, in our earlier acquaintance with Ireland, have known instances of the title of *Lord* and even *Prince* being familiarly borne by peasants of the very lowest condition. To be sure, these titles were by others used rather in derision, but they were worn by the men themselves with becoming gravity;* and of the whole population, gentle and simple, any individual approaching to affluence, or having a glimmering of education and ambition, forthwith gave to his ordinary patronymic the aristocratical distinction of the *Mac* or *O*.†

* The pride of birth has always been strong in Ireland. ‘Dr Johnson mentioned that the few ancient Irish gentlemen yet remaining have the highest pride of family: that Mr. Sandford, a friend of his, whose mother was Irish, told him that O’Hara (who was true Irish by father and mother), and he, and Mr. Ponsouby, son of Lord Besborough, the greatest man of the three, but of an English family, went to see one of these ancient Irish, and that he distinguished them thus—“O’Hara, you are welcome!” “Mr. Sandford, your mother’s son is welcome!” “Mr. Ponsouby, you may sit down!”’—*Boswell’s Johnson*, ii, p. 489.

† Two instances of the comparatively recent assumption of this distinctive prefix, even by gentlemen, may be worth recording. The father and the eldest brother of Arthur O’Connor never called themselves otherwise than Mr. Connor; and the respectable father and very gentlemanlike uncle of Daniel O’Connell were contented with the name of Connell.

As to these fantastic claims, a poor and ignorant population, whose only learning was such legends and traditions, whose only employment was the lazy culture of a fruitful soil, and whose sole sustenance was on the easiest produce that the earth supplies, very naturally adopted suggestions which flattered vanity, favoured indolence, and gratified and stimulated their aversion for the stranger and the heretic. This, we believe, was the first source of that disposition to agrarian outrage, which has ever since the Reformation distinguished the lower orders in Ireland, and which, as far as we know, does not exist so passionately, nor, as to any legal right, so groundlessly, in any other people on the face of the earth. But it has answered the purposes of the priesthood. It has mainly contributed to keep alive the holy hatred of the Sassenach—the devotion to the old faith, and the despotic influence of those whom they believe to be the guardians of their temporal rights, as well as the guides, and even arbiters of eternal salvation. Of the all-engrossing power of the priests over the people, Lord Devon's excellent pamphlet, mentioned in the title of this article, is a remarkable though incidental proof. It is a letter of kind, useful, practical advice to the tenantry of the district in which his Lordship is a large, and, as all the world knows, a most benevolent and active proprietor—on agricultural improvement—explaining simply, clearly, and forcibly, the mischief of the present system, and urging the superior advantages, even to the tenants themselves, of the better husbandry and habits which he and other judicious landlords are anxious to introduce into that lawless district. This letter, of entirely agricultural advice and explanation, is addressed, not to the tenantry, but '*to the Ministers of Religion*'—a phrase adroitly selected as of general application, while every line and word reveals that it is really addressed to the priests alone—the noble writer well knowing that through that channel only could he hope to address his tenantry with the slightest prospect of success. The humility with which the Earl of Devon finds it prudent to address these sacerdotal usurpers of an influence that should belong to himself, is very striking and significant.

No one who examines with care and candour the history of Ireland can doubt that these agrarian pretensions have throughout combined and identified themselves with Popery, and that the whole system of disturbance, ancient and modern—the great Rebellion—the war against William III.—the midnight insurrections of *Whiteboys*, *Peep-o'-day-boys*, *Terry-alts*, *Rockites*, &c.—the Rebellion of 1798—the various Catholic Associations—the

the Repeal movements of late years, the hypocritical catch-word of '*Justice for Ireland*,' and the more candid cry of '*Ireland for the Irish*,' have been all prompted by one single passionate desire and hope—the extermination, or at least the expulsion, of the English, root and branch—the resumption and re-distribution of the territory amongst those who call themselves *κατ' ἐξοχήν* the native Irish—and before all, and above all, the re-establishment of the popish hierarchy in all its pristine power, pretensions, and supremacy.

The existence of these views and prospects, even in the old Protestant-Ascendency times, could never, we are satisfied, have been doubted by any close observer; but they were, till a recent period, considered as mere feverish dreams which disturbed without endangering the established system, nor was it till very recently that there seemed to be any avowed hope on one side, or any serious apprehension on the other of their practical accomplishment. But see how the case now stands—mark the symptoms and signs of an approach to each of these grand divisions of the ultimate object—mark the dependance—the subserviency of the Whig Cabinet to the *Repealers*—mark the accumulated attempts to expel the landlords by murder and intimidation—mark the real and scarcely concealed objects of the new device of *tenant-right*—mark the representative of the Queen in Ireland investing the popish hierarchy with the style and dignity of *my Lords*, and remember that more than one of her Majesty's confidential advisers have openly expressed their desire to abate as a nuisance the Established Church of Ireland!

With such powerful incentives—with such pregnant indications that the long-cherished hopes of the peasantry and the long and deep-whispered prophecies of the priests, were ripening to their fulfilment under the triumphant influence of agitation, audacity, and assassination, who can doubt that the danger has rapidly increased, and is increasing, under the inflammatory connivance and concurrence—by such proceedings as we have touched upon—of the Government? We again readily admit and even inculcate that they have no such design: but it cannot be denied that the general aspect of their policy alarms the peaceable and the loyal, and seems to encourage the turbulent and disaffected; and the details are, as we shall proceed to show, still more strongly marked with the same mischievous character.

For the greatest, practical danger in the present state of Ireland they are immediately and especially responsible. We do not say that even without their lamentable proceedings on the Arms Bill

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a gun or a pistol would not have been found to murder Major Mahon or Mr. Lloyd, as there had been found to murder Lord Norbury and Mr. Brooke; but we must assert that such crimes have been facilitated, and therefore encouraged, by the conduct of the present Government—of which, as a warning for the future, it is necessary to recapitulate some particulars, which we cannot do more concisely than by reproducing some sentences from our Number for December, 1846. After noticing Lord John Russell's initiatory 'jockeyship' on the 'potato scarcity,' we said:—

'His next step was a factious combination to expel Sir Robert Peel from power by defeating the Irish Coercion Bill. The Conservatives, who reluctantly joined in that vote, had the apology of doing so to displace a minister in whom they had no longer any confidence; but Lord John had no such plea, and though we admit that his party, when out of power, had opposed coercion bills, they had always, when in power, introduced and carried them, and sometimes with much more stringent provisions than the Tories would have ventured to propose. This was bad enough, but not so bad as when, finding, on his accession to office, the necessity of continuing the Arms Bill, he announced his intention to that effect, but within a few days, at the beck of his Irish Frankenstein, pusillanimously abandoned it, and left Ireland, for the first time for above a century, without that indispensable protection—a protection which every administration since the Union, Whig as well as Tory—nay, Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston themselves, had all successively maintained. The shame and mortification that Lord John Russell must feel when he comes to implore parliament to re-enact those laws which he so lately and so rashly rejected and repealed, will be but a very inadequate punishment for the strange combination of weakness and temerity which he exhibited at the close of the session.'—Q. R. No. clvii., pp. 241, 242.

That shame and mortification he has been forced to undergo. But there were circumstances connected with the abandonment of the 'Arms Bill' still more to be deplored:—

'The concession to which it was annexed had been extorted, it is scarcely necessary to say, by the demands of the Repeal party. With his usual prudence, Mr. O'Connell took care that this should be no secret, "requesting," in Conciliation Hall, in Dublin, on the *same day* on which Lord John Russell uttered his retraction in Parliament—that same memorable seventeenth of August—"that a petition on the subject of the Arms Bill, containing 50,000 signatures, should *not* be forwarded, because he had that morning received intelligence that the Government, in *compliance with the wishes of the Irish people*, had *WITHDRAWN THAT MEASURE*."—*Ib.*, p. 260.

Conscious and ashamed of this ignominious desertion of their own measure, they had recourse to a kind of blustering apology, which, as usual, only made the matter worse—infinately worse. The Secretary for Ireland (Mr. Labouchere) was directed to write

a 'Circular' to the Irish magistrates, and through them to the Irish people, announcing what Mr. O'Connell's more potent voice had already thundered throughout Ireland, but which had a much more serious and effective meaning when issued by the chief organ of the Government as a great constitutional maxim, now for the first time promulgated to peaceful and loyal Ireland, namely—'the RIGHT of carrying arms for lawful purposes that EVERY IRISHMAN NOW POSSESSES.' This stupid commonplace was received by the populace with transports of savage joy—nothing damped by the sneaking salvo about 'lawful purposes,' when the lawfulness was to be judged by the party himself or his priest. What followed? We shall not quote the details of the immediate general arming of the peasantry, which we gave in the same article; but we must again copy from its pages the advertisement of a vender of arms in a country town, bearing as its motto an extract of Mr. Labouchere's letter:—

' TO THE PUBLIC.

'The right of carrying arms for lawful objects, which every Irishman now possesses:—Chief Secretary's Letter.

'Peter Flanagan, locksmith and gunmaker, grateful for past favours, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has just received his winter assortment of fire-arms from Birmingham direct, which he is enabled to dispose of on the most moderate terms.

'N.B.—Guns, pistols, and all kinds of arms repaired.'

After citing that advertisement we asked (*Ibid.*, p. 258)—'What is to be the end of this?' What the end of it is to be, we are as far as ever from seeing; but its intermediate consequences may be traced, we are told, in the bold scowl of the armed pauper, whose gun, cheap as it was is worth more than all the clothes on his person and all the furniture in his cottage. The assassinations *within one month* of Mr. Roe, Mr. Bayley, Major Mahon, and Mr. Lloyd, are a frightful illustration of the truth of our own predictions in December, 1846, as well as of the following picture, very recently drawn in a private letter to a friend in England from an Irish gentleman, of liberal but moderate politics, on whose veracity and impartiality our readers may most confidently rely:—

'No sooner had Sir R. Peel's Arms Act—itself a very imperfect and inefficient one—been suffered to expire, and Mr. Labouchere had promulgated his doctrine of the right of every man to carry arms, than there was scarcely a market or fair in Ireland where arms were not sold by auction. I am assured by a person intimately acquainted with the locality, that in the immediate neighbourhood of * * * [a small village in one of the quietest districts in Ireland] there are not less than 1000 stand of arms in the hands of men who are in want of daily food. You cannot have failed to observe with what deadly aim the shot of the assassin was directed in
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the more recent murders. This is the result of the dexterity acquired by the open and uninterrupted use of fire-arms. Formerly the assassin had to bring his gun from a place of concealment, where it was likely to have got out of order—the lock rusty, the trigger stiff, the powder damp, the whole apparatus in some way or other imperfect, and its owner but indifferently practised in the use of it; but now, in general, the guns and pistols in the hands of the assassin are detonators, and, by open and continual practice, he has become as handy in the use of them as any one of her Majesty's *Rifles*. It happened to me one Sunday this autumn to be obliged, very contrary to my habit, to travel to a parish a considerable distance from my own, where there are a chain of small lakes at no great distance from the high road.* Around these I observed, what on former visits I had never seen, several groups of armed peasants firing at water-fowl, or at what seemed rather to be floating targets—a question about which, however, I did not think it prudent to be too inquisitive; but I am informed (and it certainly is the case hereabouts) that the Roman Catholic peasantry all over Ireland employ their holidays and Sundays in gun and pistol practice. The first and most urgent measure of public safety that the Government should take would be to undo all that they have done, and particularly to take the arms out of the hands of the peasant, and obliterate, if possible, Mr. Labouchère's commentary on the right of carrying arms by men in whose hands they never possibly can be for any *lawful purpose*.'

We then rather produce this evidence, because it refers to a district which has hitherto been tranquil, and shows that the following statement as to Tipperary, made by Sir George Grey in the speech introducing his Coercion Bill, is equally applicable to other less notorious districts:—

'It was stated in one of the letters, that in former times, when shots were heard, the attention of the police was attracted—they turned out immediately, and they thus had a chance of arresting the offender; but at present, *owing to the indiscriminate possession of fire-arms* in the disturbed districts, shots were fired all day and all night; and, therefore, the fact of a shot being fired in the hearing of the soldiers in the cavalry barracks or the police in their stations raised no suspicion that a murder had been committed. In the document he was about to quote, the police stated that in the limited district to which they were confined, and *where a murder had been just committed, they had counted no less than 40 shots immediately afterwards*, as if fired out of bravado, or with a view of the murderers expressing their satisfaction at the accomplishment of the deed, or possibly with a view of distracting and diverting the attention of the police. On this fact Mr. Serjeant Howley [a Roman Catholic Magistrate, and Chairman of the Sessions] remarked:—"When I was lately in Tipperary, passing along the high road between Clonmel and Caher, at one o'clock in the day, *that day Sunday*, I observed a person, accompanied by two others, present a large horse-pistol across the road, and fire. He then passed across the road to see the effect of his shot, and was reloading for another trial just as I drove up opposite

to where he stood. I must say he obligingly allowed me to pass before he renewed his practice. Every half-hour shots may be heard in the fields, on the roads, in the streets of the towns, in the suburbs, and this by day and by night. Formerly, when the report of a gun was heard, it at once attracted the attention of the police, and was some warning, if at an unseasonable hour, that some act of violence or outrage was being committed. But the noise of fire-arms no longer gives any notice, or, at least, operates as such. The police would be constantly running backward and forward if they attended to every report of arms."—*Debates*, 29th Nov.

And this statement was made—without any reported apology or palinode—by the Secretary of State, standing between the Minister who had abandoned the Arms Bill and his other colleague who had lectured on the right to carry arms, and which lecture, though delivered by Mr. Labouchere, was no doubt (at least ought to have been) previously sanctioned by Sir George Grey himself!

The Conservative Opposition seems to have been so reluctant to embarrass the measures of Government, that this self-condemnation was suffered to pass without remark, though it could not escape notice that the remedy proposed by Sir George Grey's bill seemed very inadequate to the evils detailed in his speech; and accordingly we were not surprised to find Mr. John O'Connell declaring that

'he was agreeably disappointed; for he had been, from what he had heard out of doors, prepared for a more severe measure.'

Mr. M. O'Connell was satisfied,—

'finding the measure trenched so little on the Constitution.'

Mr. D. Callaghan was

'glad to be able to return to Ireland and assure the people that they were not to be afflicted with any measure of severity.'

This wonderful unanimity, however, was soon interrupted. We have no doubt that the Ministry had lowered their measure as far as they could—in order to conciliate their Irish supporters, and the Irish supporters in return were willing to help their friends, the Ministers, with as much support as they could venture to give—and therefore adopted the line of extenuating the efficacy of the measure;—but an independent Irishman—the member for Nottingham, Mr. Feargus O'Connor—having manfully taken up the old line of opposition to any and every Coercion Bill, Mr. John O'Connell seemed to become alarmed at this rival for Irish popularity, and made a short wheel into a direct and somewhat vexatious opposition to the bill. He, the same Mr. J. O'Connell who had received such 'agreeable' impressions from Sir George Grey's speech on the introduction of the bill, heard his proposition for the second reading—

'with

‘with bitterness. He felt that it was now the duty of those who took an interest in the welfare of Ireland to proclaim to her people that as the policy of England towards Ireland had hitherto been that of *hate and oppression*, so it would continue to the end of the chapter, and that they must now sit down and give themselves up to utter despair. It was hopeless for Irish members to expect to be listened to by that house with attention. No terms were, of course, to be kept with Ireland. It was a *habit of that house, a custom of the English mind*, to treat Ireland with disregard; and the right honourable Baronet might push the measure as fast as he chose. Irish members had no means of resistance in their power, nor had they any opportunity of redress. *The Government had trampled on every sentiment of decency and consistency* in their conduct as respected it. Was that the way’—&c. &c.

And the same Mr. Dan Callaghan, who was so ‘glad’ at the first appearance of the bill, was now decidedly opposed to it; and—which must have been infinitely droll to have witnessed—he vehemently rated Mr. Joseph Hume, who supported the bill, for *inconsistency*!

Such absurdities may seem unworthy our notice—but not so, if, showing the spirit of those who assume to speak the sentiments of the Irish priests and people, they should contribute to open the eyes of the Government to the great truth, that they never ought to expect, and assuredly never will receive, from those quarters any real effective *bonâ fide* support towards the establishing the supremacy of the *law*—as *law*—in Ireland; nor indeed towards the recognition of any other authority but that of the Roman Catholic priesthood. When we read in these debates such eternal eulogies on the merit of that priesthood in maintaining peace and order, they seem to us rather like derision and irony; at all events, they are liable to a most embarrassing replication—if there be a power that can produce peace and order, what excuse can be made for it when it permits rebellion and murder? We have no means of ascertaining the proportion of the agitating priests to those who are of a more peaceable and Christian-like character;—but if this praise were as generally deserved as indiscriminately bestowed, the fact would only corroborate our argument:—the peace and order of a country—the security of life and property—should be due, not to the Priest, but to the Law; and until the law shall stand on its own strength, independent of and paramount to the Priest, there can be no real and permanent tranquillity in Ireland. We are not however without expectation that the Bill, as it has been passed, will produce immediate good effects. In the first place, it may induce the Priests to release each his own district from its operation, by commanding a temporary tranquillity—for so unbounded is their authority, that they can even preserve quiet. It gives, secondly, an effective—though not a sufficiently extensive—power of seizing arms. It also contains a clause

a clause inserted on the motion of Mr. Baines, the Recorder of Hull, making *accessories after the fact* guilty of felony, independently of the conviction of the principal. It is very singular that in Spenser's Treatise—the first ever written on the pacification of Ireland—he suggests this very remedy:—

‘There is another no less inconvenience, which is the tryall of accessories to felony; for by the common law the accessories cannot be proceeded against till the principall shall have received his tryall—who is not to be gotten,’ &c.—*State of Ireland*.

If this Act had renewed the old power of proclaiming martial law in extreme cases, and had been of longer duration, so as to have made future legislation necessary for its repeal, rather than for its continuance, the measure would have been excellent. Much better it certainly is than the bill thrown out in 1846.

We now proceed to the next legislative proposition announced to us, and from which we expect a very different, and indeed, contrary result from that of the Coercion Bill. We have already stated, that the meaning affixed to the term *tenant-right* by the agitators and their willing dupes, is confiscation—to give the present *tenants* an absolute and fee-simple right to the land; and we confidently predict that the *salvo* for ‘the rights of property,’ introduced into the Queen’s speech, and afterwards enforced by Lord John Russell, will render any bill for regulating the relations of landlord and tenant a total failure and bitter disappointment—at least as far as regards the suppression of agrarian discontent and outrage. We have before shown what is really aimed at, and shall here on that point content ourselves with quoting the concluding passage of a speech made by Mr. Henry Grattan at a meeting of Irish members in Dublin on the 5th of October:—

‘We trust the Legislature may be very soon again assembled; the present lawless state of this country calls aloud for active and immediate measures, for the purpose of protecting property against the deep-laid and wide-spread system of anarchy which now is being carried on, on an extended and united scale. *While tenant-right is the plausible pretence, complete abolition of rent is the ultimate object sought.*’

Nothing, we think we may say, but imperious truth could have wrung so unpopular a confession from Mr. Henry Grattan: but we shall now endeavour to explain what *tenant-right* legitimately means; and it will appear that the phrase itself is—with the fate that seems to belong to everything Irish—at once a blunder in terms and a deception in fact. What has been lately called *tenant-right*, but formerly known by the truer name of *good-will*, was an indulgence granted by a few of the great proprietors in the more civilized portion of Ulster, itself the most civilized portion of Ireland, to a tenant—who might be disposed, for any motive—emigration, or giving up farming, or change of locality,

or personal misfortune—to give up his holding—of recommending a successor to the farm at the same rent, it being not unknown nor disapproved by the landlord that the outgoing tenant received a sum of money as compensation from the in-comer. The landlords, where this custom began, were generally very wealthy, for the most part Englishmen, and frequently either occasional or total absentees; they were not disposed to screw their tenants, and were rather pleased to find that the tenants had such confidence in their justice and moderation, as to be ready to give a sometimes considerable sum for a tenancy depending absolutely on the landlord's pleasure. That confidence is never wantonly violated; though the landlord or his agent have always exercised a full right of inquiry and judgment as to the new tenant, and, whenever they saw good reason, rejected the proposed successor and insisted on a better.

This practice was first brought into general notice by the evidence on Lord Devon's Commission: and from that time dates the scheme for changing a very limited and local indulgence into an absolute right, and extending it to the whole of Ireland by legal enactment. But that respectable and able Commission was very far indeed from countenancing any such proceeding. The utmost their Report ventures to say is:—

‘Anomalous as this custom is, if considered with reference to all ordinary notions of property, it must be admitted that the district in which it prevails has thriven and improved in comparison with other parts of the country, and although we can foresee some danger to the just rights of property from the unlimited allowance of this “tenant-right,” yet we are sure that evils more immediate, and of still greater magnitude, would result from any hasty or general *disallowance of it*, and still less can we recommend *any interference with it by law*.’—*Report, Devon Commission*, p. 15.

This view of the ‘anomaly’ is temperate and candid. The truth is, that even where the custom is familiar and works well, it requires a jealous care to prevent its having the direct contrary effect from what its new advocates propose: unless it were most carefully watched, its tendency must be to unfix tenures—to create a new species of middleman—to load the in-coming tenant with a debt and deficiency of capital that would impoverish him—to indispose the landlord from taking any personal share in the improvement of the farm, and to cheat him moreover of a portion of its value. We entirely concur with the Commission, that where it is established and works well by a mutual good understanding, it ought not to be disturbed, but that it would be utterly impracticable, and if practicable mischievous, to enforce its extension: and we warn the landowners of England not to afford any countenance

countenance to so wild and dangerous a project, which, we are sorry to see, has already been mentioned at some public meetings in this country by some who do not know distinctly what it means, and by others who know that it means mischief.

But there are circumstances attending the system of tenancy in Ireland, which require some consideration, and perhaps—to a degree that we shall state presently—some legislation.

In England, residences, and farm-buildings, repairs, gates, fencing, drainings, are either wholly or partially at the expense of the landlord, who, in the very narrowest cases that we know of, supplies at least the rough materials. In Ireland, almost all such works are done (or supposed to be done) by the tenant, even to the building of the cottages. Now, if these improvements were contemplated and allowed for in the lease or contract, by a proportionate lowering of the original rent, the tenant would have no further claim; but in fact the competition for land was so great, that in very few instances was any such reduction of the gross value made; and therefore, in practical equity, though not in strict law, an Irish tenant, even holding by lease, to be placed on the same footing with an English tenant, would be entitled to receive some compensation for any materials and labour that he might have expended in those works. Unfortunately, however, for landlord and tenant, and for the country in general, such improvements were, on the vast majority of Irish estates, so trifling, that such compensation was seldom thought of, except in very exceptional cases. But we think we may safely say that there is not a landlord in Ireland who would not be glad that his tenant were in a condition to prefer any such demand upon him. Why has not the rational, the obvious custom of compensation made its way throughout Ireland?—why, because the tenantry has laid no ground for claims of this sort. Where is there to be found such a phenomenon as an improving tenant? We mean, of course, of the class referred to—for there are, no doubt, building tenants, and tenants who take land for some particular object, and there are *Protestant* tenants, who enter into their engagements with an intention to keep them, and there are also, no doubt, a better class of Roman Catholics who do not look to pay their rents with a bullet, and quiet both their consciences and their titles by the condonation of the priest. But will any man produce us ONE SINGLE INSTANCE throughout Ireland, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, of a dispossessed tenant who had any legal, equitable, or even rational claim on his landlord? Any ONE improving tenant turned out? We might even ask, any ONE who had regularly paid his rent? Nay—has any landlord recovered one single farm in as good heart and condition, or one single house in as good repair, as it was when first let?

let? You will no more find, we are satisfied, such an instance in Leinster, Munster, Connaught, or the popish districts of Ulster, than you would find a phoenix. We believe no parties would wish more sincerely than the Irish landlords themselves to see a general system of compensation for *bonâ fide improvements*, on some such principles as the Devon Commission suggests (p. 18):—it would extinguish an incendiary clamour—it must conduce to improve the style of farming, and the habits of the people, and it would ensure them the quiet resumption of their land when the leases or agreements were out. But any such reasonable arrangement would no more satisfy the clamour for tenant-right than it would turn the course of the Shannon. When, therefore, Lord John Russell and Sir George Grey—after having—we wish we could say inconsiderately—put into the Queen's mouth such expressions as pledged her Majesty to attempt to satisfy those expectations—began to hum and to haw about difficulties, and to lament the loss of poor Lord Besborough, who had a plan, which unfortunately had, it seems, after the ancient Celtic fashion, been buried with him;—the true meaning is, that they have no plan, nor a vision of a plan, that could answer the design and object of the Irish agitators. Lord John may introduce a landlord-and-tenant bill—perhaps on Lord Devon's principles; but his own speech satisfies us that he sees the real difficulty—not to be to enforce on landlords the just claims of tenants, but to raise up tenants into a condition of having any just claims upon the landlords. We are satisfied that he must be already aware that, when he comes, if ever he does, to deal practically with this subject, he will find himself, even with the fairest intentions, compelled to 'keep his word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope,'—to the hope, at least, of those by whose insidious designs or open clamour he has been induced to undertake a matter which must, from its nature, be very difficult to arrange, and, if carried, of very limited advantage.

A general law might, no doubt, lay down certain principles which should, in the absence of special contracts, be binding on parties; but no law can say that men shall not enter into such or such a contract—a lease, for instance. You cannot beforehand prescribe either to landlord or tenant what leases shall be given, or on what conditions; and if they chose to make conditions independent of or contrary to your scheme—if, for instance, in consideration of an abated rent, the tenant covenants to expend so much on buildings, repairs, and improvements—could any law force the landlord to pay over again a second compensation? In short, we think it impossible that any law could make even a satisfactory approach to the regulation of the relative duties and feelings which,

which, in order to constitute a comfortable population on a thriving estate, must animate and guide both tenants and landlords :—these are matters of mutual good-will and common interest, easily understood, but which it seems impossible to define by law.

It is not to be denied that the landlords of the last age were exceedingly improvident and ignorantly careless alike of their own interest and that of their tenants, and that the unfortunate system of middlemen severed the connexion that should have existed between them, and reduced the last wretched occupier of the overloaded land—the real cultivator of the soil—to the most abject penury and wretchedness. For a long period there was no limit to sub-letting ; at last, however, landlords began to stipulate against sub-letting : but even at this day tenants who hold under covenant against sub-letting, and even tenants-at-will, in defiance of their landlords, allow their farms to be still further morselled away :—a tenant who has a cottage, and, say, 10 acres of land, has perhaps three or four sons, who are encouraged by the priest (partly, no doubt, from moral, but also, in perhaps a majority of cases, from interested motives) to marry as early as possible, and the father allows each of the sons to build a hovel and cultivate a ‘ potato-bed ’ on his own holding. It requires no evidence to explain to what an extent this system must ruin estates and pauperize the population. But the last and most fatal blow of all to the prosperity and tranquillity of Ireland was that legal quibble by which holders of leases for lives, at a rent of 40s. a-year, were converted into freeholders. As soon as the elective franchise was given to the Roman Catholics, all the landed proprietors set about creating an electioneering interest, and they (particularly the smaller landlords) cut up their estates into the greatest possible number of 40s. tenures. This, we need not say, produced the most disastrous consequences to tenant and landlord : the tenants of these miserable holdings could only starve ; and the landlords, to prevent themselves from starving, were forced to be exacting and rigorous. Then supervened another source of disorder : the political power given to the peasantry was, as ought to have been foreseen, really given for the priests, who soon became by this influence an unacknowledged but predominant power in the State. The 40s. freeholders, created with rash and reckless emulation by the landlords for their election struggles with each other, were soon wielded by the priests in opposition to the legitimate territorial interest. The landlords, finding their tenants voting against them, endeavoured, first, to coerce them by strict and often severe exactions ; then, finding that of little avail, they too often endeavoured to compensate themselves for loss of power by increase of income, and for this purpose required the highest penny.

penny rigorously paid. The priests, of course, took part with the peasants; and when in 1829 the Roman Catholics were admitted into Parliament, they acquired an enormous accession of power. The abolition of the 40s. franchise abridged, indeed, the number of their electoral vassals, but it confirmed their power over the class. Certainly, the real preponderance of the representation of Ireland is in the hands of the priests; and a secondary object for which *tenant-right* is advocated by them and their parliamentary proxies is to render the tenants still more independent of the influence of Protestant landlords.

Of late years the majority of landlords, and especially those of the higher class, have become not only sensible of the mischief done to their properties, but, we have every reason to believe, conscientiously alive to their duties. As the old leases have successively fallen in, the middleman has gradually disappeared—the land is granted to the cultivator—and the landlords have pretty generally shown an anxious desire to manage their estates on the same fair system that is in use in England—in a word, to perform their duties while they are exercising their rights.* Now, it is against this wholesome—this just—this necessary reform, that the atrocities of the last six or seven years have been chiefly directed; and it is remarkable that every one of those murdered gentlemen—we believe, without exception—bore an excellent character; judicious, humane, liberal; without a shadow of just complaint against them. Here was no question of disallowing claims of improving tenants, nor of a capricious or arbitrary resumption of farms. The only crime, in one class of cases, was an appeal to the law to recover possession of portions of their estates, from tenants who had broken all the provisions of their leases, and would neither pay rent, nor cultivate the land, nor surrender it. In another class of cases, the offence was the endeavouring to diminish the illegal and intolerable abuse of squatters, which, if not corrected, would absorb the estates, and demoralize, starve, and ruin the unhappy population which it forced into existence. *Delicta majorum immeritis lues*—the offences of our fathers and grandfathers are visited upon us, and it is only at the imminent risk of his life that any landlord can attempt to

* It was Mr. Drummond, Under-Secretary to Lord Normanby, who, in answer, we remember, to some remonstrance from the magistracy of Tipperary, presented by the Lieutenant of the county, Lord Donoughmore, used the phrase which has become so celebrated, that *property has its duties as well as its rights*; but we find the same sentiment, in not very different words, in the pamphlet entitled 'The State of Ireland, Past and Present,' published in 1806, and attributed to Mr. Croker, where, treating on this subject, it is said, that a landlord should remember 'that he has duties to perform as well as rents to receive.'—§ xxxiii. But this observation, just and proper in an historical work, was a very dangerous squib to sling out in reply to the lord-lieutenant of 'excitable' Tipperary.

check the continuance and extension of this system of disorder and spoliation. From, we are confident, *fifty* murders or attempts to murder, occurring in the months of October and November last, we beg leave to recall to the painful recollection of our readers one of the two remarkable cases as specimens of the rest.

The first is that of Mr. Roe, a barrister-at-law and magistrate of the county of Tipperary, who was, on the 2nd of October last, murdered at noon, at his seat near Cashel. The following is the account given of the transaction by the Earl of Glengall, the chairman of the meeting of magistrates who had investigated the facts :—

‘I, like all the gentlemen in the room, knew Mr. Roe’s character, than whom there did not exist a more upright, *charitable, and benevolent*, a more gentleman-like, and, in *every respect, a more praiseworthy man*. Gentlemen, there were peculiar traits in Mr. Roe’s character and conduct which render his loss doubly deplorable at this moment—for there was *no man more liberal or more generous towards the peasantry* than he was. It appears from very strong proof that we have, that several of his tenants owed large arrears of rent, and that a determination existed among some of those tenants not to pay, in consequence of which resolution some of those parties met, and there considered what steps they should adopt to carry out their schemes. We understand that it absolutely became the subject of consideration among them, whether Mr. Roe, or the gentleman who officiates as his agent, should be shot! They admitted in their hellish committee that Mr. Roe was an excellent gentleman, extremely liberal, generous, and kind—that it would be *a pity to shoot him*—that it would be better to shoot the agent! but when they reflected maturely upon the whole case in all its bearings, it was determined to shoot the landlord! The reason why they selected the landlord was, this, that, as Mr. Roe’s children were very young, if Mr. Roe was dead the property would, probably, be placed under the Court of Chancery, the consequence of which would be that a receiver from the Court would be appointed over it; that the receiver, as is generally the custom in those cases, would pay little or no attention to the interests of the minors; that these scheming tenants would be enabled to get a reduction in their rents (as is too often the case when properties are placed under the courts), and that nevertheless the minors and widow would be plundered of their means of existence. That, gentlemen, we believe to have been the infernal scheme concocted, and which led to the melancholy event.’

Mr. Roe was the son-in-law of Mr. Clarke, a gentleman of the same county, similarly murdered about two years before.

The case of Major Mahon requires a still fuller explanation. This gentleman had recently inherited a large estate in the county of Roscommon, which, from the lunacy of its late possessor, and consequent mal-administration (such as the murderers of Mr. Roe had so deeply calculated on), had been long neglected. He found his

his property in wretched disorder : *three whole years' rent*, to the amount of above 30,000*l.*, was due ; and it was *held* rather than occupied by a tenantry that '*would neither pay rent nor rates,—they would neither cultivate their grounds nor accept payment to leave them, for others to do so.*'

The rest may be told by a Report from the assembled magistracy of the county, read by Sir George Grey, in the speech in which he introduced the Coercion Bill :—

“ From the conduct of all the parties from the vicinity brought before us, and their uniform denial of circumstances which *must* have been within their knowledge, we can have no doubt that *an extensive and deep-laid conspiracy* existed against this gentleman's life. The information we have received leads us to believe that a *general resistance against rents and the legal exercise of the rights of property is in existence*, and likely to extend, and those circumstances place more than ordinary difficulties in the way of justice. We have heard that *bonfires*, manifesting a very bad disposition amongst the peasantry of the neighbourhood, *have been lighted since the murder*, and that very considerable excitement prevails. From every inquiry we have made, it seems that this lamented gentleman had to deal with a pauper tenantry, owing from three to four years' arrear of rent, unable to till the land, and unable and unwilling to pay anything for it ; that he was thus obliged to dispossess them or abandon his property altogether ; whilst in so doing no unnecessary harshness has been used, and very large sums have been expended in giving compensation and sending them to America ; and, in proof of the benevolence of his disposition, it was his anxiety to obtain the means of keeping open the fever hospital in this town, and preventing the poorhouse in Roscommon from being closed, that exposed him to the murderer.” He (Sir G. Grey) had thought it right to read this document at length, not because, had the facts been otherwise, it would in the least have extenuated the crime, but because it had been stated that Major Mahon was a harsh landlord—that he adopted methods of ejectment that were not justified—and that his conduct in the management of his estate was such as justly to expose him to odium.’

Sir George Grey added, that he held in his hand full contradictions of any such imputations on Major Mahon's character ; but felt that it was unnecessary to state them in more detail. These allusions to imputations, however, have been subsequently fully explained, and lead to considerations more important, we think, than even the terrible catastrophe itself.

It has long been notorious that the Irish priests have been in the habit of addressing their flocks from the altar on similar topics : and although it is obviously unlikely that any *Sassenach*—and least of all the Government—should be let into the secret of any questionable denunciation, it was very well understood that these allocations did not always tend to peace and good order ; but such

such things do occasionally get whispered abroad with not perhaps circumstantial, but yet substantial accuracy; and so it seems to have been in this case. In the debate in the House of Commons on the Report of the Address, 23rd of November, Sir Benjamin Hall stated in general terms that Major Mahon had been denounced by the parish-priest from the altar the Sunday before he was murdered. That statement was not denied, either on that or any subsequent night, by the many Irish and Roman Catholic Members who took part in the debate, as no doubt it would have been—had the practice of denouncing from the altar been unknown. On the 6th of December Lord Farnham, in a speech of great force, but equal moderation, and which, as well as Sir Benjamin Hall's previous statement, has occasioned great surprise and a profound feeling throughout the empire, and, we believe we may say, all through Europe—Lord Farnham, we say, charged certain of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland with having, from the altar, denounced to popular vengeance persons who, within a short space, fell victims to those bloody suggestions; and amongst other instances, he charged by name (which Sir Benjamin Hall had not done) Mr. M'Dermott, the priest of Major Mahon's parish, with having denounced him to public execration on more than one Sunday preceding his murder. The date of the first denouncement is not given in the Report, but we suppose Lord F. meant Sunday the 24th of October—its tenor was,

'There is Major Mahon—absent from you all this winter'—[well would it have been for him and them had he really been an absentee]—'not looking after your wants or distress, but amusing himself; and he returns and finds his property all safe—his place unmolested—and the return he makes to you is the burning and destroying your houses, and leaving your poor to starve on the road.'

This of a man whose last journey was made for the immediate succour of the poor and the sick, and whose last words—testified not by a Sassenach, but by a Roman Catholic physician, who happened to be in the carriage with him, and was wounded by the same shot—were suggestions for their future and permanent relief. On Sunday the 31st of October, Priest M'Dermott again denounced Major Mahon. The expressions used on this occasion were:—

'Major Mahon is worse than Cromwell, and YET HE LIVES.'

'A respectable person,' adds Lord Farnham, 'coming out of the chapel, remarked, "*If the Major lives a month after this, he is immortal!*" He did not live forty-eight hours!'

In answer to Sir Benjamin Hall's speech (Lord Farnham's could not have yet reached him), Priest M'Dermott has published a reply,

a reply, which he obviously wishes us to understand as a denial of the charge, but which, we confess, produces no such effect on our minds:—

‘I have now to assure the public, by the most solemn asseverations a clergyman can utter, that the late Major Mahon was never denounced, nor even his name mentioned, from *any chapel altar* in Strokestown, or *within twenty miles of Strokestown, in any direction, on any Sunday* before his death. I can under the same sacred pledge declare that a single sentence was never spoken *from the altar* which by misconstruction or otherwise could tend to stimulate the peasantry to the atrocious murder which has been perpetrated.’—*Times*, 11th December.

First we must observe that Mr. M'Dermott ventures, *with the same solemn asseveration* with which he exculpates himself, to assert as to others ‘twenty miles round in all directions,’ that which he could ~~by~~ no possibility be authorized to state of his own personal knowledge. Let that pass; but it is to be observed that the fact of a denunciation is not denied, but only that a denunciation was made on any *Sunday from the altar*; and it has been subsequently suggested that the last denunciation was made on *Monday* the 1st of November, All Saints’ Day, when the chapel was quite as fully attended as on Sunday. Such a variation of circumstances is quite immaterial to our view of the case. The substantial fact seems beyond all doubt, that the unfortunate gentleman was in some way and at some time designated to popular vengeance by the priest with the full influence of his sacerdotal character; and that within a very short space the vengeance was consummated. The very letter in which M'Dermott denies the denunciation from the *Sunday altar*, affords the strongest evidence of the spirit which no doubt prompted all his words and acts; for after the denial that we have quoted, he goes on to justify, or at least to excuse, the murder on the grounds of—

‘the *infamous and inhuman cruelties* which were wantonly and unnecessarily exercised against a *tenantry* whose feelings were already wound up to woeful and vengeful exasperation by the loss of their exiled relatives, as well as by hunger and pestilence, which swept so many victims into an untimely grave.’—*M'Dermott's Letter, Times*, 11th December.

And he then proceeds at length, in a strain of the most virulent invective, to enumerate the atrocities which in his opinion occasioned and, as he seems to think, authorized ‘*the wild justice of revenge*’ (*Ib.*). But we need not pursue this topic—for, as this page is passing through the press, we find Lord Farnham stating in the House of Lords, from memoranda in Major Mahon's own handwriting, full proof that M'Dermott was actuated
towards

towards him by a spirit of personal vengeance ; and it appears that M'Dermott had made at the Board of Guardians the same false, malignant, and calumnious charges against Major Mahon which he has since published in his letter of denial. We have not space to recapitulate all this new evidence, nor is it necessary—our readers will all have read Lord Farnham's speech, and we are satisfied that no one who has read it can fail to couple the fate of Major Mahon with the enmity of M'Dermott. It is a sad epilogue to this tragedy, that a poor policeman, who was sent to make some local observations on the spot where Major Mahon had fallen, was himself shot dead.

Does any one doubt that denunciations from the altar are frequent ; and that, where directed to deadly purposes, they must be fatal ? It would be, as we have already said, extremely unlikely that positive proof of such a fact could be obtained ; for, hard as it would be to find a witness who should disregard his priest's spiritual authority, it would be still harder to find one prepared to pay the same mortal penalty that would inevitably visit such an informer. But Sir B. Hall stated, and Lord Farnham produced the details, of another case, in which the priest himself admitted the denunciation and its result :—

‘He would read the evidence of a priest with regard to it before a coroner's jury in the county of Tipperary—it was the case of a very poor man named Callaghan, who had been murdered about six months since. The priest was asked at the examination—“Did you denounce the murdered man from the altar?”—Answer: “I did.” Question: “When did you denounce him?”—Answer: “On Sunday, at mass.” Question: “When was he murdered?”—Answer: “At five o'clock the same evening.”’—*Debates*, 7th December.

Sir Benjamin Hall added that he held in his hand proof of two other similar cases. And as to the general fact of these denunciations from the altar, the same Mr. D. Callaghan, at whose consistency we have already had occasion to smile, gave the House of Commons an argumentative defence of the priests, that had, we think, a very contrary effect from what the worthy member designed :—

‘There was not a single Roman Catholic chapel in the country in which there were not many loyal and well-educated gentlemen members of the congregation ; and he would ask the House, did they think, under such circumstances, that any Catholic clergyman would dare to make any observations calculated to lead directly to such a crime as assassination ? (Hear.) Those who were acquainted with the custom knew that priests were in the habit of alluding to such affairs as were of local interest in their addresses to their congregations—to such things as the deaths or marriages, or such like matters. He would give an instance of the nature of those appeals. A neighbour of his,
a Mr.

a Mr. Burke, had thirty turkeys stolen on one occasion from his farm-yard. A notice of the theft was sent to the priest, who announced the fact from the altar; and after condemning the robbery, which he said was a *very bad thing*, he observed, in conclusion, *that if Mr. Burke gave more of his turkeys to his friends, he would have less to lose.* (Much laughter.)—*Debates*, 9th December.

The House laughed not so much, we dare say, at the pleasantry of the story as at the *naïveté* of the worthy member, who had involuntarily admitted that the priests were in the habit of denouncing offences from the altar; and that, in the case stated, the priest had made a joke of robbery, and even justified it, as a legitimate infliction on the illiberal owner. Here is, though on so infinitely smaller an occasion, the same principle and spirit, the same defence of '*wild justice*,' that pervades Mr. M'Dermott's exculpatory letter. He too, 'after condemning the murder, which he said was a very bad thing,' observed in conclusion 'that Major Mahon had brought it on himself.' But what completes the proof is, that a Popish Archbishop, Dr. M'Hale, in a Jesuitical answer to a feeling and urgent remonstrance from the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, extenuates, indeed, the character of the denunciations, but admits the fact.

'Public denunciations of persons by name, whatever be their misdeeds, are not the *practice* in Ireland. The duties however of all, without exception, as they are contained in the code of Christian Morality, come within the legitimate sphere of the priests' instructions..... True, the Catholic pastors cannot subject the violators of justice or humanity not belonging to the Catholic Church to its rigorous penances and satisfaction, but that does not preclude the *right of denouncing* aggressions on the rights of justice and humanity belonging to his flock from any quarter.'

Mr. D. Callaghan's argument, that surely no priest would venture to use such language before any loyal and well-educated gentlemen, would not be in any case very conclusive; but it is just now a good deal worse than nothing.

It appears, that on *Sunday*, the 14th November, on the race-course of Cashel, was held what was called a *Tenant-right* meeting, at which 15,000 of the peasantry were assembled. We conclude from the *day* chosen for this exhibition, it was intended that no Protestant should be present; and a Mr. Maher observed upon the absence of landed proprietors in these decorous and loyal terms:—

'Some of them were, perhaps, so *frank* that they would rather spend some hours listening to a stupid preacher than come and listen to the important truths inculcated at the meeting. (Loud cheers and laughter.) He esteemed it a consolation to the people of the country, that the members who at the hustings last August pledged themselves to sustain the tenant-right, had taken the first public opportunity of coming

coming forward to support that pledge. They would be supported by others, and they would form in the House of Commons, if he might be allowed so to designate it, a constitutional Irish brigade—(cheers)—who would fight the constitutional battle of Ireland, and he hoped with the same success that the *Irish brigade in a foreign land formerly fought their enemies*. (A Voice—"A cheer for Fontenoy." Loud cheers.)—*Times*, 17th November.

But if there were no landed proprietors or Protestant gentlemen, there was a full muster of priests, who appear to have composed the majority of the assemblage who were above the rank of peasants. There were four Roman Catholic Members of Parliament—Mr. N. Maher, who acted as chairman, Mr. Scully, Mr. Keating, and Mr. J. O'Connell, styled in the report 'the lion of the day.' At that meeting Mr. Scully proposed the first resolution, which was seconded by a priest, very ostentatiously called the *Venerable Archdeacon Laffan*, who, in his introductory harangue, spoke thus :—

'He rose with a feeling of deep sensation. He looked around him, and he saw an assemblage of his brother Tipperary men—the good and noble-hearted, though, perhaps, *excitable Tipperary men* (cheers), who were called by the Englishmen murderers (groans). The *Saxon scoundrel*, with his belly full of Irish meat, could well afford to call his poor, honest, starving fellow-countrymen savages and assassins; but if the victualling department of John Bull suffered one-fifth of the privations to which the Tipperary men were subject, if he had courage enough, he would stand upon one side and shoot the first man he would meet with a decent coat upon his back. (Cheers.) *But the Saxon had not courage to do anything like a man—he growls out like a hungry tiger*. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Look to that fertile valley, teeming with luxuriance and beauty, beneath our eyes—taking in the richness of the district, from the Devil's Bit and from Barnane to the princely Shannon—inhabited by as fine a race of men, and by as lovely and virtuous a race of women, as any to be found in the world—with all this richness, all this beauty, and all this goodness, what was it that made Tipperary so often a scene of blood? The cause was evident to all men's eyes—*landlordism was the demon that blasted what was meant for happiness; landlordism*, which without mercy would level the hovels of the poor man—which had sent the bone and sinew of the land to fertilize the forests and prairies of America—which had sent the poor man to starve in workhouses, or to die by the roadside beneath the canopy of heaven, and under the rain which God had sent to fertilize the earth. (Hear, hear.)'—*Ibid*.

On the first day of the session Sir Benjamin Hall, in the speech we before referred to, stated this case, and asked

'The Honourable Members who were present at that meeting, when the Rev. Archdeacon used the language he had read, did they stand by tamely, or did they join in the cheers which it was said greeted this inflammatory

inflammatory harangue of one of their own priesthood? He quoted that speech in order to give those gentlemen an opportunity of coming forward and stating the course which they pursued on that occasion.'—*Debates*, 24th November.

To this appeal Mr. N. Maher replied, that 'had this *venerable clergyman* finished his speech in the same strain in which he commenced it, he should have felt it to be his duty to have reprimanded him. But the venerable gentleman had concluded his speech by advising the people to obey the law, to maintain peace and order, and to hand over traitors to the executive if they knew them; and this was the reason why he (Mr. Maher) had refrained from reprimanding him.'—*Debates*, 24th November. .

Reprimand him! Mr. Maher, we believe, might just as well have bidden adieu to Tipperary and Parliament as have *interrupted*—let alone, to use one of their own phrases—*reprimanded* the sacerdotal incendiary—and, as it is, we shall not be surprised if even this hypothetical use of the expression *reprimand* to the *Venerable* should cost Mr. Maher some future trouble. But is the lame and impotent conclusion—the hollow, unmeaning, unheeded verbiage, the poor transparent pretence of advising the people to be peaceable and orderly, and to eschew murder 'as a very bad thing'—to be set off against the exciting, intoxicating incendiarism with which they had been previously maddened? The great anatomist of the human heart, when describing a consummate orator endeavouring to stir up the Roman mob to insurrection and murder, makes him say,—

'Good friends! Sweet friends! *let me not stir you up*

To such a sudden flood of mutiny!

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what!'

And, having for his own safety employed this artful deprecation, he exclaims *apart*,—

'Now let it work:—Mischief, thou art afoot—

Take, then, what course thou wilt.'

It took the course he intended, and the infuriated populace rushed to the designated massacre. And, let it be recollected, that at the moment this other *Roman* invective was spoken, Tipperary—the excitable—that is, the brutal and sanguinary Tipperary—infamous for an hundred murders—was red and reeking with the blood of landlords and magistrates—some scarcely buried, others still lingering of their wounds, between life and death! The doctrine urged in exculpation of those priests would amount to an admission that murder, rebellion, treason, might be preached with impunity, provided some general expressions of humanity and morality are interlarded, however awkwardly, in the inflammatory discourse. And this obliges us

to notice another and very peculiar case of the same kind, which has been, we think; too tamely dealt with. On the 10th of December Mr. Baillie Cochrane complained in the House of Commons that Dr. Ryan, the Roman Catholic bishop of Limerick—a county next to Tipperary in site and ill deeds—had recently published a Charge, in which he says:—

'The high classes, forgetful of Christian obligations and the duties which religion prescribes for their performance and guidance, trample on those who are placed under them, and reconcile with justice and mercy to treat them like cattle. Cold and callous to the voice of humanity—dead to the ordinary feelings of commiseration—untouched by the cries of famine and pestilence—the wailings of hunger, the lamentations of women and children, and the terrible condition of the poor man himself—they exercise over their victims a system of heartless cruelty, calculated to bring down the vengeance of Heaven on their own heads.'—*Debates*, 9th December.

Mr. Cochrane added:—

'Was it not monstrous that a man professing to be a minister of God should denounce the higher classes in this manner to an exasperated and starving people? He did not care whether in the eye of the law a person making such remarks was an accessory to murder before the fact, but in the eye of Heaven he was so, and an instigator to the crime.'

On the next day, however, Mr. Monsell, member for the county of Limerick, came forward to vindicate the character of Bishop Ryan from being in any way an instigator of crime, as he had, on the contrary, always exerted himself, and even exposed himself to obloquy, by his persevering and candid endeavours to maintain the law; and he called on Mr. Labouchere and Lord Lincoln, formerly Secretaries in Ireland, to confirm this eulogium, which they, as well as Lord Morpeth, did without knowing Dr. Ryan individually, but having been officially acquainted with his excellent character. Mr. Augustus Stafford bore similar testimony from personal acquaintance; and the explanation given of the censured passage was, that it was part of a charge (at a Confirmation, it seems), in which, having begun with thus censuring the *landlords*, he afterwards proceeded with equal severity to blame the *tenants*—saying:—

'But while thus viewing the state of the upper classes in society, let us not forget the middle or the low—let us descend a step, and view the opposite side of the picture. There are many complaints urged by the tenant against the landlord. The tenant considers his position deplorable, and attributes his misfortunes to the landlord. I ask, are the tenants themselves what they ought to be? Do they act conjointly with the landlord, and while consulting their own interests and happiness, take a friendly part in his? Quite the reverse. Are not many of the tenants knavish, indolent, and apathetic, and care not about the rights

rights of property, while they are vain enough to think that the land should be for their own use alone? Both parties are culpable.'—*Debates*, 10th December.

This and more of the same kind was adduced, and amongst others by Sir B. Hall, in defence of Dr. Ryan; yet what was this but the same excuse that Sir B. Hall would not listen to in Archdeacon Laffan's case?—that the laudable conclusion of a speech or charge could not in common sense justify the violence and incendiarism of the beginning. What propriety was there in Bishop Ryan's introducing such inflammatory topics—such a hostile classification of the different orders of society in a *Confirmation charge*? And were his censures equally dangerous to both parties?—was there any apprehension that the landlords might be thereby incited to murder, or even persecute, their tenants?—while, on the other hand, was it not notorious that the lives of the landlords were throughout the country in the most imminent danger? Is Priest M'Dermott's appeal to the '*wild justice of revenge*'—is Father Laffan's ribaldry about '*the Saxon scoundrel*,' worse than Bishop Ryan's portentous denunciation of the LANDLORDS—

'As exercising over their VICTIMS a system of heartless CRUELTY calculated to bring down the VENGEANCE OF HEAVEN ON THEIR OWN HEADS.'?

We are very willing to believe that Dr. Ryan is in private life all that his noble and honourable compurgators have testified; but as the case is presented to us, we cannot but think his premeditated charge as bad as Laffan's perhaps extemporaneous speech. Mr. Baillie Cochrane, in spite of the array of evidence brought against him, has established not only his particular case, but a much more important result:—if the most amiable—most pacific—most Christian of the Roman Catholic hierarchy preaches, in the neighbourhood where Mr. Roe has been but just buried and Mr. Bayley is lingering, that it is the *cruelty of the landlords that brings down on their own heads the vengeance of angry Heaven*—if, we say, the mildest and best-disposed thus preaches, what may we not conjecture as to those of a less exemplary character?

It was at *this particular juncture of time and circumstances*—when the Romish hierarchy—after having for years abetted the seditious proceedings of O'Connell and Co.—had now, some legally by active interference, and the rest morally by silence and acquiescence—made themselves accessories to those frightful disorders, that the Ministers of the Protestant Queen of this no longer Protestant kingdom thought proper to violate the Constitution—to insult and endanger the United Church—to encourage turbulence and disloyalty—to countenance, apparently, whatever
their

their intentions may be, rebellion and murder, by conferring the title of *Lords* upon the Popish Bishops of Ireland. We have the highest personal respect for Lord Clarendon—for his public abilities and his private character—and in censuring as we do, both as a most stupid blunder as well as a mischievous illegality, his addressing the Popish Bishops by a style that assimilates them to the spiritual peers of the realm, we consider him only as the accidental mouth-piece of the Ministry, who agreed to make this monstrous innovation. But this was one of their schemes for tranquillizing Ireland. The conduct of the Romish priesthood having become thus intolerably audacious—the Ministry took counsel thus to soften and sweeten them—as if, having heard that pouring oil on water would still the waves, they expected an equally tranquillizing effect from throwing oil on flame! Lord Clarendon gave no explanation of this extraordinary creation of *Lordships*—the largest—the most sudden—the least to be anticipated—and, we suspect, one of the most important ever made; but we were soon informed, from a less discreet authority nearer head-quarters, not of the motives for this concession—that needed no explanation—sheer cowardice and sectarianism—but of the pretext on which it was to be excused. On the 23rd of November, 1847, there appeared in the ‘Morning Herald’ a copy of a circular from the Colonial Secretary of State to all our Colonial Governors, which, as an historical curiosity and specimen of ignorance and blunder, we think well worthy of quotation here:—

(Circular.)

‘Downing-street, Nov. 20, 1847.

‘Sir,—My attention has been called by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to the fact that the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in the British Colonies have not hitherto in their official correspondence with the Government and authorities been usually addressed by the title to which their rank in their own Church would appear to give them a just claim. Formerly there were obvious reasons for this practice; but as *Parliament by a recent Act* (that relating to Charitable Bequests in Ireland) *formally recognised the rank of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates*, by giving them precedence immediately after the prelates of the Established Church of the same degrees, the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops taking rank immediately after the prelates of the Established Church respectively, it has now appeared to Her Majesty’s Government that it is their duty to *conform to the rule thus laid down by the Legislature*. I have accordingly to instruct you, &c.’—*Morning Herald*, Nov. 23, 1847.

The first observation that strikes one on this grand *patent of precedence* is, that the Pope would have only to call all his prelates Archbishops *in partibus*, a power which he has and frequently exercises, to give them at once rank *above* all our bishops,
both

both at home and abroad, as well as above all our secular nobility. But what will our readers think, after reading this elaborate and official statement, at finding that there is *not one word of truth in it*?—that the Act referred to neither mentions nor alludes to rank or precedence, nor to Protestant Bishops, nor Roman Catholic Bishops, nor any Bishops at all, nor to any one circumstance stated in the letter. The only clause of the Act that the Lord-Lieutenant and Secretary of State could have been dreaming of runs as follows:—

‘And be it further enacted, That it shall be lawful for her Majesty to appoint the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and the Judge of the Prerogative Court, together with ten other proper and discreet persons, by warrant under the sign manual, of which ten persons five (and not more than five) shall be persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, to be Commissioners for Charitable Bequests.’

Which ten persons were not then named, nor till six months after, when a list of them appeared in the ‘Gazette.’ So vanishes this fabulous excuse of the ‘*formal* recognition by *Parliament*,’ and the *dutiful* obedience of the Ministers to the rule laid down by the *Legislature*. We have no doubt that neither Lord Clarendon nor Lord Grey happened to look into the original Act; and that some Roman Catholic adviser (whether by design or sheer ignorance) confounded the Act with the long-subsequent notice in the ‘Gazette,’ and by giving his own gloss to the mistake led both the Lords into this stupendous blunder. But this is not the whole of this absurdity. Even if the list had been in the Act of Parliament, it would not have, in the slightest degree, justified the proceedings of the two noble Lords. Who ever before imagined that the order in which persons were named in a commission regulated rank anywhere else than at the Board?

It happens every day that a Lord is a junior member of a public Board—so placed in all official and legal acts:—was it ever thought that all the commoners who stand before him in the commission are thereby ennobled? In the present Board of Treasury the youngest member is the *Right Honourable the Earl of Shelburne*—does that invest his senior colleagues, Sir Charles Wood, Mr. O’Connor, Mr. Craig, and Mr. Rich, with social place and style similar to Lord Shelburne’s? All the elder sons of Viscounts and Barons take precedence everywhere of Privy Councillors, but was it ever thought that they should therefore be styled *Right Honourable*? Some office-holders, such as the Chancellor, Lord President, Privy Seal, &c., precede Dukes; who ever thought of calling them *your Grace*? But what clinches the matter is, that the Act, which does not take any notice of the ten subordinate Commissioners, does give the first and presidential rank to three other Commissioners—the Master of the Rolls,

Rolls, the Chief Baron, and the Judge of the Prerogative, all commoners, who at that Board take place of the Archbishops and Lord Donoughmore. The pretence therefore is not only fabulous, but foolish. But do our readers wish to know why this trumpety device was thought of? The nomination of the Commission was Sir Robert Peel's; the present Ministers fancied he had done it in the Act, and, being desirous to glorify the Roman Catholic Bishops, fancied that they were safe under his protecting wing.

But we go a step further—we deny absolutely the right of the Crown to create Lords within the United Kingdom except by creating Peers.* When our Colonial Bishops were established, it was thought expedient to call them *Lords*, with a view of giving them weight and importance in the Colonies; and though it was an anomalous proceeding, there was no more legal objection to their being called Lord Bishops of Canada or Zealand than there would have been to the Queen's calling the Governors of those colonies Lords-Lieutenant. The circumstances under which we obtained Canada and Malta might justify giving the style of Lord Bishop to the Roman Catholic prelates found and preserved in those dependencies; but is very different from giving this domestic dignity to *my Lord* Archbishop M'Hale and *my Lord* Bishop Higgins. But this affair, besides the blunders in fact and in law, has the additional ill luck of being peculiarly odious and ridiculous. *His Grace John M'Hale, Lord Archbishop of Tuam*, had been already a laughing-stock for his aristocratical pretensions. Mr. Thackeray—whose '*Irish Sketch-Book*,' though somewhat disfigured by the flippancies of his assumed character of the Cockney *Titmarsh*—exhibits a great deal of keen and judicious observation, with a happy power of delineating both scenery and character, and gives in his lively manner (*ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*) one of the best pictures we have seen (though it be but a sketch) of the natural features and social condition of Ireland—Mr. Thackeray, we say, thus laughs at Dr. M'Hale's archi-episcopal pretensions, as paraded over the gate of his church at Tuam:—

'Over the door is a huge coat of arms surmounted by a cardinal's hat—the arms of the see, no doubt,—quartered with John Tuam's own patrimonial coat; and that was a frieze coat, from all accounts, passably ragged at the elbows. Well, he must be a poor wag who could steer at an old coat because it was old and poor. But if a man changes it for a tawdry gimcrack suit, bedizened with twopenny tinsel, and struts

* The practice of giving to the grandchildren of dukes, marquises, and earls, whose fathers have predeceased the grandfather, the nominal rank which in the usual course of nature would have fallen to them, is no exception. These '*commonly called*' titles are not recognised in law, and have always been (with the exception of three or four flagrant jobs perpetrated by the Whigs) strictly limited to the natural descent.

about *calling himself his Grace, and my Lord*, when may we laugh if not then? There is something simple in the way in which these good people belord their clergymen, and respect titles, real or sham. Take any Dublin paper—a couple of columns of it are sure to be filled with movements of the small great men of the world. Accounts from Darrynane state that the *Right Honourable the Lord Mayor* is in good health; his Lordship went out with his beagles yesterday—or *his Grace the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Ballywhack*, assisted by the *Right Reverend the Lord Bishops of Trincomalee and Hippopotamus*, &c. &c.—*Irish Sketch-book*, vol. ii. p. 111.

Alas! that the Queen's Government, by the mere blunder of not looking at the Act of Parliament which they quoted, should have fallen into so humiliating an absurdity. But it is worse than an absurdity. The grand contest now raging in Ireland has been mainly caused by the illegal and the inordinate desire of the Popish clergy to re-establish the power, dignity, and supremacy of their Church; and every step that has been taken to conciliate these demagogues has only rendered them more arrogant and audacious, and the peasantry, their dupes and their victims, more criminal and more wretched. And yet it was just at a time when these audacious pretensions of the priests and this sanguinary turbulence of the populace had assumed a more formidable aspect than they had ever before ventured to do, that the Government—instead of marking its indignation at such a state of things, stimulates the seditious and clamorous—the M'Hales and the Higginses—and rewards the neutrality, or at least silence, of all the rest, with this gaudy title of *Lordship*—which, though an insult to every loyal man in Ireland, is received by the agitators as nothing more than their strict due—a confession of weakness—an instalment only of the full success which a continued and increasing agitation on their part, and a continued and increasing timidity and incapacity in the Government, cannot fail to accomplish.

Such, under the various circumstances we have detailed, have been the character and conduct of those to whom an extraordinary concourse of accidents has committed, if not our destinies, at least all our immediate interests; and we will do them, or at least the majority of them, the justice to say that we believe that it is also an extraordinary concourse of other circumstances—and not either their want of personal talents or of upright intentions—which reduces them to the state of intrinsic weakness—the at once rash and feeble counsels which we have traced. They have, by a variety of causes, some involuntary and others, more culpable, become so dependent on the Radical and sectarian parties in England, and the Papists and Repealers in Ireland, that they have hardly the power, and not at all the courage, to pursue the inde-
pendent

pendent and constitutional course which we are willing to hope that the majority of them in their hearts approve and wish that they could venture to adopt. Nothing, for instance, can be better, *as far as they venture to go*, both in sentiment and expression, than the speeches of Lord John Russell and Sir George Grey on the state of Ireland, or than the various official communications of Lord Clarendon; but seeing that all these excellent declarations stop dead-short when they should strike at the real causes of the disorganization, and comparing them with the measures that halt after them, we again are driven to exclaim—‘O lame and impotent conclusion!’

Those who have ventured to criticise the conduct of the Ministry—even such humble and, as it were, *amateur* statesmen as ourselves—have been reproached with not having stated what we should have had them do. That reproach, if true in fact, would yet be an idle one—for Ministers, like servants, should understand their work before they undertake it, and be satisfied that they are able to perform it: it is not to be expected from individuals that they should elaborate the details of Government measures;—but it is notoriously ill-founded; for Lord Stanley and Lord George Bentinck have lectured the Ministry fully, copiously, and severely on the principles applicable to our present condition. Nor can it, we submit, be fairly said that this Journal has not—with perhaps more frankness than was desired—indicated what we, and those who think with us, have considered the most probable remedy for every grievance we adduced; but that no similar charge may be made on this occasion, we shall venture to recapitulate some of the chief points of the advice which the Ministry have received on various important subjects, all of which they have neglected or rejected.

They were warned of the necessity of a Coercion Bill, which they nevertheless threw out for the sole object of getting into office, and which, before they have been two years in office, they have been forced to re-enact with additional stringency.

They were warned that their wild and shallow scheme for meeting the Irish famine by the at once partial and universal jobbing of public works, would only encourage idleness, extend misery, excite dissatisfaction, and desolate the country. They persisted—till after millions on millions had been wasted, and—what is worse than mere waste—the habits of the people (bad enough already) have been further deteriorated—they have been forced to put a sudden stop to a system—the withdrawal of which will, we fear, create more wretchedness and danger than its operation had ever removed.

They were warned when this destitution fell upon Ireland, that there happened to be at hand, as if by a special providence, the
largest,

largest, the readiest, the most effective resource that ever had presented itself in any great national emergency: instead of the partial, narrow, useless, unprofitable, and corrupt pretence of public works—there were the *railways* ready to ramify themselves out in every direction, even to the remotest districts, carrying with them abundant labour, well-earned food, profitable returns, public utility, a certain repayment of all that should be expended, and with no other inconvenience than anticipating in the hour of need works that sooner or later will and must be done. This resource—which might have been adapted to any advisable extent, whether large or small, which, gigantic in power, was simple and manageable in its smallest details—was rejected *in toto*; but subsequently, when it could do little good but to three individual railroad companies, a sum of money was advanced, so trifling in amount and so narrow in application, that it really seemed only granted to mark and record the inconsistency of the Ministry.

They were warned that the leaving Ireland (for the first time for three centuries) without an *Arms Act* would be the signal for and the means of a general armament of the populace, and terrible disorders. This they not only disregarded, but published by authority an incentive to the people to arm themselves; and were, in this alone, so well obeyed, that though murder, by those very arms, ravages the country and disgraces it and us in the eyes of Europe, the pusillanimous Ministry dare not venture on bringing the only effective remedy—an immediate and general disarmament, and a permanent and thorough system of registration and restriction as to the future possession of arms.

The Ministers have been warned, not by the loyal only, but *trumpet-tongued* by the Popish priests themselves, of the baneful influence which they have—and recently more than ever—exercised over their already turbulent flocks: and that very opportunity is taken for rewarding with the highest titles of dignity the Popish hierarchy—some of whom have distinguished themselves in encouraging the incendiary priests, and not one of whom has had the will or the courage to distinguish himself by censuring or ‘reprimanding’ them.

They have been warned that the real object of all these atrocities in Ireland is to expel the Protestant landlords and confiscate their estates; and instead of boldly and at once exposing and stigmatizing that treasonable scheme, and proclaiming a full and final resolution to protect the rights of property with all the power of the state, they accompany their fair words and feeble efforts in that direction with inuendoes against the landlords, and hints of new laws of *tenant-right* and so forth, which the ignorant peasantry will imagine to be meant to accomplish their lawless purposes.

So

So much for the warnings they have had. Let us now say a few words as to the present and the future, which, we regret to say, afford no more satisfaction.

We need not repeat what we have so recently urged on the apprehended change in the system of taxation, and of the abrogation of the Navigation Laws; though we must say that renewed consideration only confirms and increases our alarm at these wanton and perilous experiments.

But there is a subject of still higher interest, which begins to assume a severer aspect. We cannot but complain with equal regret and earnestness at the tone of obvious hostility which the Ministers have assumed towards the Church. Their consent to preserve the Welsh bishoprics—unsatisfactory as it became by the concomitant severance of a bishopric from the peerage—had excited hopes which every subsequent step has disappointed.

We have a great indulgence for political gratitude, and we do not complain at seeing secular patronage lavished on the Dissenting supporters of the Ministry, when (which is, by the way, a pretty considerable restriction) they happen to be decently fit for what they get; but we cannot extend any indulgence to the policy of gratifying such connexions by affronting the Church, or, what is worse, disturbing her by schismatic or otherwise unbecoming appointments—which have the additional ill consequences of raising questions, before unthought of, on the royal prerogative. There may no doubt be *thousands* in the Radical constituencies that contribute to Lord John Russell's *mosaic* majorities, who will be grateful at every embarrassment, great or small, in which he may involve the interests of the Church; but he can hard'y need to be warned that there are *millions* who feel and *repent* with deep, though silent and for the moment powerless indignation, such proceedings as he has been lately obtruding upon us—the nomination of inferior or at least undistinguished men to the highest dignities—the selecting out of all England for a bishopric one chiefly if not solely known in the religious or literary world by a condemnation for heterodoxy—the endeavour to force a Jew, or two or three Jews, into Parliament, an object *in itself* so inconsiderable, that it is obviously undertaken to forward the principle of a complete severance of Church and State. These are all pregnant symptoms of a hostile spirit, but we have to complain of evasion and even infringements, still more direct and practical, of the laws which ought to protect our ecclesiastical establishment.

When the great change in our Protestant Constitution was effected in 1829, certain guards and guarantees were introduced into that pact for the ulterior security and inviolability of

of the rights of the Established Church. Already this session Mr. Anstey (one of the few gentlemen, be it observed, who strenuously opposed the Coercion Bill) has introduced a bill to repeal *inter alia* (we need not enter into details) some of the most important of those securities. What did the Government? Sir George Grey divided the objects of the bill into two parts, one repealing old and obsolete Acts, theoretically though not practically offensive to the Roman Catholics, and the other repealing some of the securities of the Act of 1829. On the first subject he considered the bill as of little importance; on the second part, 'he would not apply the principle of finality to the Bill of 1829, but he thought it *undesirable* to disturb the settlement of a great question by enactments of this kind.' *Undesirable*, forsooth! Why, if the compromise, for such it essentially was, of 1829, is not to be final on one side, why should it be on the other? If one member proposes a clause to repeal the securities, why should not another propose another clause to repeal the indulgences granted on the faith of those securities? Why, if Sir George Grey thought lightly of one-half of the bill, and disapproved of the other, why did he not vote against the disturbance of a great national settlement, and leave Mr. Anstey to bring in a bill for those minor purposes which he approved? Instead of this fair, manly, and Parliamentary course, Mr. Anstey's measure was supported by all the Ministers, and the second reading (that is, the principle) of a bill to break down the securities of 1829 was carried by a majority of 168 to 136.

Amongst other provisions of the Bill of 1829 was one (§ 24) that interdicted, under a penalty, any Roman Catholic prelate's assuming the title of any see of the Established Church. It is notorious that they have of late set this law at defiance, and the address of the Roman Catholic prelates, in reply to which Lord Clarendon so *belorded* them, was signed, 'John, *Archbishop* of TUAM,'—'John, *Bishop* of CLONFERT.' How can Lord Clarendon expect any law to be respected in Ireland, when he himself not only submits to, but encourages so gross a violation of it?

But a still larger stride has been since made. The Pope, it seems, has announced his intention of proving that he has power and authority, both temporal and spiritual, here in England itself, by erecting those ecclesiastic officers heretofore tolerated under the modest and sufficient title of Vicars Apostolic, into the dignities of Archbishops and Bishops—not merely nominal, not in *partibus*—but of *Pope-created dioceses*, in this by law Protestant realm of England,—but having more respect for the penal provisions of the Act of 1829, than the English Ministers or his Irish prelates, he calls them Bishops of *Westminster* and *Birmingham*!

Passing

Passing over for a moment the graver question of our national territory being thus parcelled out by a foreign jurisdiction, we must here ask, was there ever anything so fantastically insulting to our ideas of law and constitution, and even of common sense, as this entire affair? The Queen's Majesty, it seems, must not summon the Bishop of Hereford, who happens to be the junior bishop, to the House of Peers, but her Lord-Lieutenant can, by a stroke of his pen, make *Lords* of Drs. MacHale and Higgins, and some thirty of their brethren. She could not of her own authority create a *bishopric of Manchester*, but she submits to the Pope's erecting we know not how many *archbishoprics* and *bishoprics of Westminster, Birmingham, &c.*!

These new and extraordinary pretensions cannot but remind her Majesty, and her loyal subjects should not forget, that there exists in Italy the lineal heir to the British Crown, excluded only by those very laws which her Ministers are every day setting or permitting to be set at defiance.

But in the midst of all these papal and papist intricacies there has arisen a new question of considerable curiosity and interest, and which may turn out to be, in its results, of great and perhaps beneficial importance.

To any one who had marked the series of events, and endeavoured to trace to their true source and causes all our danger in Ireland, and many of our difficulties in England, it could be no surprise to hear that our Government was about to enter into diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome; but he must, we think, have been somewhat perplexed by the answer made by Lord Palmerston when Sir Robert Inglis questioned him on that point, on Tuesday the 10th. of December:—

‘**LORD PALMERSTON.**—It is well known that for some weeks past Lord Minto, who holds the office of Privy Seal, has been at Rome, but he is not there in any official capacity; he has no power and no instructions to negotiate any convention whatever with the Court of Rome, to which Court he is not in any way accredited. My honourable friend will therefore see that the statement to which he alludes is entirely destitute of any foundation whatever. I need not say that so long as doubts can be entertained by any person as to the legality of diplomatic intercourse with the Court of Rome, *her Majesty's Government have too much respect for the law* to do anything which could by possibility be considered as an infringement of it. I believe it is known to those who have looked into the subject, that the doubt arises chiefly upon the construction of the word “*communion*,” the law being that the Crown is not allowed to hold any communion with the Court of Rome. A doubt exists whether that word “*communion*” should be strictly interpreted as applicable to religious communion, or whether it would apply to diplomatic intercourse. I am not called upon to go into that question of construction: in my own opinion it is pretty clear; but until Parliamen-

ment shall settle that doubt, I can assure my honourable friend and the House, that no step will be taken by her Majesty's Government which can by possibility be impugned as contravening the law.'—*Debates*, 10th December.

This profound respect for the laws against Popery, and for even a doubt about those laws, is no doubt very edifying; but it seems to us a somewhat strange instance of forgetfulness in Lord Palmerston, of what his two principal colleagues—and we suppose with his concurrence—had been doing for the last three months. Is the law prohibiting intercourse with the Court of Rome more clear than that which excluded Jews from Parliament? and yet Lord John Russell did not wait for the repeal before he had committed himself to a flagrant breach of it. Is the law against holding diplomatic intercourse with Rome so clear, so strong, or so recent, as that domestic law—part of the emancipation bargain—which prohibits Popish prelates from assuming the titles of Protestant sees? Yet the *respect* of Lord Clarendon and Lord John for the *existing law*, did not prevent them from sanctioning—the first with compliments, and the latter by acquiescence—the illegal usurpation of these titles. Thus, a law, plain, clear, not twenty years old, is a cobweb—while another, obsolete, of doubtful, and, as Lord Palmerston believes, of mistaken construction, is an adamant chain. How can a Government that exhibits such laxity, both of statement and principle, expect to receive credit or to command respect?

As to the difficulty stated by Lord Palmerston to have been raised on the legal meaning of the word '*communion*,' in the Bill of Rights, we presume that his Lordship, who of course has carefully considered every part of this important case, must be correct in saying that there are grave doubts about it; but we are at loss to guess how or from whom they could have arisen. The word '*communion*,' and the corresponding expression of being '*reconciled to the see of Rome*,' obviously do and can mean nothing but religious communion and religious reconciliation. We ourselves know of nothing to interfere with a diplomatic communication to Rome: there are obsolete statutes, 5 Eliz. c. 1, and 13 Eliz. c. 5, which make it high treason to receive any bulls, writings, or instruments whatsoever; but none of those early Acts had or could have any view or intention of limiting the royal authority in diplomatic relations, and even with respect to the object they really had, to prevent spiritual intercourse between the Pope and the English papists, they are notoriously a dead letter. And if it be said that the long lapse of time during which we have not had diplomatic relations with Rome is a proof of its illegality, we have to observe, that from the beginning of the modern system of diplomacy throughout Europe till the death of Cardinal York the Court of Rome

Home had not ceased to acknowledge a Pretender; and that therefore such intercourse was impossible. The impeachment of Lord Castlemaine in 1689 for having, in the reign of James II., 1683, gone as ambassador to Rome, is relied on as authority of the state of the law even before the Revolution; but that case goes clearly, and indeed irresistibly, the other way: for, in the first place, impeachment is no conviction; but secondly, it is evident the impeachment on that score was abandoned. When Lord Castlemaine was brought to the bar of the House of Commons, the Speaker addressed him in these words:—

‘My Lord,—The House having understood that you *went ambassador to Rome*, and also took your place at the Board as a Privy Councillor, without taking the oaths—which are great crimes and against law—they have sent for you to know what you have to say for yourself.’

Lord Castlemaine made a long speech on many topics, which we need not notice; but to the point of the *embassy* he replies ‘that he never heard of any law against, nor knew of any to this very day.’ He then proceeded—

‘Besides, Mr. Speaker, as I know no law that forbad my obedience, so I must needs say (and this without cramping or putting any bounds to the legislative power) that no such law can be made; for, Sir, the Pope is a very considerable temporal prince, whose territories border on two seas, the Mediterranean and Adriatic. If, then, our merchants should be by storm or other necessities driven into his ports, if Englishmen should be surprised by any Roman party as they travel in a neighbouring country, shall our Government (not to mention a hundred greater accidents) want power to send a messenger to ransom or compound for them? What law, therefore, was ever yet framed or can be enacted by which the commerce and intercourse between nations be never so much broken and prohibited, but that a commander-in-chief, a general, and much more a king, may beat a parley, dispatch a trumpet, may send and receive letters as often as occasion does require?’—*State Trials*, xii. 609.

Neither to Lord Castlemaine’s direct allegation that there was *no such law*, nor to his argument that there never could be such a law, does it appear that any reply was made; and, in fact, both questions seem to have been given up—for after a long debate, the House resolved—

‘That the Earl of Castlemaine stand committed to the Tower, by a warrant of this House, for high treason, for *endeavouring to reconcile this kingdom to the see of Rome*, and for other high crimes and misdemeanours.’—*State Trials*, xii. 618.

—thus omitting the charge as to the *embassy*, which had stood most prominent in the accusation. Hume states generally, and Mackintosh in reference to Castlemaine, that such an embassy was forbidden by law: but they give no authority, and our memory does not furnish one. But if there be any such doubt, and

and Lord Palmerston, without sharing acquiescence in it, it would surely have been better that, until the doubt was cleared up, Lord Minto should not have been sent with a roving commission to all the minor states of Italy, with the one exception of Rome; and above all, that he should not have made the only place where he had no business his most remarkable abode.

For all the contradictions involved in this affair, we cannot—knowing that some of the Cabinet are men of sense, and others men of talent—arrive at any other explanation than one; and that certainly an imperfect one. It is, we think, not inconsistent with the *strict terms* of Lord Palmerston's declaration that the Ministers may have determined on the expediency of establishing diplomatic relations with Rome, and that Lord Minto may be employed in that object, though without any direct official mission to the *Court* of Rome. To such an arrangement there must be two parties, and it would be prudent, before we took any public step towards such an intercourse, to ascertain privately on what reciprocal terms such an arrangement might be admissible. Lord Minto may have been requested by his colleagues to spend a little time at Rome, and to inform himself, through any channel to which his rank and character should give him access, of the disposition with which such a proposition was likely to be received. If the feeling should be considered as favourable, it would be then thought time enough to avow the public design, and to obtain—if it should be really necessary—(which we have no doubt it would not)—the sanction of the Legislature to the recognition of the Pope as a temporal prince—a fact, the denial of which, by any kind of legal fiction, would be as disparaging to our character for common sense, as injurious, we venture to think, to our public interests. On what plea can we pretend to exclude the Sovereign of Rome from the Congress of European powers? We were ready to battle for him against Buonaparte, and we had no small share in restoring him to the throne of which the *King of Rome* had dispossessed him; and yet we will not hold diplomatic intercourse with him.

Let us, in addition to the general views of international policy stated by Lord Castlemaine, suppose an actual case, not at all improbable: Rome has, every year, a large British population; suppose that population were to be subjected to some degrading interference from which other strangers were free—nay, suppose some special violence to British persons or property,—we should be of necessity forced to seek either amicable or hostile redress from the Government of Rome. If amicable, there would be envoys, negotiations, mutual recognitions, explanations, and some kind, at least, of convention. If hostile, we should probably remind Rome of Lord Castlemaine's hint, that she is a maritime

state though not a maritime power—it might be suggested that Admiral Napier could find his way to Civita Vecchia even more speedily than Lord Minto found his to the Piazza di Spagna :— But every war has an end (except that against Irish landlords), and we should sooner or later have to conclude with recognition and treaty.

It is said that we should open a wide door to Roman interference in our domestic affairs; we think quite the contrary, and at all events are more afraid of the postern than of the gate—of the trap-door than the hall-door. Would the accredited and responsible Roman minister at our Court have, supposing him the wiliest of Jesuits, more opportunities of mischief than the hundreds of clerical agents whose service his Holiness may now command without incurring any responsibility for their behaviour? Does any one believe that, if We had relations with the Pope as a temporal sovereign, he would for a moment have thought of, or we have permitted, his creating a *diocese* or a *province*, in Great Britain—a *Bishopric of Birmingham*—an *Archbishopric of Westminster*? How would he like, if, by way of reciprocity, the Queen of England, as supreme Head of the Anglican Church, should, of her own mere motion, erect a Protestant bishopric of Rome, and, instead of paying him a visit of civility by her Lord Privy Seal, should send some suffragan of the province of Canterbury to exhibit in Rome itself, in a cathedral dedicated to St. Paul or St. Peter, all the severe state and sober grandeur of our Anglican worship?* We, slight as our influence can be in such weighty matters, are so unwilling to say anything that might create jealousies and tend to embarrass any such negotiation—which, if not already in some stage of progress, can, we are satisfied, not long be delayed—that we abstain from urging more particularly the various and important advantages that would arise from establishing between us and the Sovereign of Rome the same kind of international arrangements which he and we possess with the other countries of Europe.

But there is one result which it would be foolish as well as uncandid in us to attempt to conceal—we mean that it would facilitate the first and only hope that we have ever entertained for the redemption of Ireland from the bloody tyranny under which she now groans and bleeds—a State provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. 'What!'—we are well aware some of our readers, our oldest and most valued friends, will exclaim,—'What! pension, reward, honour that very class of persons to a considerable portion of whom you have, in the earlier part of your paper, attributed so

* That silly low-church germanizing scheme of a Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem one, we hope, be no precedent for the papal encroachment—for it was settled with the Sovereign of the State.

large instrumentality in all the horrors described? Yes, and for *that* reason among many others. We have no means, as we have already said, of knowing anything of the relative numbers of the turbulent and the pacific clergy: we are willing to believe that the former may be much—very much—the smaller; but we rest no part of our reasoning on that distinction, for it is undeniable that a majority show a most culpable neutrality or acquiescence in the disturbances which their more active and less scrupulous brethren excite. We take higher ground, both of public policy and human nature. It would really be a miracle, and contrary to all the principles which govern human affairs, that the Roman Catholic priesthood should be loyal and affectionate to a Government which has forced them to press on their starving flocks for a precarious subsistence. We will not repeat such obvious commonplaces as that nothing can justify the suggestion or even the tolerance of crime; 'tis true, a thousand times true—but it is not less true that human passions and feelings, whether of vengeance or gratitude, will, in despite of reason, and even of conscience, operate on the masses of mankind; and if you will mark any caste of men for discountenance, you will inevitably taint them with disaffection. We have sufficiently shown that we are no favourers of the Priesthood, and approve of their personal conduct as little as we do of their tenets; nor would we invest prelates made by a foreign authority with domestic dignities;—but we would feed them, for charity—for policy—for justice. For our own parts, if we were Irish landlords, we should think ourselves happy if, by paying as it were *blackmail* to some clerical Fergus, we could protect ourselves from the vengeance of Captain Rock.*

We have so often and so fully argued this point, that we feel that we ought not on this occasion to pursue it further; but we would humbly venture to request any dissatisfied reader (and we fear there will be such even amongst those who think with us on everything else) to reconsider the arguments that we have laid

* We have before us a Report, ordered to be published on the 26th of October last, by the Relief Committee of the district of Drumespal, county of Armagh, in the last paragraph of which it is stated that within that district is a townland consisting of two nearly equal portions. The one portion is entirely the property of a resident landlord, whose tenants all hold directly under him, and all at will: from this portion there was not an applicant for relief, nor one claim for admission into the workhouse. The other portion has a non-resident landlord, and 32 families holding land on lease, of whom only 5 hold directly from the landlord-in-chief, the other 27 rent under middlemen: the claimants for relief from this portion were 164 persons. The Reporters add that they 'offer no comment on the injustice of applying the principle of Rateage under the Irish Poor Law to a district so cumbered as the Electoral division of Drumespal.' The benefits conferred in every way by resident landlords are incalculable, but how can you anticipate resident landlords in such a state of things as we have described? It is no surprise to us to hear every day of fresh instances of Protestant landlords and clergymen, who had hitherto clung to their perilous duties, being at last forced to fly before

before them in former Numbers (vol. lxxv. p. 290 ; and especially vol. lxxvi. p. 276). We assure them, with all the sincerity of men who can have no temptation to mislead, and with whatever authority may be due to a long life, chiefly employed in the consideration of these questions, that our first object in this advice is not merely the welfare but the very existence of the *Protestant Church and the Protestant population* of Ireland. They have all our sympathies—they are, in truth, our chiefest anxiety and care, and we are most deeply and painfully convinced that in the circumstances to which a complication of follies, crimes, and misfortunes have brought us, the means that we propose afford not merely the most probable, but, we fear, the only possible chance—and every year's delay has made that chance worse and worse—for their present safety, and the early tranquillity of Ireland. If this last measure of prudence, justice, and mercy should be tried and should fail—on their heads, and not on our consciences, be the result: having prodigally exhausted our whole store of conciliation and concession, it would not be our fault if we were driven to the extreme and terrible, but *not*, we holdly say, very difficult remedy, of reconquering and resettling that country.

Far, we pray, may be from us such an afflicting trial—and far—we are as firmly convinced as we can be of any unsolved problem,—it would be, if the Government, even the present Government, were boldly to proclaim and pledge themselves to a determination to exert the whole force of the empire, to extinguish *by whatever severity this Reign of Terror*—to protect landlords and the rights of property as by law now established—to teach the people to feed themselves, by encouraging instead of disheartening domestic industry, and especially agriculture and the growth of corn—to put down with a strong hand, if necessary, the silly but treasonable farce of Repeal—to provide (to be taken or left, as they themselves should elect) an adequate alimentary provision for the Roman Catholic clergy—and finally to conclude such a diplomatic arrangement with the Pope as one independent sovereignty should have with another—if, we say, the Government would adopt and stake its existence on these measures, we have no doubt that they would be supported by a large majority of both Houses of Parliament, and of the population of Scotland and England, and we really almost believe of Ireland itself—at least in their secret wishes; and we ourselves have the highest degree of hope and confidence that those measures, so supported, would speedily, rapidly relieve us from the most serious danger that ever menaced, and the deepest disgrace that ever afflicted, the British Empire!

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Publications of—*

1. *The Cymmrodorion Society.* 1762, &c.
2. *The Society of Antiquaries.* 1770, &c. (Layamon, edited for the Society of Antiquaries by Sir F. Madden. 3 vols. 1847, 8vo.)
3. *The Commissioners on the Public Records of the Kingdom.* 1802, &c.
4. *The Roxburghe Club.* 1819, &c.
5. *The Surtees Society.* 1837, &c.
6. *The English Historical Society.* 1838, &c.
7. *The Camden Society.* 1838, &c.
8. *The Cambridge Camden Society.* 1841, &c.
9. *The Percy Society.* 1841, &c.
10. *The Welsh MSS. Society.* 1840, &c.
11. *The Chetham Society.* 1844, &c.
12. *The British Archaeological Association.* 1845, &c.

IT has been a frequent subject of complaint with the *laudatores temporis acti* that the present utilitarian age cares for nothing not immediately subservient to its own wants or enjoyments; that even knowledge is not sought after for its own sake, but only with a view of getting something by it. The titles at the head of the present article seem, however, to manifest a tolerably prevalent eagerness—real or affected—to learn something of what time has forgotten, without reference to the honour or profit to be derived from the study. We feel no disposition to quarrel with this spirit in any of its shapes. The information elicited is often interesting—even useful; and the speculations arising out of it, though frequently visionary, are harmless enough, when they do not lead to fierce disputes *de umbra asini*. We wish plenty of game and good success to the whole fraternity of archaeologists, from the explorers of barrows to the excavators of Nineveh. Objects of little value in themselves may be of great importance in the hands of those who know how to make use of them. The coins of ‘Ariana Antiqua’ have enabled Prinsep, Lassen, and Wilson to retrieve whole dynasties of Bactrian sovereigns; and, in our own country, the arrow-head of flint, the

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brazen celt, the steel spear-head, and the chased helmet tell their respective stories of different states of civilization, and furnish their quota to the philosophic historian. Even what is simply curious is not to be despised on that account. We like to learn the shape and size of an Assyrian shield, even if we learn nothing else relating to it; and we notice, by no means with indifference, the resemblance between the head-gear of the Sacian chief on the monument of Behistan and a modern Astrachan cap.

We nevertheless confess that there is one branch of antiquarian research which we regard as far superior to the rest. Had the most skilful draughtsman furnished us with the most accurate delineation of the last-mentioned relic of by-gone ages, we should have felt that his merit was but small compared with that of the officer who has removed the veil of more than twenty centuries from the inscriptions, thus enabling us not only to identify the personal representation of Darius, but to trace the stirring events of his reign, and, still more, to discern the impress of his mind. We need not as yet give another lecture on this discovery; but we may be just allowed to remark that the philological and ethnological results of it are not the least interesting. We have here a full confirmation of a point only imperfectly known before, namely, that the Achæmenian sovereigns spoke a language closely resembling the Vedic Sanscrit, both in words and organization; and, consequently, were perhaps as nearly connected in race with the Brahminic conquerors of India as the Icelanders are with the South Germans.

A similar discovery of considerable interest, although the interest is of a somewhat different nature, was made not long ago in our own country. The stone cross at Ruthwell had excited and baffled the curiosity of whole generations of antiquaries. All could see that it was of ecclesiastic origin, and of a period anterior to the Norman invasion; but the Runic inscription, being mistaken for *Scandinavian*, served to obscure the matter instead of clearing it up. It was not till after repeated failures by the best foreign scholars that the sagacity of Mr. J. Kemble* placed the matter in its true light. He showed clearly that the verses are not *Scandinavian*, but *Anglo-Saxon*—the language that of the age and province of Bede—and the inscription itself a portion of a spirited poem on the Crucifixion and Passion of our Lord. By a singular combination—

quod optanti divûm promittere nemo
Auderet;—

the whole poem is discovered in a MS. long buried in a Vercelli library, the corresponding passages of which only differ in dialect from the lines engraved on the cross. Half-a-dozen ingenious explanations have been given of the beautiful design on the Portland vase, each perhaps possible in itself, but not one productive of conviction. The artistic merit of the monument is of course unaffected by our ignorance; but who does not feel that a single Greek or Latin distich, connecting it with a favourite classical subject, might have given it an interest far beyond what it now possesses? Such things are in themselves mere words; but, like the Spanish licentiate's epitaph, they are the clue to the *soul* that lies buried; and he who digs for it judiciously will, like the sagacious student, not fail of his reward. Thus we trust that Major Rawlinson will, ere long, evoke Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib as successfully as he has produced Darius.

It will be said, perhaps, that all this has little relevancy to those who must confine their explorations within our own four seas. The chapter of ancient British inscriptions is an absolute blank, and the scanty amount of Roman and Runic Saxon is at length exhausted. What, therefore, remains but earth-work, stone-work, and the 'auld nick-nackets' of Captain Grose? We answer—a great deal—on paper and parchment. There is, perhaps, no nation in Europe that can compete with us in the number and value of our vernacular literary monuments—from the eighth to the fourteenth century: some of which—for example, the code of Anglo-Saxon laws, the poem of Beowulf, various pieces in the Vercelli and Exeter books, &c. &c.—are unique of their kind. The Icelandic Sagas, though superior as compositions, are of considerably later date; and the German literature prior to the twelfth century has little originality to boast of. Yet so incurious were we of our riches, that, till within a very recent period, the number of Anglo-Saxon works published averaged about three in a century, and of Middle-English ones in their genuine form scarcely so many. It is well that something has been done of late to redeem us from this reproach; but still a great deal remains undone. We do not hesitate to say that there are valuable materials for the elucidation of national theology, hagiology, popular opinions, and particularly the origin and progress of our native language, which have not perhaps been seen by ten persons now living, and whose very existence is unknown to the great mass of our literary public.

The adventurers in this field may be classed something in the same way as our money-dealers—individual discounters, private firms of a few partners, and joint-stock associations on a large scale. Some of the second division appear to have acted on the

principle that curious and recondite information, like money-profits, is too good a thing to be diffused among the multitude, and ought to be strictly confined to their own fraternity. We are quite willing that family documents, which not more than twenty people are likely to care about, should be hoarded as cabinet curiosities; neither do we quarrel with those who have restricted to five-and-twenty copies re-impressions of uniques, of which there was already one too many. But the case is different with works possessing, not merely a British, but an European interest. For example, take the *Chronicle of Mailros*, brought forth for the first time in an accurate and complete form, by one of the very few editors competent to such a task, under the auspices of a Scottish Society. It is not so generally known as it ought to be that this work is of the first importance for the ethnological and civil history of our border counties, completely refuting the crude theories propagated by Pinkerton and his disciples, which have met with too much acceptance both in Great Britain and on the continent. But how are the majority of the literary world to know better? A foreigner or a provincial student who inquires for the Bannatyne book is told that it is not to be had for money; and his only resource is to take an expensive journey, or give an extravagant price for an inaccurate and defective edition in a voluminous collection of '*Scriptores*.' We must say that we more admire the system of certain English Societies, who place a reasonable number of copies within reach of the public, both to the satisfaction of the literary world, and to the benefit of their own funds. We should be less inclined to complain of the close Clubs if they left a more free course of action to other parties; but in more instances than one they have shown themselves not a little sensitive about any apparent invasion of their supposed monopoly. It was notorious that a new and enlarged edition of '*Havelok the Dane*' was greatly wanted, and, as a matter of courtesy, the Club under whose auspices the work came forth were requested to allow of its re-impression, under the superintendence of the gentleman who is every way the best entitled to the office. This simple request was positively refused! and was only at length conceded with an indifferent grace, on discovering that the execution was likely to get into the hands of another party, little qualified to do justice to the subject. Surely this is not the way to *diffuse* a taste for our early language and literature! On another occasion some influential members of the Roxburghs were told that more than half their publications were wanting in our great national repository. The reply was—'We are glad to hear it!' Doubtless a society has a right to be thus exclusive; and so has a Duke to build a wall twenty feet high round his park.

park. We, however, prefer the taste and feeling of the man who eaves an open paling.

This niggardly spirit is not confined to small literary coteries. One of the German editors of the 'Nibelungen Lied' congratulates his readers that the oldest and best manuscript of that noble poem was saved from 'the fate of being transferred to England—there to lie useless and unknown of in some private collection.' This sarcasm does not apply to all English owners of collections;* but more than one instance has come to our knowledge where permission to consult documents essential to the integrity of a published series, was pointedly refused—though they are of high interest to the European literary public, and not of the smallest personal consequence to the proprietor. Sometimes the existence, or, what amounts to the same thing, the locality of a literary treasure is studiously concealed. The York Mysteries—the most curious and important collection of the kind after the Townley—have disappeared for the third time to an unknown 'limbus librorum,' where they will probably slumber as unprofitably as they did at Strawberry Hill and at Bristol. Our next account of them may possibly be that they are for ever lost, having been subjected to the same fate which befel the Sebright, the Hafod, and so many other private collections.

Our readers will not expect a detailed critique of all the publications comprehended in our list. We say nothing of many of the *Roxburghe* books, for reasons already intimated. There are however good ones, as well as bad and indifferent. 'Havelok the Dane,' 'William and the Were Wolf,' the 'Early English Gesta Romanorum,' and several others, are valuable monuments of our early language and literature, and ought to be rendered more generally accessible. Things which have only a conventional worth might lose a portion of it if placed within everybody's reach; but we cannot conceive that either natural or intellectual products, if intrinsically good, are depreciated by their abundance. Who would now lay a heavy import-duty on oranges and pine-apples, or venture to talk of editions of *Don Quixote* 'strictly limited to twenty-five copies'? *Havelok the Dane* would not in any case command so many readers as *Guy Mannering*; but there is no doubt that an edition of a few hundred copies would have been willingly received, and might have directed towards this branch of study the minds of many who only wanted an accidental impulse.

We have great pleasure in bearing our testimony not only to the superior liberality of the *English Historical Society*, but to the judicious choice and careful execution of their works them-

* The liberality of Sir Thomas Phillips is especially worthy of praise.

selves. Mr. Kemble's Anglo-Saxon Charters—equally important to the philologist and to the legal and constitutional antiquary—Mr. Stevenson's Ecclesiastical History and Opera Minora of Bede—Mr. Hardy's William of Malmsbury—Mr. Coxe's handsome and complete Roger of Wendover—in short, the Society's publications in general—form a series which any man may be glad to place in his library as satisfactory editions of intrinsically valuable books. Nennius would admit of further elucidation by a good Celtic scholar; but the text is a decided improvement, and the notes are sensible and useful as far as they go.

Next to the *English Historical* we feel disposed to rank the *Surtees*, both on account of the liberality of its constitution and the general value of its books. If a portion of these possess only a local interest, we must remember that the society was organized for local purposes and with a restricted sphere of action; and we are willing to connive at a few 'Wills,' 'Inventories,' and similar dry bones of ancient literature, in consideration of the sterling value of other publications. Not to dwell upon Reginald's account of St. Cuthbert, the collection of Durham historians, and other works the importance of which is obvious at once, we would specify the Townley Mysteries, the Durham Ritual, and the Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian Psalters, as monuments, each unique in its kind, and furnishing materials for the elucidation of our northern dialects, both of the Saxon and mediæval period, which it would be vain to search for elsewhere. Even the 'Liber Vitæ, or list of benefactors to the shrine of St. Cuthbert,' possesses an interest far beyond what might have been expected from a mere catalogue of names. The initiated may there distinctly trace the changes of the original stock of Northern Angles caused by successive infusions of Scandinavian, West Saxon, and Norman blood, till all become blended in that current English nomenclature which to this very day bears the plain impress of all. On many accounts therefore we are well-wishers of the 'Surtees,' and would gladly see it organised on a broad basis and in the receipt of an income adequate to more extensive operations.

The *Camden Society* is undoubtedly the one which, from its numbers, the professed comprehensiveness of its plan, and the high literary character of many of its members, bid the fairest to supply a notorious deficiency in our literature, namely, in the departments of our early national history and the illustration of the early period of our language. With all our wealth and all our affectation of public spirit, not only the Germans, Danes, and Swedes, but even the Bohemians, have surpassed us in their well-directed, systematic, and successful cultivation of those fields.

What

What have we to put in competition with the *Monumenta Germanica* of Pertz, the *Scriptores Rerum Danicarum* of Suhm and Langebek, the similar Swedish collection of Geijer and Afzelius, the long list of Icelandic Sagas, the *Wybor Literatura Ceské*, and the numerous lexicographical, antiquarian, and historical labours of Jungmann, Schaffarik, Hanka, and Palacky? Conscious of this unsatisfactory state of affairs, we could not but rejoice when twelve hundred men banded themselves together with the avowed purpose 'of perpetuating and rendering accessible whatever is valuable, but at present little known, amongst the materials for the civil, ecclesiastical, or literary history of the United Kingdom.' After a trial of nine years, we are constrained to say that the results do not precisely correspond with our expectations. Much of what has appeared is of comparatively limited interest, belonging rather to private biography than to general history, and being, moreover, of a period requiring little additional illustration. If works of this kind are to form the staple, it is impossible to foresee any end of them, since they may be found in our libraries by hundreds and thousands, quite equal in intrinsic merit to those that have already appeared. Among the few publications strictly historical, the value of the *Chronicle of Joceline de Brakelonde* is cheerfully acknowledged. We would also recommend the translation of Polydore Virgil to the careful study of the present race of tourists and travellers, in order that they may learn, if possible, to tell a plain story in plain words. Some of the purely historical works appear to us undeserving of the Society's patronage; others have been marred in the execution, of which more anon. What we are most dissatisfied with is the little that has been contributed towards the illustration of the progress of our vernacular language. It was understood at the commencement that this was to form one of the Society's chief objects; and the most rational method of promoting it would seem to be the publication of the remains of our early national writers—if not of the Anglo-Saxon period, yet at all events of those from the twelfth century to the end of the fourteenth. Hitherto, however, works of this class have hardly constituted one in ten of the Society's publications; and we have reason to believe that proposals to edit very valuable ones have been absolutely discouraged by leading members of the Council, on the ground that they would not suit the taste of the generality of readers. We thought that societies calling themselves learned were not organized to pander to the corrupt taste of a frivolous and novel-reading generation, but to try to direct it into better channels. Something, however, has been done in this department, and a portion of it well. Mr. Albert Way's

Way's Promptorium Parvulorum is a truly valuable contribution, and we sincerely hope that he will shortly find leisure to give us the remaining portion of the work. Dr. Todd's Apology for the Lollards, and Mr. Robson's Three Metrical Romances, are also creditable to the editors. The Romances have a special value, as being almost the only known specimens of the ancient North Lancashire dialect. The Poems on Richard II., edited by Mr. T. Wright, and the Thornton Romances, by Mr. J. O. Halliwell, would also come within the category—but we have not had the means of testing their accuracy, and we have our reasons for distrusting everything done under the superintendence of those two gentlemen, if the task demand the smallest possible amount of critical skill or acumen.

Mr. Halliwell has been known some time as a dilettante in the literature of the middle ages, and seems to possess a pretty good opinion of his own qualifications. In this we are sorry that we cannot agree with him. We are not going to wade through the whole series of his publications, but shall select one, which, as it was undertaken on the 'voluntary principle,' may be fairly taken as a criterion. Some five or six years ago Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Wright edited, *conjunctis curis*, a miscellany entitled 'Reliquiæ Antiquæ; or, Scraps from Ancient Manuscripts.' It did little credit to their discrimination in selecting materials, or their skill in editing them; but as they were under no obligation to attempt matters which they felt themselves unable to grapple with, it is at least an unobjectionable test of their capabilities. No one can cast a cursory glance over Mr. Halliwell's contributions without stumbling on many passages which have neither sense nor grammar; but as it might be alleged that he had faithfully copied his authorities, we will examine how far this is the case. In vol. i. pp. 287—291, he produces a Latin poem from a Lansdowne MS. of the fifteenth century, worthless enough at the best, but so full of stumbling-blocks of all sorts that we felt curious to ascertain who had actually perpetrated such nonsense. Our collation with the MS., which is not more difficult to read than the generality of the same period, gave a result of more than thirty gross errors of transcription, with as many false punctuations, in the course of two pages—many of them subversive of every shadow of meaning. If any reader has the courage to encounter pages 289 and 290 in their published form, we request that he will not impute to the scribe such grammar as 'vox iste [est] jocunda,' or such grammar and prosody united as 'nulla premia sequitur,' or 'aguis' for 'ignis,' or 'male perire famæ' for 'malo perire fame.' We also counsel him not to puzzle himself with 'me retro pingere querit,' 'Jhesus calamabat Petrum,'

trum,' or 'Emerunt *vagam.*' These and many similar readings are entirely due to the editor, who might have found in his MS. *pungere, clamabat,* and *vaccam*, if he had known how to look for them. 'Stermito' and 'streo' are blunders which an ounce of scholarship would enable any man to correct to *sternuto* and *screeo*, particularly as the vernacular 'snese' and 'spitte' happen to be in their company. But 'Arbor *Lencester*' and '*cimliæ quæ vendit omasum*' are awful bugbears, and calculated to cause deep musings. We therefore beg, in all charity, to inform the reader that 'Lencester' is neither the upas-tree nor the deadly nightshade, but *lentè stet*; and 'cimliæ,'—incredible as it may appear—nothing worse than *mulier*.

We think it will hardly be denied that an editor of this calibre miscalculated his powers when he undertook such a work as the 'Chronicle of William de Rishanger.' The only known copy was obviously made by an ignorant scribe, and swarms with corruptions of every kind and degree. This was a tolerable reason why it should not be undertaken by an editor morally certain to add as many more of his own. That he has done so will become speedily evident to any one who is able to compare the printed text with the MS., and, consequently, the edition is totally worthless in a critical and historical point of view. However, he had the prudence to avoid a rock upon which his coadjutor Mr. Wright sustained a most grievous wreck:—he refrained from giving a *translation* of his author. Indeed, that would have been a task beyond the powers of the best scholar in Europe.

It may be said that blunders of this sort are simply the fruits of ignorance and carelessness, such as a little experience might enable a man to avoid. We fear that in the case of Mr. Halliwell they are associated with a more incurable deficiency, namely, a total inability to enter into the true spirit of this species of study. There is sometimes as great a difference between persons enrolled in the nomenclature of the same erudite class, as there was between the author of the 'Antiquary,' who could enjoy the racy qualities and appreciate the knowledge of a Monkbarns, and the barber Caxon, whose business was with the *outside* of his honour's head. For example,—Percy, Warton, Ellis, and Price were something more than mere mechanical transcribers of ancient poetry. They had enlightened views of the true functions of an editor in this department of literature, and we overlook their occasional inaccuracies and errors in consideration of the learning, the elegance, and good taste of their illustrations, and the originality of their remarks. Any one who is desirous to see a direct contrast to all this may find it in Mr. Halliwell's

Halliwell's edition of the 'Harrowing of Hell, a Miracle Play, written in the reign of Edward II.' This, though no 'Miracle Play,' but simply a narrative poem, partly in dialogue, is extremely curious, and would have furnished an editor of a different stamp with materials for many interesting remarks respecting the dialect, the grammar and prosody, and the style and composition of the piece. Mr. Halliwell has, however, contrived to overlook everything of real interest, and his publication is only remarkable for the shallowness and irrelevancy of the preface, the farthing-candle style of the notes, and the slovenly inaccuracy of what he calls the translation. The only term that he attempts to explain, amidst a number of very unusual ones, is 'thridde half yer,' a phrase familiar to every reader of modern German; and his only effort at criticism is to pronounce the contest between Jesus and Satan to be 'miserable doggrell.' Such things are matters of taste; we for our part think it much superior to the editor's version of the whole piece, both in force and propriety of expression. There are indeed some ludicrous deviations from modern ideas of congruity, as well as some curious special pleading. If honest Sancho Panza had taken cognizance of the piece, he would doubtless have remarked on the oddity of making the devil swear 'Par ma fey,' like a good Old Christian, and putting a metaphor taken from the game of hazard in the mouth of the Saviour. A professed editor might lawfully enough have made the same observation, but all that Mr. Halliwell has done is to obscure the matter as much as possible. Thus:—

' Still be thou, Sathanas !
The is fallen *ambes-aas* '—

i.e. ames-ace, the lowest throw on the dice. This he has chosen to render—

' Be quiet, Satan !
Thou art defeated.'

But observe how he can pervert the sense of the very plainest passages:—

' When thou bilevest [*i. e.* lovest, renouncest] all thine one,
Thenne myght thou grede and grone.'

Halliwell.—' When thou hast none but thine own left,
Then mayst thou weep and groan '—

the precise contrary of the sense meant to be conveyed. Again—

' Habraham, ych wot ful wel
Wet thou seidest everuchdel,
That mi leve moder wes
Boren and shaped of thi fleyhs [*flesh*].'

Halliwell.—

Halliwell.—‘ Abraham, I well know
Everything thou sayest,
That my belov’d mother was
Born and formed of *thine* !’

Here the plain declaration that the Virgin was of the seed of Abraham is distorted to something which the author never dreamt of. Such are the fruits of people meddling with matters which they have neither learning to understand nor wit to guess at.

Mr. Wright, the coadjutor in the ‘ Reliquiæ,’ and one of the chief working members of the Camden and some other societies, has employed himself during a pretty long period with the literature of the middle ages, and has had considerable practice in extracting and editing MSS. reliques of various sorts. On the strength of this he has in a manner constituted himself editor-general in Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, Middle-English, and Middle-Latin, and seems to be regarded by a certain clique as a supreme authority in all departments of archæology. He has indeed some requisites for making himself useful in a field where industrious workmen are greatly wanted. But his activity is so counterbalanced by want of scholarship and acumen, that he can never be more than a third or fourth rate personage, bearing about the same relationship to a scientific philologist and antiquarian that a law-stationer does to a barrister, or a country druggist to a physician.

We have stated that we have had no means of testing the accuracy of Mr. Wright’s first Camden publication—the ‘ Poems on Richard II.’ The second, entitled ‘ Political Songs of England, from John to Edward II.,’ swarms with errors of transcription and interpretation equally gross; we need not hesitate to assert that no work more fatal to all claims of editorial competency has appeared since Hartshorne’s ‘ Ancient Metrical Tales.’ A single page will justify this assertion. One piece (pp. 44-46) is a song levelled against simoniacal prelates. The poem is perfectly easy to any one who understands the most ordinary classical and scriptural allusions; but a man who understands neither, and whose acquaintance with Latin idiom and syntax is matter of history or romance, may very possibly make sad havoc of it. Passing over the memorable ‘ fungar vice totis’*—an enormity which only one graduate

* P. 44, l. 3, of the poem—‘ Fungar tamen vice totis,’ appropriately rendered ‘ I will assume all characters in turn.’ It is hardly necessary to say that ‘ cotis’ stands as plainly in the MS. as in any black-letter Horace. We subjoin a few random specimens of the editor’s happy perception of the sense of his originals, when he has succeeded in reading them rightly. P. 11: Noah, David, and Daniel—‘ morum vigore nobiles’—are complimented on being ‘ noble in the vigour of good breeding.’ Again, p. 14—

‘ Vitium

graduate of five years' standing was capable of perpetrating—we request attention to the following stanza:—

'Donum Dei non donatur
Nisi gratis conferatur;
Quod qui vendit vel mercatur,
Lepra Syri vulneratur;
Quem sic ambit ambitus
Ydolorum servitus
Templo sancti spiritus
Non compaginatur.'

Here the satirist, who has just been complaining of the scandalous trafficking in sacramental ordinances, proceeds to declare that the man who sells or buys the gift of God is infected with the leprosy of (Naaman) the Syrian (transferred to Gehazi as a punishment for his covetousness); and adds—alluding to well-known passages in the Epistles of St. Paul—that he whom pecuniary corruption, *which is idolatry*, thus influences, is no member of the temple of the Holy Spirit. We beg the reader to observe how admirably this has been understood by the translator:—

'God's gift is not given if it be not conferred gratis; and he who sells and makes merchandize of it, is, in so doing, struck with the leprosy of *Syrus*: the service of idols, *at which*—[head of Priscian! *servitus—quem*!]*—his ambition thus aims, may not be engrafted on the temple of the Holy Spirit.'*

Translated indeed! The rendering of the concluding stanza of the poem is equally absurd; but we have not space for it. Partridge, or Hugh Strap, would have shown himself a Bentley in comparison. We proceed to examine his quali-

'Vitium est in opere, virtus est in ore.'

'While vice is in the *work*, virtue is in the *face*.'

P. 32—

'Calcant archipræsules colla cleri prona,

Et extorquent lacrimas ut emungant dona.'

'The archbishops tread under foot the necks of the clergy, and extort tears, *that they may be dried by gifts*.' We imagine that 'emungere dona' would be more likely to empty the pockets of the inferior clergy than to dry up their tears. With equal felicity, 'opum metuenda facultas' (p. 34) is rendered, 'the *revered* possession of riches'; and 'rerum mersus in ardorem' [absorbed in the passion for wealth], 'immersed in the heat of temporary [temporal?] affairs.' It will not avail to say that all or any of the above blunders originated in typographical errors. A hardworked man might possibly overlook even such a misprint as 'totis' for 'cotis'; but when he ventures on translation he volunteers the measure of his foot. We may add from the Appendix, p. 344, a pleasant example of skill in the language of the middle ages:—'Pride hath in his paunter [*net*; *panthera*—Fr. *pantière*] kauht the heie and the lowe;' the said *paunter* being gravely expounded in a glossarial note by 'paunty.' We presume the editor had heard of people 'eaten up with pride,' and concluded that this voracious personage must needs have a larder for his provender. Not a bad parallel to Le Roux de Linçy's transmutation of 'Bran the Blessed' into 'Bran le Blessé.'

fications

fictions in two departments in which he has made himself tolerably prominent—Anglo-Saxon and Early English. The first piece we had occasion to bring to the test was a metrical fragment on the Virgin Mary, apparently a production of the thirteenth century, printed in ‘*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*,’ vol. i. p. 104. In this, consisting of just six lines, there are five false readings, three of them destructive of the sense—*on* for *hu*, *owæth* for *haweth*, and *owre* for *ewre*;—to say nothing of two obvious corruptions, unintelligible as they now stand, but removable by two monosyllables in brackets. We were next startled, in a metrical version of the ‘Ave Maria’ of the same period (p. 22), at the totally unknown formula ‘the lavird *thick* the,’ which turned out, as everybody can foresee, to be a blunder for ‘the lavird *with* the’—(Dominus tecum!) One of the few really good things in the volume is an elegant and spirited paraphrase of the ‘Gloria in excelsis’ (p. 34), evidently of the best age of Anglo-Saxon poetry. On inquiring whether this had fared any better than the rest, we found, besides minor errors, the following gross corruptions;—*sigeræst* for *sigefæst* (victorious), *dretunes* for *dreames* (joy), and *ge-meredes* for *ge-neredes* (salvati)—words not even Anglo-Saxon, and totally unauthorized by the MS., which, like all of that period (ninth century), is perfectly easy to read. Nor is this all; the editor has contrived to expose himself still more glaringly in a passage where he has preserved the letters of the original. The well-known expression of the Vulgate, ‘et in terra pax hominibus *bonæ voluntatis*,’ is almost literally reproduced in the paraphrase—

‘ And on corthan sibb
gumena ge-hwileum
godes willan?—

which last line is actually printed in the *Reliquiæ* ‘Godes willan’—voluntate *Dei*! On the very next page is a prose version of the Pater Noster, apparently of the tenth century. Hoping that this had surely escaped, we soon found that we had supposed too fast—*alyf*, permit, staring us in the face instead of *alys*, deliver! Thus we have a phenomenon reserved for the present age—an editor of large pretensions who not only tramples on the most ordinary rules of Latin syntax, but has shown himself totally ignorant of the most hackneyed phrase of Horace, the story of Naaman, the words of one of the most familiar Psalms, the ‘Gloria in excelsis,’ the Angelical Salutation, and the Pater Noster!

A performer capable of blundering so dreadfully where everything is easy and straightforward, cannot be expected to succeed
very

very well where there is a little scope for criticism. Among the pieces contributed by Mr. Wright to the 'Reliquiæ Antiquæ' is a collection of Middle-English (and Anglo-Norman) Glosses by Walter de Bibblesworth. It has been observed on a former occasion in this journal (vol. liv. p. 329) that ancient glossaries, though highly valuable in themselves, are better let alone by novices, as it requires considerable knowledge of languages, and a certain skill in conjectural criticism, to use them to any good purpose. For example, with regard to 'honde, *aleine*,' it is necessary not only to be aware of the capricious employment and omission of the aspirate, but to know 'onde, *breath*,'—a very uncommon word in that sense—in order to restore the gloss to its true form, 'onde, *haleine*.' We therefore find no fault with Mr. Wright for not having grappled with the numerous difficulties of the above piece, some of which might baffle a scholar; but we cannot help saying that he has displayed an absolutely astounding degree of ignorance with respect to some of the easiest and most common terms in both languages. Thus it requires no great conjuration to see that 'tharine' and 'henete' are not even English words, and that the corresponding 'bouele' and 'lezart' absolutely require 'tharme' [A. S. *thearm*; Germ. *darm*] and 'hevete' [*evet* or *eft*]. Should any inquisitive German or Dane attempt to sift this vocabulary for etymological materials, we beg to inform him that '*szynere, une lesche*,' is not a guinea—called in flash language a *shiner*—but a *shiver* or slice of bread; and that *segle* is neither rick nor rice, which 'ric' might be conjectured to stand for, but what gods call *secale cereale*, and mortals *rye*. We would also hint that there is no such English plant as 'sarnel,' nor any French one known by the unpronounceable name of 'le necl,' but that *darnel*, Fr. *ivraie*, and *néele*—hodiè *nielle*—Anglicè *cockle*, are better known than liked in both countries. We trust to his own sagacity for discovering that 'tode, *crapant*,' should be *crapaut*, and that neither a 'feldefare,' nor any other member of the genus *Turdus*, was ever called 'grue,'—a fowl which, if it were carnivorously disposed, could eat a dozen fieldfares to breakfast,—but very possibly 'grive.' Some of the articles are quite as enigmatical as Mr. Halliwell's 'Arbor Lencester;' for example, we find, p. 79, col. 1, 'bore, tru—of a nalkin, de fubiloun.' A great bore indeed!—in its present shape—but reducible to reasonable dimensions by substituting, from one of the editor's own authorities, 'tru de *subiloun*—bore of an *alsene*, i. e. awl,'—a good old-fashioned name for that classical implement—and still preserved in the *elsin* of our northern counties. Occasionally the editor has the grace to manifest a little misgiving that all is not right, sometimes with reason and
sometimes

sometimes without. For instance, he boggles at 'suluard, *putois*? and 'brocke, *thelson*?—as well he may, they being phantoms of his own conjuring up for *fulmard* and *thessoun*, alias *tessoun*, a well-known old French word for a badger. Once more, p. 80, col. 2:—

'Avenes eyles (?) des arestez.'

To be sure this does look rather odd; but a *tant soit peu* Norman-Saxon scholar, or anybody more disposed for inquiry than helpless wonderment, could readily have produced from Cotgrave—

'Areste—the eyle,* awne, or beard of an eare of corne.'

Our readers may judge from the above samples, which are capable of being multiplied *ad infinitum*, how well qualified Mr. Wright is to edit Chaucer's Canterbury Tales—a task requiring, above all others, a combination of scrupulous accuracy, sound learning, critical discernment, and classical taste—which he nevertheless has had the modesty to undertake. They may also perceive with what singular grace and propriety he vituperates his predecessor Tyrwhitt for *philological deficiencies*! Tyrwhitt had only a moderate knowledge of Early English, which there were few means for studying scientifically in his day. But he was, in the comprehensive sense of the terms, a sound and elegant scholar and a judicious critic; and though he may be now and then caught tripping, he never exposes himself so egregiously as Mr. Wright does—and will continue to do if he is left to himself. We would by no means be understood to affirm that all his publications are as irredeemably bad as the portions that we have specified. When his way is quite plain and smooth, when his MSS. are legible, and the sense cannot be mistaken, he sometimes gets on pretty well; but he almost infallibly stumbles over a difficulty of the size of a pebble. His place in this department of literature ought to be the secondary one of purveying the raw material for more skilful editors; and, if he is wise, he will confine himself to this office, in which, we allow, he may make himself tolerably useful.

Half-learned smatterers, who never swarmed more than they do at this time, are the very plague and pestilence of our literature; and everything to which they give a permanent shape becomes a permanent injury. Much of what has been lately put forth had better have rested on the shelves of our great libraries; the publications, as we now have them, are much worse than the very worst MS. exemplars. The errors of these are comparatively harmless as long as they are let alone, and often furnish

* From Anglo-Saxon *egle*, arista.

the means for their own rectification; but when wasted on the wings of a thousand printed copies, there is no foreseeing what mischief they may do. We will give a couple of instances. Some fifty or sixty years ago, Pinkerton took upon himself to edit a series of metrical romances and other pieces under the title 'Ancient Scottish Poems.' Dr. Jamieson, believing all these to be Scottish, which several of them are not, and committing the still greater mistake of supposing them to be reasonably accurate, industriously transferred all the words which seemed to need explanation to the pages of his Dictionary. This he did in perfect good faith; but it is now notorious that many of them are no words at all, and never were, but mere blunders of Pinkerton, who, being neither palæographer nor philologist, has, as might be expected, perpetuated in print all sorts of monstrosities. However, they remain embodied in Dr. Jamieson's work, and are frequently appealed to by British and foreign philologists, particularly if they happen to countenance some blunder or crotchet of more recent sciolists. Again, in 'The Arrival of Edward IV. in England,' a narrative of the fifteenth century, printed for the Camden Society about eight years ago, we have these words, without note or comment appended:—

'Wherefore the Kyng may say, as Julius Cæsar sayde, he that is not agaynst me is with me.'—p. 7.

We fear it would be difficult to find this in Cæsar's Commentaries, but most people may remember something like it in the Gospels. We believe that this truly astounding text originated in the following manner. The earlier copies had in all probability 'J. C. sayde,' an abbreviation of which there are numberless instances. Honest John Stow, the writer of the Harleian transcript, or the scribe whom he followed, being laudably desirous of making everything quite plain and clear to his readers, filled up the blank in his own way by enlarging J. C. into *Julius Cæsar*. After the lapse of two centuries and a half Julius Cæsar is roused from his repose in the Harleian collection to be duly installed in a thousand copies of the Camden Society's maiden publication, there to remain as a monument of the wisdom of our ancestors and ourselves, and as a puzzle to future generations of mole-and-bat critics. It might appear incredible that men who have read and written so much should have learnt so little. But persons of this class are often like the country foot-post, who travels more miles in a year than anybody, but only knows the road from Weston to Norton, and sees very little even of that. His object is to earn his weekly wages, not to study the flowers which spring by his path, or the birds which cross it, or to know the hills and spires which break the monotony of the distant horizon.

horizon. But let us not be too hard on these lettered culprits. The stream of shallow and frothy literature would not flow along and spread itself as it does, if the minds of readers were not in a 'concatenation accordingly.' The facilities for acquiring knowledge multiply every day, but we doubt whether there ever was a period exhibiting such a dearth of solid general information among persons presumed to be well educated. Such knowledge is little sought after, because it requires habits of attention and observation which most of the present generation find it troublesome to acquire. They see objects without observing them, and learn things without knowing them. Thus, shallow and ignorant writers are safe while they are sure of readers of the same quality. When Mr. Thomas Wright, in his Glossary to 'Piers Ploughman,' gravely expounds *brok* by 'an animal of the badger kind,' the downright silliness of the remark is not so obvious to those who do not know that the species of badgers in the world known to Langland amount to just one; and, consequently, 'donkey, an animal of the ass kind,' would be a less gratuitous piece of information. But enough for the present of Zoology.

We are not unaware of the important undertakings of the University of Oxford in this department of literature, especially Wicliffe's Bible and Orm's Paraphrase and Exposition of the Gospels; and when those works are properly before the public, as we trust they shortly will be, we may possibly direct the attention of our readers towards them in a more special manner. We rejoice, meanwhile, that we have at length the means of dwelling a little upon a highly important publication of the Society of Antiquaries, namely, a complete edition of Layamon's 'Brut, or Chronicle of Britain,' in two texts, under the superintendence of Sir F. Madden. This poem had been partially known for the last fifty years by the remarks and extracts of Tyrwhitt, Ellis, Sharon Turner, Conybeare, and others. But the specimens furnished by those scholars were brief, and neither their readings nor their interpretations were always to be relied upon. It was subsequently treated in a more satisfactory manner by two gentlemen who have made this branch of literature their especial study. Mr. Kemble furnished a valuable paper on the grammar and dialect in the 'Philological Museum;' and Mr. Guest gave an able analysis of Layamon's Metrical System, together with a long extract from one of the texts, accompanied by a translation, in his 'History of English Rhythms.' But the great point was to place the entire poem within reach of those who have neither opportunity nor inclination to grapple with the obscurities of MSS.; and this has

now been done under a very careful eye, and with a rich accompaniment of elucidations.

Our readers do not require to be told that a poem of more than thirty thousand lines, of the transition period of our language—embodying a greater amount of a peculiar form of that language than can be collected from all other known reliques of the same century—must be of no small importance for the grammar and history of the vernacular tongue. The changes that gradually made English something different from Anglo-Saxon are neither to be vaguely attributed to a supposed Norman influence, which was a mere trifle as regards its vocabulary, and absolutely nothing as to grammar and idiom, nor to be guessed at *per saltum*, but to be traced by a careful historical induction through all the stages of which we possess written documents. No one can henceforth attempt such a task without a careful study of Layamon, any more than a man, knowing nothing of Homer and Herodotus, ought to dogmatize about early and later Ionic. Sir Frederick Madden well observes, that a composition of such great length must assist us in forming a better notion of the state of our language at the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries, than could be obtained from the short and scattered specimens already in print; and that, by the aid of the second text, composed long after the former, though immediately founded upon it, we are enabled to perceive at once the still further change that the language had undergone during the interval, and note to what extent the diction and forms of the earlier text had become obsolete or unintelligible.

The Spectator remarks that there exists a natural curiosity to know something of the personal circumstances and history of an author newly brought under our notice. With respect to Layamon our curiosity must, in a great measure, remain at fault. He cannot, indeed, be asserted to be a non-entity, or mere verbal abstraction, as certain new-light critics predicate of Homer. However, we know hardly as much of him as we do of Hesiod, and that little is entirely communicated by himself—his own age, and four or five succeeding ones, observing a provoking silence respecting one who underwent no small amount of mental and bodily toil for their amusement. He informs us that his father's name was Leovenath; that he exercised the profession of a priest at Ertley-on-Severn, adjoining to Radstone; 'ther he bock radde;' and that he conceived the happy thought of recording the '*Origines Britannie*'—confining himself, with more moderation than some Irish antiquaries, to the period *after* the flood. As the libraries, public and private, of his own district were but scantily supplied

plied with the necessary authorities, our zealous priest made a pilgrimage 'wide through the land' in search of materials. Having succeeded in procuring the English book made by St. Belle, the Latin one of St. Albin and St. Austin, and the 'Brut of Angleterre' of Wace, he thus graphically describes the good account to which he turned them:—

'Layamon leide theos boc,
& tha leaf wende.
he heom leofliche bi-heold,
lithe him beo drihten.
fetheren he nom mid fingren,
& fiede on boc-felle,
& tha sothe word
sette to-gadere:
& tha thre boc
thrumde to ane.'—vol. i. p. 3.

'Layamon laid before him these books, and turned over the leaves; lovingly he beheld them. May the Lord be merciful to him! Pen he took with fingers, and wrote on book-skin, and the true words set together, and the three books compressed into one.'

We suspect that the art of *thrumming* three or more old books into one new one is by no means obsolete among *original* authors of the present day; though, perhaps, few of them would avow it so frankly as the good Priest of Erneleye. It would, however, be great injustice to consider Layamon as a mere compiler. He availed himself, as he needs must, of the facts and legends recorded by his predecessors; but he often made them his own by his method of treating them. Respecting his obligations to Wace's version of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Sir F. Madden says:—

'This is the work to which Layamon is mainly indebted, and upon which his own is founded throughout, although he has exercised more than the usual licence of amplifying and adding to his original. The extent of such additions may be readily understood from the fact, that Wace's *Brut* is comprised in 15,300 lines, whilst the poem of the English versifier extends to nearly 32,250, or more than double. These additions and amplifications, as well as the more direct variations from the original, are all pointed out in the notes to the present edition; but their general character, as well as some of the more remarkable instances, may be properly noticed here. In the earlier part of the work they consist principally of the speeches placed in the mouths of different personages, which are often given with quite a dramatic effect. The dream of Arthur, as related by himself to his companions in arms, is the creation of a mind of a higher order than is apparent in the creeping rhymes of more recent chroniclers, and has a title, as Turner remarks,

to be considered really poetry, because entirely a fiction of the imagination. The text of Wace is enlarged throughout, and in many passages to such an extent, particularly after the birth of Arthur, that one line is dilated into twenty; names of persons and localities are constantly supplied, and not unfrequently interpolations occur of entirely new matter, to the extent of more than a hundred lines. Layamon often embellishes and improves on his copy, and the meagre narrative of the French poet is heightened by graphic touches and details, which give him a just claim to be considered, not as a mere translator, but as an original writer.

After giving a minute account of the more remarkable additions to Wace, Sir Frederick observes,—

That Layamon was indebted for some of these legends to Welsh traditions not recorded in Geoffrey of Monmouth or Wace, is scarcely to be questioned; and they supply an additional argument in support of the opinion that the former was not a mere inventor. Many circumstances incidentally mentioned by Layamon are to be traced to a British origin—as, for instance, the notice of Queen Judon's death; the mention of Talliesin and his conference with Kimbelin; the traditional legends relative to Arthur; the allusions to several prophecies of Merlin; and the names of various personages which do not appear in the Latin or French writers. References are occasionally made to works extant in the time of Layamon, but which are not now to be recognised. . . . From these and other passages, it may be reasonable to conclude that the author of the poem had a mind richly stored with legendary lore, and had availed himself, to a considerable extent, of the information to be derived from written sources. We know that he understood both French and Latin; and when we consider that these varied branches of knowledge were combined in the person of an humble priest of a small church in one of the midland counties, it would seem to be no unfair inference that the body of the clergy, and perhaps the upper classes of the laity, were not in so low a state of ignorance at the period when Layamon wrote, as some writers have represented.—*Preface*, vol. i. pp. xiii.—xvii.

After showing that the date of the composition of the poem may with great probability be fixed about A.D. 1205, and that the influence of Norman models, though considerable as to the external form of the work, was insignificant with relation to its phraseology, the editor observes,—

It is a remarkable circumstance, that we find preserved in many passages of Layamon's poem the spirit and style of the earlier Anglo-Saxon writers. No one can read his descriptions of battles and scenes of strife without being reminded of the Ode on Ethelstan's victory at Brunanburh. The ancient mythological genders of the sun and moon are still unchanged, the memory of the *Witena-gemot* has not yet become extinct, and the neigh of the *hængest* still seems to resound in our ears.

Very

Very many phrases are purely Anglo-Saxon, and, with slight change, might have been used in *Cædmon* or *Ælfric*. A foreign scholar and poet (*Grundtvig*), versed both in Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian literature, has declared that, tolerably well read as he is in the rhyming chronicles of his own country and of others, he has found Layamon's beyond comparison the most lofty and animated in its style, at every moment reminding the reader of the splendid phraseology of Anglo-Saxon verse. It may also be added, that the colloquial character of much of the work renders it peculiarly valuable as a monument of language, since it serves to convey to us, in all probability, the current speech of the writer's time as it passed from mouth to mouth. 7pp. xxiii., xxiv.

The justice of the above criticism will be manifest to any one who, with a competent knowledge of Layamon's language, compares his orations and descriptions of battles with the corresponding passages of *Wace* or *Robert of Gloucester*. In the latter everything is flat and tame, many degrees below *Geoffrey of Monmouth's* prose in point of graphic power and animation; but Layamon often shows considerable skill and discrimination in selecting those parts of the narrative most capable of poetic embellishment; and, though he had to struggle with a language which was ceasing to be Anglo-Saxon but had not yet become English, he not unfrequently manifests great felicity of diction, and a ready command of words suitable to the subject. Much of this must be necessarily lost on the mere English scholar, as the proper appreciation of it depends upon the perception of the true force and import of the Saxon and semi-Saxon terms that constitute the chief staple of the poem. We therefore recommend those who wish to form a judgment of the merits of our early English epic to devote a little attention to the language of *Alfred* and his predecessors; and, whatever they may think of the '*Brut*,' they may at all events acquire a kind of knowledge creditable to an Englishman, and capable of becoming useful in a variety of ways. Those who are unwilling to pass this ordeal must content themselves with *Sir Frederick Madden's* translation.

We cannot conclude our remarks on the original sources and character of Layamon's work without a few words on the obligations of our own literature and that of all Western Europe to a writer whom it has been greatly the fashion to abuse—*Geoffrey of Monmouth*. We leave entirely out of the question the truth or falsehood of his narrative. Scarcely a Welshman of the old school could now be found to vouch for *Brutus's* colonization of Britain; though we dare say it is to the full as true as the settlement of Italy by *Æneas*, and many other things gravely recorded by *Livy* and *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*. The merit of *Geoffrey* consists in having collected a body of legends highly susceptible

ceptible of poetic embellishment, which, without his intervention, might have utterly perished, and interwoven them in a narrative calculated to exercise a powerful influence on national feelings and national literature. The popularity of the work is proved by the successive adaptations of Wace, Layamon, Robert of Gloucester, Mannyng, and others; and its influence on the literature of Europe is too notorious to be dwelt upon.* It became, as Mr. Ellis well observes, one of the corner-stones of romance; and there is scarcely a tale of chivalry down to the sixteenth century which has not directly or indirectly received from it much of its colouring. Some matter-of-fact people, who would have mercilessly committed the whole of Don Quixote's library to the flames, Palmerin of England included, may perhaps think this particular effect of its influence rather mischievous than beneficial. We are far from sympathizing with such a feeling. Whatever might be the blemishes of this species of literature, it was suited to the taste and requirements of the age, and tended to keep up a high and honourable tone of feeling that often manifested itself in corresponding actions. Above all, we must not forget that it is to the previous existence of this class of compositions that we are indebted for some of the noblest productions of human intellect. If it were to be conceded that Wace, Layamon, and the whole cycle of romances of the Round Table might have been consigned to oblivion without any serious injury to the cause of literature, we may be reminded that Don Quixote certainly, and Ariosto's Orlando most probably, arose out of them. Perhaps Gorboduc, and Ferrex and Porrex, might not be much missed from the dramatic literature of Europe; but what should we think of the loss of Lear and Cymbeline? Let us, then, thankfully remember Geoffrey of Monmouth, to whom Shakespeare was indebted for the groundwork of those marvellous productions, and without whose '*Historia Britonum*' we should probably never have had them. A spark is but a small matter in itself; but it may serve to kindle a 'light for all nations.'

The metre of Layamon is remarkable for its constant fluctuation between two perfectly distinct systems,—the alliterative distich of the Anglo-Saxons, and the more recent rhymed couplet partially employed by the early Welsh bards, and on a still more extensive scale by the Norman trouvères. Supposing that we have the

* See particularly Mr. Panizzi's remarks on the influence of Celtic legends, in the *Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians*, prefixed to his edition of the *Orlando Innamorato* and *Orlando Furioso*, vol. i. pp. 34—46, 380—82, &c. Mr. Bensonford Hope has made an amusing attempt to show that Geoffrey's story of Britain and his descendants may be substantially true.—*Essays*, pp. 98—141.

poem nearly as the author left it, this irregularity is a strong indication of the rudimentary and unsettled state of our language and literature at the commencement of the thirteenth century. The remarks of the editor will place the matter in a clearer light:—

‘The structure of Layamon’s poem consists partly of lines in which the alliterative system is preserved, and partly of couplets of unequal length rhyming together. Many couplets indeed occur which have both of these forms, whilst others are often met with which possess neither. The latter, therefore, must have depended wholly on accentuation, or have been corrupted in transcription. The relative proportion of each of these forms is not to be ascertained without extreme difficulty, since the author uses them everywhere intermixed, and slides from alliteration to rhyme, or from rhyme to alliteration, in a manner perfectly arbitrary. The alliterative portion, however, predominates on the whole greatly over the lines rhyming together, even including the imperfect or assonant terminations, which are very frequent. In the structure of Layamon’s rhyme, Tyrwhitt thought he could perceive occasionally an imitation of the octo-syllabic measure of the French original, while Mitford finds in it the identical triple measure of Piers Ploughman. The subject, however, has been discussed more fully, and with greater learning, by Mr. Guest in his “History of English Rhythms,” in which he shows that the rhyming couplets of Layamon are founded on the models of accentuated Anglo-Saxon rhythms of four, five, six, or seven accents. A long specimen is given by him in vol. ii. pp. 114-124, with the accents marked both of the alliterative and rhyming couplets, by which it is seen that those of six and five accents are used most frequently, but that the poet changes at will from the shortest to the longest measure, without the adoption of any consecutive principle. In the later text, as might be expected, both the alliteration and rhyme are often neglected; but these faults may probably be often attributed to the errors of the scribe.’—pp. xxiv., xxv.

This is perhaps all that, in the present state of our information, can be safely advanced on the subject of Layamon’s metrical system. The rhythmical irregularities here adverted to are the more remarkable when contrasted with Langland, who, though a century and a half later, adheres with the utmost strictness to the alliterative system of the Anglo-Saxons; and with Orm, who, in a work of about the same extent, employs scrupulously throughout the fifteen-syllable couplet, without either rhyme or alliteration, but modulated with an exactness of rhythm which shows that he had no contemptible ear for the melody of versification. It is true that in this instance we have the rare advantage of possessing the author’s autograph, a circumstance which cannot with confidence be predicated of any other considerable work of the same period. The author was, moreover, as Mr. Thorpe observes, a kind of critic in his own language; and we therefore find, in his work

work, a regularity of orthography, grammar, and metre, hardly to be paralleled in the same age. All this might in a great measure disappear in the very next copy; for fidelity of transcription was no virtue of the thirteenth or the fourteenth century, at least with respect to vernacular works. It becomes, therefore, in many cases a problem of no small complication to decide with certainty respecting the original metre or language of a given mediæval composition, with such data as we now possess. As the general subject, and its particular application to the work of Layamon, present several points of considerable interest, we shall devote a little space to the discussion of them. Sir F. Madden says:—

‘With respect to the dialect in which Layamon’s work is written, we can have little difficulty in assuming it to be that of North Worcestershire, the locality in which he lived; but as both the texts of the poem in their present state exhibit the forms of a strong western idiom, the following interesting question immediately arises—how such a dialect should have been current in one of the chief counties of the kingdom of Mercia? The origin of this kingdom, as Sir Francis Palgrave has remarked, is very obscure; but there is reason to believe that a mixed race of people contributed to form and to occupy it. We may therefore conclude, either that the Hwiccas were of Saxon rather than Angle origin, or that, subsequent to the union of Mercia with the kingdom of Wessex, the western dialect gradually extended itself from the south of the Thames, as far as the courses of the Severn, the Wye, the Tame, and the Avon, and more or less pervaded the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Warwick, and Oxford.

‘That this western dialect extended throughout the Channel counties from east to west, and was really the same as the southern, appears from a remarkable passage in Giraldus Cambrensis (written in 1204), in which he says, “As in the southern parts of England, and chiefly about Devonshire, the language now appears more unpolished (*incomposita*), yet in a far greater degree savouring of antiquity—the northern parts of the island being much corrupted by the frequent incursions of the Danes and Norwegians—so it observes more the propriety of the original tongue, and the ancient mode of speaking. Of this you have not only an argument but a certainty, from the circumstance that all the English books of Bede, Rabanus, King Alfred, or any others, will be found written in the forms proper to this idiom.” It is difficult at present to understand how far Giraldus meant to assimilate together the spoken language of Devonshire and the written works of Alfred and others, but in all probability the chief difference must have consisted in pronunciation, and in the disregard of certain grammatical forms, which would not of themselves constitute a separate dialect. There can be no doubt that the written language, previous to the Conquest, was more stable in its character, and more observant of orthographical and grammatical accuracy, than the spoken; but it is impossible to collate together Anglo-Saxon manuscripts without being struck with the occasional use of anomalous forms, which are termed by grammarians, rather too arbitrarily perhaps, corruptions.

corruptions. Without therefore going so far as Ritson (whose opinion of itself was little worth), that "the vulgar English of the period was essentially different from the Saxon used in the charters of the Conqueror;" or Sir Francis Palgrave, who thinks "that a colloquial language, approaching nearly to modern English, seems to have existed concurrently with the more cultivated language which we call Anglo-Saxon,"—there are many reasons to induce us to believe that the spoken language in the reign of Edward the Confessor did not materially differ from that which is found in manuscripts a century later.

'That the dialects of the western, southern, and midland counties contributed together to form the language of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and consequently to lay the foundation of modern English, seems unquestionable; and it is remarkable that the same period is pointed out by philologists for the origin of Italian from the ancient and varied dialects of that country.'—*Pref.*, pp. xxv.—xxviii.

The above statement furnishes a very probable view of the subject, and we are by no means prepared to say that it is not the correct one. However, we would observe that there are few matters more difficult than to determine, *a priori*, in what precise form a vernacular composition of the thirteenth century might be written, or what form it might assume in a very short period. Among the Anglo-Saxon charters of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, many are modelled upon the literary Anglo-Saxon, with a few slight changes of orthography and inflection, while others abound with dialectical peculiarities of various sorts. Those peculiarities may generally be accounted for from local causes. An East Anglian scribe does not employ broad Western forms, nor a West-of-England man East-Anglian ones, though each might keep his provincial peculiarities out of sight, and produce something not materially different from the language of Ælfric. It is not very easy to affirm what course was taken by Layamon. It is not improbable that he might write in the dialect of his district, or, at all events, that traces of it might be found in his work. If we assume this, which is not absolutely certain, two questions of no very easy solution arise—whether those broad Western forms, so prominent in the poem, actually emanated from the author, and whether they really belonged to the North Worcester district? To decide the first point, it would be necessary to have access either to the priest's autograph or to a more faithful copy of it than it was the practice to make either in his age or the succeeding one. A transcriber of an early English composition followed his own ideas of language, grammar, and orthography; and if he did not entirely obliterate the characteristic peculiarities of his original, he was pretty sure, like the Comte de Olivares, *d'y mettre beaucoup du sien*. The practical proof of this is to be found in the existing copies of those works, almost every one of

of which exhibits some peculiarity of features. We have Trevisa and Robert of Gloucester in two distinct forms—'Piers Ploughman' in at least three—and Hampole's 'Pricke of Conscience' in half a dozen, without any absolute certainty which approximates most to what the authors wrote. With regard to Layamon, it might be supposed that the older copy is the more likely to represent the original; but we have internal evidence that it is not the priest's autograph, and it is impossible to know what alterations it may have undergone in the course of one or more transcriptions. Again, assuming that he would write in the dialect of his district, it may be doubted whether the Western peculiarities in question really belonged to that district. The most prominent ones occur pretty frequently in charters and other documents of the Channel counties, and those immediately adjoining, from the twelfth century downwards; but we have not been able to trace similar ones in Worcestershire documents, which are pretty numerous, and of much the same period. We should rather expect, in the locality of Arley-Regis, a dialect resembling that of 'Piers Ploughman,' as edited by Dr. Whitaker; and if we could suppose that a transcriber south of the Avon substituted *v* for initial *f*, and *eth* for final *en* in plural indicatives, it would be no more than has actually been done in other instances. Sir F. Madden observes that forms belonging more properly to the Mercian and Anglian dialects occasionally present themselves, and though they are too few to ground any positive conclusion on, it is by no means impossible that they may be vestiges of a more original type of the poem. Questions of this sort are to be decided by evidence, and we must be content to let the present one remain in abeyance till we meet with the author's own copy, or find direct proof of the prevalence of a Western dialect in North Worcestershire. As the poem now stands, the preponderance of forms belongs to the literary Anglo-Saxon, or may be directly deduced from it: the numerous provincialisms are those of the southern and south-western counties, and might easily be introduced by transcribers of that district.

Though in the present, and various other instances, it is difficult to arrive at a positive conclusion respecting the original form of a mediæval composition, there are certain criteria which will frequently enable us to determine approximately in what district any given copy of it was made. Much misapprehension prevails on this subject, and many grievous mistakes have been made by editors and commentators in assigning MSS. to localities to which they could not possibly belong. It may not, therefore, be amiss to point out a few characteristics that may serve to guide us in a great number of cases.

The

The whole body of our Anglo-Saxon literary monuments, from the eighth century downwards, is reducible to two great divisions, West-Saxon and Anglian. Political events gave a decided preponderance to the former, so that, towards the end of the ninth century, we perceive its influence on the *written* language in almost every part of England. It also appears to have acted powerfully upon the spoken dialect of the Western Mercians, who were originally Angles, but who seem to have gradually adopted various peculiarities of the West-Saxon speech. The Anglian branch, including the Northumbrian division of it, once boasted of a flourishing and extensive literature; but civil commotions and the ravages of foreign invaders gradually caused the bulk of it to disappear. A few fragments fortunately escaped the general wreck. Besides the verses uttered by Bede on his death-bed, the inscription on the Ruthwell Cross, and the fragment of Caedmon printed in Wanley's Catalogue, we have in the Durham Ritual, published by the Surtees Society, and in the celebrated Gospels, Cott. MS. Nero, D. 4, undoubted specimens of the language of Northumbria in the tenth century. A portion of the Gloss to the Rushworth Gospels in the Bodleian Library, supposed to have been written in Yorkshire, is in the same dialect. The Glosses to the Psalter, Cott. MS. Vesp. A. 1, also printed by the Surtees Society, though more southern, are of the same generic character, that is to say, Anglian as distinct from West-Saxon,—and, on account of the antiquity and purity of the language, they are the most valuable monument of the class. Those pieces present a form of language differing in many important points from the West-Saxon, and approximating in some degree to the Old-Saxon and the Westphalian dialect of Old-German. The dialects descended from this were, in the eleventh century, and perhaps still earlier, distinguished from those of the south and west by the greater simplicity of their grammatical forms; by the preference of simple vowels to diphthongs, and of hard gutturals to palatals; by the frequent and eventually almost universal rejection of the formative prefix *ge*; and by the recurrence of peculiar words and forms, never found in pure West-Saxon. Another characteristic is the infusion of Scandinavian words, of which there are slight traces in monuments of the tenth century, and strong and unequivocal ones in those of the thirteenth and fourteenth. Some of the above criteria may be verified by a simple and obvious process, namely, a reference to the topographical nomenclature of our provinces. Whoever takes the trouble to consult the Gazetteer of England will find, that of our numerous 'Carltons' not one is to be met with south of the Mersey, west of the Staffordshire Tame, or south of the Trent, and

and that 'Fiskertons,' 'Skiptons,' 'Skelbrookes,'* and a whole host of similar names, are equally *introuvables* in the same district. They are, with scarcely a single exception, Northern or Eastern; and we know, from Aelfric's Glossary, from Domesday and the Chartularies, that this distinction of pronunciation was established as early as the eleventh century. 'Kirby,' or 'Kirkby,' is a specimen of joint Anglian and Scandinavian influence, furnishing a clue to the ethnology of the district wherever it occurs. The converse of this rule does not hold with equal universality, various causes having gradually introduced soft palatal sounds into districts to which they did not properly belong. Such are, however, of very partial occurrence, and form the exception rather than the rule.

If we apply the above criteria to the concluding portion of the Saxon Chronicle, comprising the reign of Stephen, we find a systematic omission of the prefix *ge* in all participles except †*ge-haten* (called); *muneces* (monks), for *munecan*; the definite article *the* of all genders, numbers, and cases; forms such as *carla-men*, *scort*, *scæ* (she), a word unknown in the West-Saxon. We have internal evidence that this portion of the Chronicle was written at Peterborough. Again, in the Suffolk charters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in Kemble's Codex Diplomaticus, vol. iv., and Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 14847, we meet with *kirke*, *ekelihe* (eternal) *alhe* (each), *unnen* (granted) for *geunnen*, *sal* (shall), and *aren* (sunt), itself a sufficient indication of an Anglian dialect at that period. The above peculiarities, and many similar ones, are those of the northern and eastern district already specified; and they may serve as tests of other productions of the same locality. We have no direct evidence where Orm's Paraphrase of the Gospels was written; but, when we find the same systematic omission of the formative *ge*, the same predilection for hard gutturals—e. gr. *cwennkeun* for *quenchen*—a definite article nearly indeclinable, *thezzr* (their) for *heora*, the plural verb substantive *arm*, and moreover a strong infusion of Scandinavian words and phrases, we see at once that it is neither Southern nor Western, but Eastern Midland, and most probably penned within fifty miles of Northampton.

The language of the Southern district, of which the Thames

* The only exception as to words beginning with *Sk* appears to be Skilgate, in Somersetshire. Skenfeth, in Monmouthshire, is of Celtic origin. Two remarkable words are Skephouse (Sheephouse)-Pool, near Bolton Abbey, and Skutterakelf=Shivering Shelf or Cliff, near Stokesley, in Cleveland. The only Charltons in this northern and eastern district are four hamlets in Northumberland, sectional divisions of the same township, and therefore reducible to one.

† It is singular that this word retained the prefix in the Northumbrian dialect, after every other had lost it.

and the Gloucestershire Avon may be broadly assumed as the northern boundaries, is easily distinguished from that of the eastern and northern divisions. Not to mention the topographical nomenclature, such as Charlton or Chorlton, Shipton or Shepton, Fisherton, &c. &c., instead of the hard forms above specified, we find, from the twelfth century downwards, *chirche*, *muchel*, *thincke*, *worche*, *eche* (eternal), *hwiche*,* or *hwuche*, with a multitude of similar forms, not accidentally or partially, but systematically employed. Provincialized monuments of this branch also exhibit initial *v* for *f*, *ss* for *sh*, and in Kent, *z* for *s*,—and all that properly belong to it are remarkably tenacious of Saxon forms, which all but disappeared in some other districts before the middle of the thirteenth century. The prefix *ge* (*y*, *i*.) is rarely dropped; the inflections of nouns, pronouns, and verbs are West-Saxon, with slight modifications; and the archaic idioms and inversions contrast strongly with the perspicuity and simplicity of more northern compositions. Those peculiarities, and the gradual manner in which they arose, are exemplified in various charters and other documents, as may be seen, for example, in Kemble's Codex Diplomaticus, vol. iv. Chart. 773 and 799. The former of these, dated A.D. 1044, is tolerable West-Saxon; the version of the thirteenth century annexed to it shows a pretty copious sprinkling of provincial forms; also the second, written about 1300; but a mutation of a grant of 1053 is still broader; while all three, with all of the same class, retain numerous forms and inflections, which it would be vain to search for in the Chronicle of King Stephen or Orm's Paraphrase.

The Western Mercian bears a general resemblance to the Southern class in its adoption of soft palatal forms and the partial retention of archaic inflections. The shibboleth of it, as a distinct dialect from Northumbrian and North-Anglian on the one hand, and Southern and South-Western on the other, is the indicative plural in *en*—*we*—*ye*—*they* *lov-en*—still current in South-Lancashire. This form also appears to have been popularly known, if not in East-Anglia proper, at all events in the district immediately to the westward, since we find it in Orm, in an Eastern-Midland copy of the Rule of Nuns, sæc. xiii., and in process of time in Suffolk. Various conjectures have been advanced as to the origin of this form, of which we have no certain examples before the thirteenth century.† We believe the true state of the case to have been as follows. It is well known that

* It is curious to trace the gradual retreat of *whilk* before *which*, from Kent to Berwickshire.

† *Seolon*, *aron*, and a few similar words, are no real exceptions, being in structure not present tenses but preterites.

the Saxon dialects differ from the Gothic, Old-German, &c. in the form of the present indicative plural—making all three persons to end in *ap* or *ad*;—*we—ze—hi—luft-ap* (*ad*). Schmeller and other German philologists observe that a nasal has been here elided, the true ancient form being *gnd*, *ant*, or *ent*. Traces of this termination are found in the Cotton MS. of the Old Saxon Evangelical Harmony, and still more abundantly in the popular dialects of the Middle-Rhenish district, from Cologne to the borders of Switzerland. These not only exhibit the full termination *ent*, but also two modifications of it, one dropping the nasal and the other the dental. *E. g.* :—

| | | |
|--------------------|---------|----------|
| Pres. Indic. Plur. | 1, 2, 3 | liebent; |
| „ | | lieb-et; |
| „ | | lieb-en; |

—the last exactly corresponding with the Mercian. It is remarkable that none of the above forms appear in classical German compositions, while they abound in the Miracle-plays, vernacular sermons, and similar productions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, specially addressed to the uneducated classes. We may, therefore, reasonably conclude from analogy that similar forms were popularly current in our midland counties, gradually insinuating themselves into the written language. We have plenty of examples of similar phenomena. It would be difficult to find written instances of the pronouns *scho*, or *she*, *their*, *you*, the auxiliaries *sal*, *suld*, &c. &c., before the twelfth century; but their extensive prevalence in the thirteenth proves that they must have been popularly employed somewhere even in times which have left us no documentary evidence of their existence.

Compositions more or less Mercian are pretty numerous:—the difficulty of arranging them arises from the rarity of pure, undoubted specimens. Many of our present copies have passed through the hands of several transcribers, each of whom has altered something; while others are notoriously adaptations of Northumbrian or Southern compositions to a Midland dialect. The systematic employment of verbal plurals in *en* is the most certain proof of Mercian influence. It is a question of fact, not always of easy determination, whether that influence is original or secondary. From its central position this dialect was liable to be acted upon by its neighbours on all sides, and to act upon them in its turn, on which account Midland compositions appear under innumerable modifications, and are extremely difficult to classify.

Though the above rules prove nothing positive respecting the original dialect of Layamon, they may serve to show where the two existing copies were *not* written. No such composition at that period

period could be penned in Northumbria, in Yorkshire, or eastward of the direct line from London to Sheffield. Our own opinion is that both were transcribed to the south of the Avon, and that the priest of Ernley's original language—though retained in substance—agreed more closely with the literary Anglo-Saxon than either text does at present. We would further observe that it is not from this form that our present English is directly descended. A language agreeing much more closely with our standard speech in words, in idiom, and in grammatical forms, existed in the Eastern Midland district before Layamon's 'Brut' was written. This form, which we may, for the sake of distinction, call Anglo-Mercian, was adopted by influential writers and by the cultivated classes of the metropolis—becoming, by gradual modifications, the language of Spenser and Shakspeare. Whoever takes the trouble to compare Chaucer with Orm's Paraphrase and Mannyng's Chronicle—making allowance for the provincialisms of the latter—will at once perceive their strong resemblance in grammar and idiom; and this resemblance will be rendered still more evident by contrasting all three with Layamon or Robert of Gloucester. Sir Francis Palgrave's theory of a colloquial language, nearly approaching to modern English, concurrently existing with Anglo-Saxon—may be partially true as to certain northern and north-eastern counties; but it is totally erroneous with respect to the southern and south-western districts. Orm's Paraphrase is more English than Anglo-Saxon, while Layamon's 'Brut' of the same period is more Anglo-Saxon than English. Contemporary Kentish and Hampshire documents follow still more closely the analogy of the ancient speech of Wessex. Particular words were admitted into the standard speech from those extreme southern dialects; but their general influence upon it during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was very inconsiderable. After the fourteenth century the cultivated language began to act powerfully upon all provincial forms, and it is still daily reducing them within narrower limits. The adoption of the speech of Leicestershire* and Northamptonshire as the standard form, in preference to that of Kent and Surrey, is one of the many phenomena which we can perceive, but cannot account for otherwise than conjecturally. It is possible that Chaucer and Wicliffe may have exercised something of the same influence in England as Dante and Boccaccio did in Italy, and Luther in Germany.

As a specimen of the work and a text for the application of the foregoing rules and remarks, we shall select some lines from the

* We believe Mr. Guest was the first to point out the analogy between the Leicestershire dialect and classical English. 'History of English Rhythms,' vol. ii. p. 193.

account of the flight of Childric and the death of Colgrim, being the continuation of the extract given by Mr. Guest, 'History of English Rhythms,' vol. ii. pp. 114-123.

FIRST TEXT. MS. CORR.

Calig. A. ix.

'Tha zet cleopede Arthur :
athelest kingen.
gurstendrei was Baldulf :
cnihten alre baldest.
nu he stant on hulle :
& Avene bi-haldeth.
hu ligeth i than starme :
stelene fisceas.
mid sweorde bi-georede :
heore sunu is awenned.
heore scalen wleoteth :
swulc gold-faze so. ldes.
ther fleoteth heore spiten :
swulc hit spæren weoren.

Efre than worde :
tha the kīg saide,
he braid hæve his seclde :
for to his breosteu.
he igtap his spere longe :
his hors he got spurie
Neh al swa swi[th]e :
swa the fuzel flizeth.
fuleden than kinge :
fif and twenti thousand.
whitere mounen :
wode under wepæn.
Tha iseh Colgrim :
war Arthur com toward him.
ne mihte Colgrī for than wæle :
fleon a mare side.
ther saht Baldulf :
bi-siden his brother.
tha cleopede Arthur :
ludere stefne.
Her ich came Colgrim :
to cuththen wit scullen ræchen.
nu wit scullen this lond dalen :
swa the biþ alre lathtest.
Æfre than worde :
tha the king saide.
his brode sword he up ahof :
and hærdliche adun sloh.
and smat Colgrimes bælm :
that he amidde to-claþ.
and there burē hod :
that hit at the breoste at-stod.
And he sweinde toward Baldulf :
mid his swithe hōde.
& swipte that hæved of :
forþ mid than helme.
tha loh Arthur :
the althele [athle] king.

SECOND TEXT. MS. CORR.

Otho. C. xiii.

'Zet him speketh Arthur :
baldest alre kinge.
zorstendai was Baldolf :
cniht alre baldest.
nou he stond on hulle :
and Avene bi-holdeth.
hou liggeth i than streme :
stelene fisceas.

Efre than worde
that the king saide.
he breid heize his seclde
up to his breoste.
he grop his spere longe :
and gau his hors sporie.
Neh al so swithe :
so the fowel flieth.
folwele than kinge :
fif and twenti thou-end.

Tho iseh Colgrī :
war Arthur com toward him.
ne mihte he flit makie :
in nevere one side.

tho saide Arthur :
to Colgrim than kene.

Nou we solle this kinelond :
deale ous be-wine.
Efre than word :
that the kinge saide.
his brode sword he ut droh :

and uppe Colgrim his helmu smot.

and to-clof thane brunie hod :
that hit at the breoste a-stod.
And he a wither sweynede :
to Baldolf his brother.
and swipte that heved of
forþ mid than helme.
tho loh Arthur the king :

and thus geddien agou :
 mid gounenfulle worden.
 Lien nu there Colgrim :
 thu were iclumben haze,
 and Baldulf thi brother :
 lith bi thire side,
 nu ich al this kine-lond :
 sette an eorwer [eower] algete
 hond.
 diles & dunes :
 & al mi drihtliche volc,
 thu clumbe a thissen hulle :
 wunder ane hæge.
 swule thu woldest to haveue :
 nu thu sealt to hulle,
 ther thu miht kenne :
 much of thine cunne."

and thes worde saide.

Li nou thar Colgrym :
 the [thou] were iclemd to heze.
 and Baldolf thin brother :
 lith bi thine side.
 non ich al this kinelond :
 sette in zoure tweire hond.

ze clemde to helze :
 uppen thisse hulle.
 ase thei ze wolde to hevene :
 ac nou ze mote to helle,
 and thare heo mawe kenne :
 moche of zoure cunne."

-- *Layamon's Brut*, vol. ii., pp. 471-6.

Amidst the rudeness of its versification and language, the reader who is capable of picking out the meaning will not fail to discern in this episode—(which is too long for us to give *in extenso*)—a considerable portion of rough vigour, occasionally enlivened with graphic touches. In the lines now quoted, the comparison of the Saxons submersed in the Avon to dead fishes, though somewhat fanciful, presents a striking picture to the mind's eye. The addresses of Arthur are, as a general's should be, brief and energetic; and the author shows his natural good taste in not dwelling upon minute details of slaughter. In this respect he presents an advantageous contrast to some Italian epic-writers, who are often so long in killing or half-killing a champion that the reader feels tempted to skip a leaf or close the book. Arthur's sarcasm respecting Colgrim's share of the kingdom will remind the classical scholar of Marius's reply to the ambassadors of the Cimbri, and the reader of 'Ivanhoe' of Harold's answer to Tosti. We must also bear in mind that this episode, with many similar ones, is no servile copy. As the editor observes in his note, 'This long and highly poetic narrative is due to the imagination of our English poet; for in his original, the conclusion of the battle, the death of Baldulf and Colgrim, and the flight of Cheldric, are described in four lines.'

A comparison of the two texts will show the numerous liberties taken by the more recent transcriber, in transposing, altering, and abridging those passages which he did not like or could not understand. Several parallel cases might be pointed out; and this shows how unsafe it frequently is to speculate on the original form of a mediæval composition from such copies as we happen to possess. Both our existing MSS. of the 'Brut' are of the same age—the second probably not fifty years later than

the first; yet we find a visible change in language, and, what is still worse, a strong propensity to tamper with the integrity of the matter. If the older MS. has undergone a similar ordeal, which is by no means unlikely, it must be difficult indeed to fix the original readings. Each, however, may be taken as an evidence, more or less exact, of the grammar and dialect of the period and locality to which it belongs. The analyses of the grammatical peculiarities of the work, furnished by Mr. Kemble, Mr. Guest, and Sir Frederick Madden, save us the trouble of entering into further detail respecting them; and we cannot do better than refer our readers to what they have said. Those who wish to trace the literary history of the poem, and its connexion with the legends of contemporary and succeeding writers, will find ample satisfaction in the notes of the editor. With a full sense how heavily the task must have pressed on a gentleman not a little burdened already with official duties, we cannot but thank him for his labours, and congratulate him on their successful termination. It would certainly be no charity to wish to bind him again to a similar undertaking: but we cannot refrain from expressing a hope that when the inedited portion of Robert of Brunne's Chronicle makes its way to the press, he may have an opportunity of contributing to its illustration. The value of that work as a monument of language, and a repository of early traditions, is not sufficiently known; and the incidental observations of Sir Frederick Madden, in his notes on Layamon, show that he is fully qualified to do justice to the subject.

- ART. II.—1. *The Statistical Account of Scotland; drawn up from the Communications of the Ministers of the different Parishes.* By Sir John Sinclair, Bart. 21 vols. 8vo. Edin. 1791-1799.
2. *The New Statistical Account of Scotland; by the Ministers of the respective Parishes. Under the Superintendence of a Committee of the Society for the benefit of the Sons and Daughters of the Clergy.* 15 vols. 8vo. Edin. 1835--1845.

THE study of topography is not new in Scotland. The great English work of Camden was speedily followed in that quarter by the labours of a series of zealous men who worked for a common object—the local illustration of their country—with a unity of purpose and system which it is difficult to account for, by the slender information we possess of any union of their exertions or common head and centre of action.

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The first of these was Timothy Pont—first in order of time, and holding the first place in most of the accomplishments of a topographer. He was the son of Robert Pont, minister of St. Cuthbert's, provost of the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity at Edinburgh, and a judge of the Court of Session. The person who held this plurality of offices was born about 1526, educated at St. Andrews, and early joined the reforming party. The Act 1581, prohibiting 'all persons exercising functions of the ministry within the Kirk of God to bear or exerce any office of civil jurisdiction,' deprived him of his seat on the judicial bench; and, three years later, the Assembly refused to ratify his nomination by King James to the bishopric of Caithness. He died in 1606, full of years and honours. Two of his sons were educated for the ministry, and both afterwards beneficed in the northern diocese of which he had been nominated bishop. Timothy, born probably about 1561, was, at least from 1601 to 1608, minister of Dunnet, the extreme northern parish of our mainland.

He early devoted himself to the geography of his country. It does not appear that he had any coadjutors. He certainly had no patron, notwithstanding Bishop Nicolson's assertion to the contrary. 'Ille enim,' says Straloch in February, 1648, 'in tenui re, nullo propitio Mæcenate, ante annos quadiaginta totum hoc negotiū in se suscepit; universum regnum hoc (quod nemo ante eum alius) pedibus peragravit: insulas omnes intestis et barbaris incolis ut plurimum cultas, dissonā a nobis lingua, vidit, audiit: a litronibus sævis (ut mihi referre solebat) sæpe exutus, omniæque intuiti itineris damna non raro expertus, nunquam tamen difficultatibus victus animum despondit.* Special attention was naturally given to his own northern and unknown region, and those islands which must fascinate the most insensible eye that looks upon them from the headlands of Dunnet. But he laboured also upon the eastern and southern provinces of Scotland. Aberdeen and Banff-shires he carefully surveyed and mapped; and he penetrated on foot the fastnesses of the Alpine Dee, and observed the singular clearness of the most northerly of the many British Avons. The Maitland Club has lately printed his rough but valuable notes on Cuninghame; and we have the best proof of his careful illustration of the Lothians. We do not know the period of his death, but he certainly did not live to old age: and Straloch informs us that the greediness of printers and 'the trade' hindered him from bringing his great undertakings to an issue:—'Cum autem redux adornaret laborum suorum editionem, typographorum et librariorum avaritiâ victus, non potuit hæc ad calcem perducere. Meliora tempora expectantem, mors immatura subtraxit.'

* Letter prefixed to Blaeu's Atlas of Scotland, 1662.

Apparently but one of his maps was engraved during his own life. It is entitled 'A New Description of the Shyres Lothian and Linlithquo, be T. Pont.' It has no date, but we conjecture it appeared about the year 1610. It was afterwards introduced into 'The Newe Atlas,' a large folio published, in 1633, at Amsterdam, by Henry Hondius, being an English translation of the works of Gerard Mercator and Judocus Hondius. Another of the maps of 'The Newe Atlas,' that of the Orkney and Shetland isles, though without name of author, is evidently from Pont's survey. Both of these maps are re-engraved with slavish fidelity in Blaeu's Atlas of Scotland. In 'The Newe Atlas,' each of them, as well as the general map of Scotland, is accompanied with a letterpress description. The great body of Pont's notes and drawings were, however, reserved for the later collection of Blaeu, of the Scotch section of which he had been the first designer—'Ingeniosus juvenis, hujus operis protoplastes.'

Timothy Pont's maps are drawn with great care, and much minute neatness and beauty of penmanship; but, notwithstanding his mathematical fanke, they seem to be laid down rather from the eye, and from noting the relative distances of places, than from a correct triangulation, exact bearings, or any approach to a scientific survey. Such as they are, however, they were quite equal to any earlier or contemporary works. If we would estimate them, let them be compared with those 'performed by John Speed, and to be sold in Pope's Head Alley by John Sudbury and George Humbell, cum privilegio, 1610.' It is needless to say how valuable they have now become, as the *Topographia princeps*, after the lapse of two centuries and a half. We have seen that his death was premature. Straloch, and Sibbald following him, inform us that Pont's maps, drawings, and papers fell into the hands of his heirs—'homines ad hæc inepti'—who allowed them to be much injured by moths, vermin, and neglect, until King James—'munificentissimus princeps'—directed that they should be purchased and published. We greatly doubt, however, that King James's 'munificence' was in this instance carried into effect. Straloch says the collection fell into the hands of parties who would have kept it hid from the public, had it not been for the exertions of one who acted a distinguished part not only in the public life but also in the literature of Scotland.

This was Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, who might well include his own in the examples he collected of 'the Staggering State of Scotch Statesmen.' He died in 1670, in his eighty-fourth year. Sir James Balfour characterises him as 'a busy man in foul weather, whose covetisse far exceedit his honesty;' but we place no great reliance on the gossiping Lord Lyon; and with-
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out tracing his career through a period of Scotch history devoid of principle and a prey to selfish factions, we would fondly hold that his liberal encouragement of learning may vindicate the brother-in-law of Drummond of Hawthornden from such an aspersion. A collection preserved in the Advocates' Library, of his correspondence with the chief scholars of his age, gives us a high idea of the literary society of Europe at that time. He tells us himself that he made two journeys into the Low Countries, and 'paid to John Blaeu a hundred double pieces for printing the Scots Poets:'—two little volumes of Latin poems well known to the collector as the '*Delitiae Poetarum Scotorum hujus ævi illustrium*,' published at Amsterdam by John Blaeu in 1637, and dedicated by Arthur Johnstone to Sir John Scot—'*nobili musarum Mæcenati*.' So early as 12 August, 1626, we find him furnishing the embellishments for a map of Shetland and Orkney to Wilham Jansen, *cæsius* (blaeu), and on the 12th September, 1628, the geographer and printer writes to him—'*Geographicum opus molior et Atlantici jam fesso Herculem; et cum nihil præne de regno Scotiæ prodierit, oro si quid tabularum ullibi reperire posset ad me transmittere dignetur; quod facturum te certe confido, studia enim inprimis Geographica promoves; posteritati rem gratissimam feceris. Hebrides insulæ in tabulis nisi nomine notæ sunt: nihilne de his in Scotia?*' Scots-tarvet took great interest in the magnificent geographical works of Blaeu and his sons, and naturally desired to give Scotland a suitable niche in the temple.

Some progress had already been made in obtaining the information requisite in the great revolution in Church affairs still agitating the country. In January, 1627, a royal commission was issued for inquiring into the spiritual patrimony of the Church, in order to provide for the regular and permanent endowment of the Protestant ministers; and one of the first proceedings of the Commissioners was to call for reports upon the state of the parishes. Of these, the reports on forty-nine parishes in different parts of the country, all dated in the months of May and June, 1627, are preserved in the National Record Office; and have been printed, in a manner worthy of their curiosity, for the Maitland Club (1835.) It was, perhaps, the ordinance of the Commissioners, and these results of it, that turned the attention of Scotstarvet to the facilities afforded by the parochial organization. He it was who first suggested the general scheme of descriptions of the country to be furnished by ministers of the Church, under the direction of the General Assembly. Principal Baillie, writing to his cousin Spang in Holland, of the General Assembly in August, 1641, says, 'Sir John Scot's petition to have a description of our schyredomes by
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some in everie presbyterie, to be sett before the maps you have in hand, is granted.' And we find that Scot again pressed the matter in August, 1643 (*Baillie's Letters*, i. 368; ii. 88). In the printed proceedings of those Assemblies no notice is taken of his applications, but we find some trace of them in the records of the Presbytery of St. Andrews and other Church courts of Fife. Finally, in the General Assembly held at Edinburgh in 1649, was passed 'An Act recommending to the Brethren to make out the Descriptions of those parts of the Kingdom not yet described.' These proceedings show the continued zeal of Scotstarvet, and the laudable support he received.

Scotstarvet, during his last visit to Holland, lived in John Blaeu's house, and spent his time in writing descriptions of the Scotch counties and districts from memory. Some of the most meagre articles of the Atlas, taken from Camden, have additions inserted, which must have been supplied by him; but the chief benefit he conferred upon Blaeu's work, and upon the geography of his country, was in procuring the zealous co-operation of Robert Gordon of Straloch, who came to the field with all the arms that knowledge and scholarship could furnish. This admirable person, an Aberdeenshire gentleman of ancient lineage and good estate, devoted himself to the cause, and brought scarce less able assistance in the person of his son, Mr. James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay. These two are now well known from the excellent editions of some of their works by the Spalding Club of Aberdeen—a younger sister of the Roxburghe and Bannatyne family, but whose merit and usefulness are not to be judged by her age. And now the efforts for illustrating the geography of Scotland, which in the days of Pont were possibly mere individual and unsupported exertions, were all brought to bear upon the great scheme of a National Atlas. While Straloch and his son furnished maps, corrected and put together from the fine drawings of Pont, and while the former was also employed in writing, in vigorous Latin, the accompanying descriptions of the districts, the parson of Rothiemay was preparing plans and views of the towns, some of which were engraved and others have been preserved, though none were ultimately used for the Atlas. Literary Scotchmen, with little pretension to topographical study, joined in the enterprise. David Buchanan, a scholar of no mean name, was enlisted in the general management. Productions of the great scholars of the last age were interwoven. The famous treatise '*De Jure Regni apud Scotos*' was accompanied by a long poem of Andrew Melville on the topography of Scotland, commendable for its Latinity and versification, and curious for its singular faithfulness to the description
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of that country by George Buchanan; and it appears extremely probable that the Latin epigrams on the burghs, by Arthur Johnston, were now written at his patron Scotstarvet's suggestion, to illustrate and adorn the great work. The Scotch volume was first published in 1654, as the Fifth Part of the Atlas. When the 'Atlas Major' was completed, this volume was republished, and forms the sixth of the series, in eleven volumes, bearing the impress of John Blaeu, Amsterdam, 1662: but the latter edition omits the *De Jure Regni*.

The work at last came out, hurried, unfinished, and imperfect, a mere skeleton of what the fond hopes of its undertakers had planned; but it cannot be said that it wanted altogether the national support or the patronage of the government. We have seen that the most valuable of its materials were ordered by King James I. to be purchased for the public service; and his ill-fated son found leisure, among the distractions of the eventful year 1641, to write from Holyrood to the Laird of Straloch, as the most competent person, 'earnestly entreating him to revise the charts of diverse shires of that his ancient kingdom, sent from Amsterdam to be corrected and amended.' (8th Oct., 1641. *Misc. Spald. Cl.* i. p. 11.) 'The Established Church did more than at that time could be expected of it; and some small part of the descriptions seems to have been contributed by its ministers. The General Assembly granted licence to the parson of Rothiemay to leave his cure for a time, when he was engaged in drawing the maps of the shires. His father, Straloch, had from the King and Parliament a grant of the revenues of the old Culdee Priory of Monymusk, to maintain him during his labours on the Atlas, with an exemption from all public taxes and demands of military service. But the Atlas of Scotland—the undertaking which was to rescue her from the ignominy of barbarism, and to place her mountain solitudes and savage isles upon the map among civilized nations, set forth, too, with the ornaments of learning and such science as Europe then boasted—had fallen upon evil days. Straloch's introductory epistle, written to usher in the book, was dated in January, 1648. Next year, the King's death spread discomfiture over the party to which the good Laird belonged. The work hung in the printer's hands for six years, and then came forth in a shape that spoke too plainly the disasters of its authors—deprived even of some maps necessary for its completeness (as Perth and Forfar shires), and almost quite shorn of the literary embellishments which its supporters in happier hours had devoted to their country's honour. Such as it is, imperfect and unornamented, the volume, upon its publication, was regarded as the most important contribution towards the knowledge

knowledge of a country previously most inaccurately described, and in many parts wholly unexplored. Its merit now is of a different kind, and no one can pretend to speak of the geography and state of Scotland two centuries ago, without using Blaeu as the foundation and almost the starting-point.

The materials which Straloch had been so long gathering, came into the hands of Sir Robert Sibbald, apparently by the gift of the parson of Rothiemay. Sibbald used also the papers of Sir James Balfour, the Lord Lyon, or head of the Heralds' College, an immense collector—living at a time when records of Church and State were scattered abroad and of no estimation in Scotland—but with no talent for accuracy or for turning his collections to any profitable use. Sibbald—'Historiographer Royal'—had vast schemes for the illustration of Scotch geography, using that word in its widest acceptation. He began his labours shortly before the Revolution, and collected, with great industry and some skill, information of all sorts bearing on his subject, but with a special reference to the then infant study of natural history. He carried on an extensive correspondence, and received a multitude of communications from parish ministers and others possessed of local information. His published works give but a small part of the knowledge he thus collected; and even his MSS., preserved in the Advocates' Library, present rather a series of outlines to be filled up than any continuous and completed work. Among them, however, is the invaluable collection, though only a fragment of the maps and drawings of Pont and Straloch, the materials from which the great Atlas was put together.

The mantle of Sibbald may be said to have fallen upon Walter M'Farlan, though their peculiar tastes were different. The latter, a Highland gentleman, proud of his station as head of a little clan, and of his descent from the ancient Earls of Lennox, was an able and indefatigable investigator of the ancient church records, zealous in points of pedigree, and duly attentive to the descent and transmission of estates. Some portion of the collection left by 'the Laird of M'Farlan,' and acquired after his death by the Advocates' Library, is no doubt of his own gathering, but the chief part is merely brought together by him from the labours of his predecessors. His very curious volumes of topographical matter, uniformly bound and stamped with the M'Farlan arms, blazoning the saltire and roses of Lennox, include some parochial descriptions of date so low as 1740. These volumes were early favourites with Sir Walter Scott, who has drawn more or less largely from them in almost every work in which he treads on Scotch ground; The Border Minstrelsy, in particular, is greatly indebted to their local traditions. In the

Lay of the Last Minstrel the hint of the 'Spirits of the River and the Mountain' is borrowed from M'Farlan. In *Marmion* the allusions to the Lhamdearg of Glenmore are from the same source; and the spectral birth of the hermit-priest of Clan Alpine, in the *Lady of the Lake*, is a legend of Lochiel's country, preserved in one of the Laird of M'Farlan's folios.

These collections led to the production of some topographical works in a separate shape. Of these we may notice Wallace's 'Account of the Orkneys;' Edwards's 'Description of Angus;' Martin's 'Description of the Western Isles;' Simson's 'Description of Galloway,' edited a good many years ago by Her Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland; Skene's 'Succinct Survey of Aberdeen,' printed in that city immediately after its compilation; Hamilton of Wishaw's 'Lanarkshire and Renfrew,' published not long ago by the Maitland Club; Middleton's 'Account of the University of Aberdeen,' still in manuscript; and, of somewhat later date, the anonymous 'View of the Diocese of Aberdeen,' and Sir Samuel Forbes's 'Description of Aberdeenshire,' both of which have been printed for the Spalding Club, at the expense of the Earl of Aberdeen, its president: Orem's 'Description of the Chanoury of Old Aberdeen,' printed by the indefatigable Gough towards the end of the last century; Principal Dunlop's 'Renfrewshire,' printed by the Maitland Club; his 'Account of the College of Glasgow,' still in manuscript, &c. &c.

About 1760 another attempt at parochial history was begun in Ruddiman's 'Edinburgh Magazine;' and some hundred parishes were described—not a few of the descriptions being mere copies of those in M'Farlan's volumes.

We must not omit some English travellers, whose descriptions contain both useful and amusing information. One of the earliest was John Taylor the 'Water Poet,' who performed his 'pennylesse pilgrimage' in 1618, and in his quaint manner shows us the effect produced upon a stranger, even then, by the situation of Edinburgh and its majestic High Street—'the fairest and goodliest that ever his eyes beheld.' To him we owe likewise that vivid picture of wild sport and mountain life at the Brae Mar hunting, which Scott has turned to such account. Next comes 'The Contemplative Angler—Robert Franck, *philanthropus*,'—whose Northern Memoirs, written in 1658 and published in 1694, were re-edited by Sir Walter Scott. This was followed, in 1700, by 'Three Years' Travels over England, Scotland, and Wales,' by James Brome, rector of Cheriton in Kent. A portion of Daniel Defoe's 'Tour through Great Britain' was devoted to Scotland; and his long residence there at the period of the Union,

Union, with his habits of observation, qualified him for such a task. Another work with a title nearly similar, by Macky, appeared in 1723-1729, in a series of familiar letters. A much more amusing one first came out in 1759, as 'Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland.' The author, Captain Burt, was stationed chiefly in Inverness-shire, while General Wade was employed in completing his military survey, and in the construction of the great Highland roads. His letters describe the country and manners as they were in 1734.* Captain Topham's Letters from Edinburgh, in 1776, give us a picture of the society of the Scotch capital at that time. In 1764 Mr. John Knox, an eminent London bookseller, was led, as he tells us, by 'curiosity to view the rude magnificence of the Highlands;' but his attention was soon attracted to the misery of the people, and his fortune and energies were thenceforward devoted to their advantage. In his exertions for establishing the herring fishery, for organizing the Highland Society, and for an extensive publication of the picturesque scenery and antiquities, he visited the country no less than sixteen times between 1764 and 1787. He published 'A View of the British Empire, more especially Scotland, with some proposals for the improvement of that country, the extension of its fisheries, and the relief of the people,' a third edition of which was printed in 1785. The book, written with zealous patriotism, contains much curious information.

When Pennant turned his attention to Scotland, he endeavoured to enlist the clergy in his service, by circulating queries among them as to the antiquities and natural history of their parishes. If anything came of his attempt, it has not been preserved. His own tours, full of taste and intelligence, are invaluable for the topography of Scotland.

* Francis Douglas, a farmer and bookseller, published at Paisley, in 1782, a very good and useful Description of the East Coast of Scotland, which has gone through two editions. In it, as in the MS. collections of M'Farlan, and the tours of the painstaking Pennant, we can trace the laborious research of Scott's earlier years. In the text of the Paisley bookseller (pp. 273, 274) we have the prosaic foundation of one of the most poetical and brilliant scenes of *The Lady of the Lake*—the sudden apparition of Clan Alpine to the Knight of Snowdon at the signal-whistle of

* We once read in MS. General Wolfe's letters to his father and mother during his service in Scotland under the Duke of Cumberland (1746), and a subsequent residence at Glasgow. We remember that he attended various classes in the college there—a good example for young garrison officers—but at leaving the place signified that there were only two things he should remember with tenderness—its young ladies and its breakfasts; both of which, we believe, still command the approbation of military connoisseurs.

Roderick Dhu. When Sir Walter wrote the notes to this fine poem, he had forgotten the humble work where probably he had found the anecdote; which he says he could then 'only quote from tradition, but with such an assurance from those by whom it was communicated as permitted him little doubt of its authenticity' (*Note to Canto V. stanza 11*). Douglas asserts that the truth of the story was established by formal evidence before the Court of Justiciary.

Let it not be imagined that we have indicated all the materials of which the Scotch clergy might avail themselves, when at length the Kirk united its strength in a great general work of parochial statistics and local history. It is very far otherwise. Many districts had been illustrated by writers of family histories, often full of curious local anecdote; several parishes had been elaborately described in popular books; and an infinite variety of information was to be derived from works having only an incidental bearing on the topics of the parish minister's lucubration. Of such works we cannot refrain from mentioning two in particular. In 1655, Thomas Tucker was sent by the Government of Oliver for the purpose of introducing some order into the collection of the revenues of the excise and customs in Scotland; and he made a personal survey, and in the year following a most interesting and valuable Report. It is among the works early contributed to the Bannatyne Club (*Edinburgh, 1825*). We have room here only for his general account of the country and its trade:—

'Although Scotland is almost encompassed with the sea (which hath very many inlets into the mayneland), and hath a very greate number of islands adjoyneing therunto, both on the easterne and western parts thereof, and soe naturally commodious for commerce and traffique, yet the barrenesse of the countrey, poverty of the people, generally affected with slothe, and a lazy vagrancy of attendeing and followeing theyr heards up and downe in theyr pastorage, rather than any dextrous improvement of theyr time, hath quite banished all trade from the inland parts, and drove her downe to the very sea-side, where that little which is still remaineing (and was never greate in the most proude and flourishing times) lives pent and shutt up in a very small compasse even of those parts where there is any exercised; which is mostly and chiefly on the east part, and soe northrly along the side of the German Ocean; or else on the western part, along Dunbryton Firth into the Irish or English Seas; the rest of the country, from that firth on the west side, with all the islands up towards the most northerne headlande, being inhabited by the olde Scotts or wilde Irish, and speakeing theyr language, which live by feeding cattle up and downe the hills, or else fishing and fowling, and formerly (till that they have of late beene restrayned) by plaine downricht robbing and stealing. (p. 24.) . . . What the Scotch trade is or may bee hereafter is not difficult to divine, from the smallenesse and fewnesse of their shipping, and greatnesse of the poverty of the country.

countrey. They trade outwards onely with pladding, coale, salt herring, and salmond, for Norway, Eastland, Holland, and France, from whence they retorne with some few commodities home againe. But the greatest parte of theyr trade hath and wilbe a coast trade to and from England, and must for the most part goe without, if they make for any forraigne port.—p. 44.

Another work, of even greater importance, and of comparatively recent date, is now almost as little known. We allude to three little volumes of ‘*Essays on the Trade, Commerce, Manufactures, and Fisheries of Scotland*, by David Loch, Merchant, and General Inspector of the Fisheries in Scotland,’ printed by the Ruddimans at Edinburgh in 1778 and 1779. The author is full of patriotism, and grapples lustily with all subjects, from the curing of hams to the proper way of reducing the rebel colonies of America. He is not burdened with chrematistic theories, and stops not to inquire what such people as Adam Smith were at that very time elaborating. He lays it down at once that ‘the strength and wealth of a nation consist in the number and industry of its inhabitants’ (vol. i. p. 5), detests emigration from the highlands, and glories in the increasing population of the isles (p. 176). He maintains the propriety of rejecting all English manufactures. English cloths, English hats, English porter and gin, and abuses the ‘English riders,’—‘a species of locusts who have long infested poor Scotland’—‘the drainers of our specie’—‘who cram our country full of unprofitable commodities, sweep off our specie, and then execrate you and your country into the bargain’ (vol. i. pp. 141, 168, 197). Then he is indeed for ‘opening the trade with France’—but see on what terms:—

‘I had the honour to correspond with the great Baron Montesquieu. As a merchant, his name adds much to the reputation of the profession. He was an honour to mankind. I had great pleasure in dealing with him. His wines were excellent and at a moderate price. If we would open trade with the French by reducing the duties on their wines and brandies, *I am persuaded they would allow our manufactures to be imported into France on equal terms.* If this should take place, it would most effectually lower the price of corn and all the ‘necessaries of life, and afford us good and wholesome spirits; for in all northern countries some spirits are absolutely necessary; the more moderately used the better; but in this cold climate I have seen the good effects of a little at a time, both by sea and land.’—vol. iii. p. 3.

In the same easy way he rattles over the country, and throws about his remarks and opinions; exposes the unsuitableness of the linen-trade to the circumstances of Scotland; denounces the indolence and prejudices of the people—the policy of the statesmen of the Islay school, to keep the people poor that they might be dependent, to avoid the woollen manufacture for fear of dis-
obliging

obliging the English, &c. (vol. i. p. 104, 105). It may be readily imagined how useful the observations of such a man must be, for showing the state of the country and people, and enabling us to estimate their progress; but the subjects he treats of, and the earnestness with which he treats them, do not at all prepare us for the fund of amusement which the book affords.

His most excellent and patriotic efforts to introduce a better breed and improved management of sheep, and his discussions on the woollen-trade, would hardly instruct the modern wool-grower or amuse the general reader. Let us pause, however, to relate that the gentlemen of Sutherlandshire assessed themselves in 463*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.* sterling, from 1769 to 1777, for the destruction of birds and beasts of prey; and that, 'according to the record books of the county, there appear to have been destroyed in this space no less than 1660 foxes, 110 cubs, and 148 eagles; the separate premiums given for which were, for every fox or eagle 5*s.*, and for every cub 1*s.* 6*d.* Before this was done, no farmer durst risk a single sheep out at night: now they do it with safety' (vol. i. p. 49). Mr. Loch's attempt to convince himself that Scotch porter was really as good as London, and his most reluctant confession of its inferiority, are very amusing (vol. i. p. 198). His dissertations on the making of red-herrings and mutton-hams are, we presume, now antiquated. But what strikes us as the happiest part of these essays is the off-hand slashing remark, the honest praise, the fearless censure, which stamp an air of reality and truth on his minute painting of the life and manners of the people as well as of the aspect of the country.

The author makes a tour through the towns and villages, intent on business, full of enumerations of looms for flax and wool, and of fishing-boats. Paisley is a prime favourite:—

'The inhabitants (12,000) are all employed in the most industrious manner, each vying with his neighbour who shall be most useful to himself and to the community. There are no beggars in this place. . . . The value of goods of all kinds manufactured in Paisley from the 1st of January, 1776, to the 1st of January, 1777, amounted to the extent of full half a million sterling. . . . By these various branches of manufacture the common people are put upon a better footing than those of almost any other town in Scotland. They are enabled, without hurting their families, to allot so many hours for recreation and merriment among themselves, once every week. Even the maid-servants make an express stipulation, on agreeing with their mistresses, that they shall have three hours every Thursday evening, from five to eight, for the above purpose. During these hours of jubilee they meet at certain houses, where the fiddlers, with the *young ladies'* partners, are ready to begin the dance; and they continue with the highest innocent mirth till eight, when they immediately go home to their work with cheerfulness and

and alacrity. This practice promotes matrimony; and contributes much to inspire in the minds of the people a desire to be neat and clean in their dress. The young men marry here when they are twenty, and the girls at seventeen. They are for the most part handsome fresh-looking women, well fed, clean, and neatly clothed.—pp. 66-9.

How melancholy to contrast these simple sketches with the alternations of surfeit and beggary in the overgrown population of Paisley in our days!

This traveller, with objects of utility in view, is seldom led 'to babble of green fields.' He cannot, however, pass in silence 'the sweet romantic seat of Invermay,' in Perthshire, 'where the most striking beauties of nature are to be seen. Here is a place in the country style called Humble-bumble, which is an amazing curiosity. Wood and water, darkness, and the rude magnificence of rocks and caverns, unite to render it a place calculated to inspire sublime and solemn ideas' (p. 103).

We have not room for extracts from Mr. Loch's 'Traverse' through the fishing-places of the Highlands and Western Isles; although our readers might be interested by his contrast of the landlords adopting the new system of clearings with those encouraging the increase of the population; and his admiration of a regiment raised in Lewis, which

'brought to his mind the incapacity of any of John Bull's sons, though ever so wealthy, to bring at their backs so strong a support as Lord Seaforth, who in ten days procured 600 brave resolute men, off his own estate, to assist Great Britain in this important crisis.' p. 184.

Our readers must not expect to find in our author a pupil of the school of Malthus. He had not discovered the incompatibility of sheep and men. Perhaps he would have preferred the latter; for he wanted hands and cheap labour for his dear fisheries and woollen manufactures. But he went only half way with the poet who moralized over

— 'the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men degay.'

But we must leave Mr. Loch's characteristic pages to resume our sketch of the progress of Northern topography. It was in the closing decade of the last century that, after several abortive schemes scarcely worthy to be commemorated, the project of a general account, to be furnished by the parochial ministers, was at length taken up by one to whom Scotland owes more than to many authors of more brilliant qualities.

'On my arrival at Edinburgh,' writes Sir John Sinclair, 'in May, 1790, to attend the General Assembly, with the leaders of which I lived on terms of friendship, it fortunately occurred to me that I might pre-
vail

vail upon that respectable body to furnish such information respecting the general state of Scotland as might enable me to give a sufficient idea of the political situation of that part of the Empire.'

He accordingly circulated among the Scotch ministers a number of queries respecting—(1) the geography and natural history of each parish; (2) its population; (3) its productions; and (4) 'miscellaneous questions' touching the modes of cultivation, the religion, morals, manners, and education of the people; the state of the poor, and their maintenance and employment; the antiquities, historical events, &c., of the parish.* But it was intimated in a note that 'the great object of the inquiry was to know the present state of the country, and to ascertain what means are the most likely to promote the real interests of its inhabitants, and that deep researches into subjects of antiquity are far from being considered as equally essential, though certainly not to be overlooked.' The profits were destined to aid the funds of an infant society for the benefit of the sons of the clergy; and Sir John strengthened his popularity among the ministers, and advanced the prospects of his undertaking, by obtaining a Royal grant of 2000*l.* in aid of that benevolent scheme. He himself was soon appointed President of the new Board of Agriculture, and everything marked the interest which the Government, and especially the Sovereign, took in promoting the great national work.

'Nothing,' says Sir John, 'could be more flattering than the reception the queries met with. Scotland is divided into 950 parochial districts; and in less than eighteen months reports were received from above half that number.'

He was not destined to escape the inconvenience incident to so large a band of condjutors; but all impediments were at last overcome; and on the 20th of May, 1799, with his closing volume, he thanked

'the respectable members of the Church of Scotland for having enabled him to complete an undertaking which certainly stands unrivalled for extent of useful information, and which may be imitated, but, considering the ability and the exertions which they have exhibited on the occasion, cannot be surpassed in any other country.'—vol. xxi. p. vi.

It must be confessed the Baronet everywhere shows a sufficient estimate of the importance of his undertaking and the style of its performance; nor was he disposed to undervalue the difficulties he had had to contend with. We have much sympathy with his happy self-pleased glorification. He conquered, he says, all obstacles, chiefly through four fortunate peculiarities; namely, first, the winning affability of his manner and address, which was irresistible to young clergymen; secondly, having an estate and residence in the most northern part of the kingdom,
which

which gave him superior access to information and opportunity of cultivating an uncommonly extensive acquaintance; thirdly, the golden rule 'of pointedly answering every letter he received;' and lastly—

'A spirit of perseverance which no obstacle could resist, and without which no great enterprise can ever be accomplished—a spirit which was kept up from time to time by animating eulogiums from various respectable quarters, both foreign and domestic, some of which I have thought it proper to insert in the Appendix to this paper.'—vol. xx. p. xxi.

We are not to be expected to rate the merits of the work quite so high as the projector would have us. But while we smile at his harmless egotism, we are free to acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe him, who, from men of various qualifications, sometimes indisposed, oftener inert, extracted a really unparalleled mass of statistical information.

When forty years had borne upon their wings the storms and crimes of the great European Revolution—after a general war, a war of principles, had been followed by an universal and profound peace—it seemed that a fitting period had arrived for endeavouring to mark once more the progress and the state and capabilities of Scotland; and the ministers of the Kirk were called upon anew. In the words of a prospectus—

'Important changes had taken place in every department of the variable statistics of Scotland—the inevitable changes of nearly half a century, increased by the peculiar circumstances of the time, by the recurrence to civil occupations that took place on the termination of the war, by the extraordinary advances in science, arts, and manufactures, the increase of intelligence in all ranks, and, in general, by the speculative energies incident to a state of national prosperity. Population, therefore, was not only numerically different, but different in its character and employments. Industry had assumed new forms, or required new computations for its details: varieties had arisen in all branches of parochial economy, in public institutions and charities, and in matters of religion and education.'

The undertaking was now conducted by a Committee of the Society for the Benefit of the Sons and Daughters of the Clergy. An imposing list of heads of inquiry was circulated in the beginning of 1831; and it was announced that the several departments were to be superintended by the following gentlemen:—Geography and Natural History, by Professor Jameson; Civil History, by Mr. Tytler; Industry, by Mr. Low, the Professor of Agriculture in the Edinburgh University; Parochial Economy, by Mr. John Gordon, then, we believe, holding the office of Secretary to the University. Whether it was really expected that each of these gentlemen should take an active charge, we do

not

not know. We cannot suppose eminent names were put forward merely to make an impression. We have heard, however, that the real work and the whole work of editor of the *New Statistical Account*—so important in a collection of this kind—devolved on Mr. John Gordon. The first part was published in January, 1835, and the last in 1845.

These two great works, the combined labours of the clergy of an enlightened kingdom, may, without injustice, be considered together. The *New Statistical* is conveniently arranged according to shires—for which the public is indebted, we believe, to the respectable publishers in person; while the older work was printed as the accounts of the several parishes were furnished—that is, without any order or method whatever. The *New* is freed from many of the obvious errors and absurdities of the *Old*; and—though perhaps the *Old* shows in some articles a higher rate of intelligence and education than can be anywhere discerned in the later work—we think it is commonly admitted that, as to the particular topics most in favour, the stamp of improvement is visible. On the whole, however, the character and merits of the two collections seem not materially different; and the general faults, whether of commission or of omission, are, if not identical, of the same category in both.

A large part is incident to the plan. We would ask what is the meaning of the ‘civil history’ of a parish? Is the country clergyman in whose parish the battle-field lies, to give us a critical analysis of the great day of Bannockburn? to count and marshal the armies, to explain the causes of success and defeat, and the errors of former historians, with some sketch of the political events that led to the invasion, and the results of the battle in the confirmed sovereignty of Bruce? Is the minister of Stirling held bound to write a dissertation upon all the movements and intrigues that have had their origin or issue within the walls of its royal fortress, including the Heading Hill? If so, he may at once transfer to his *Account* half the pages of Mr. Tytler. In like manner, the ‘geography’ of a parish, its ‘hydrography,’ ‘geology and mineralogy,’ are for the most part tedious if not absurd, from applying the description to each which is equally applicable to a hundred. No man surveying an estate thinks of telling us of the climate of each field, or the mineral strata that run below it, where all are nearly identical. But the poor ministers of adjoining parishes are forced each to answer the same string of minute queries on such matters—the result being that, if several are correct, we have an irksome repetition; if only one, an unseemly contradiction. One zoological chapter after another produces the same lists of crows, larks, sparrows, salmon, trout, and eels, bees and butterflies:—

butterflies:—and so on through the other heads. The remedy lay in digesting the information furnished, instead of pouring it out all crude. An editor's labour would no doubt be much increased by such a view of his duty, and he might find himself obliged really to call for some of the scientific assistance which his programme had blazoned. But the reader would reap the benefit. We should have, instead of the piecemeal patchwork of the accounts of all parishes as they stand, a digested view of the physical and political history of each of the great natural districts or ancient political provinces (often identical); reserving for the minor and arbitrary subdivisions of parishes, only that which is peculiar to each of them. We should have, in short, some approach to the works of Surtees and Raine, some imitation of the great and admirable county histories of England.

But the real 'civil history' of a parish is its local and territorial history, the history of its soil, from the first settling of the Saxon 'town' or 'hame'—the Danish 'burgh' or 'by'—the Norman 'vil': the clearing of its forests; the tenures of its lands from the earliest gift of the manor to the lords who afterwards took their name from it, and the first donation of toft and croft in pure alms to the chaplain celebrating at its rustic altar. These are subjects peculiarly within the sphere of the parish historian, and to most readers, the most interesting part of his work. It is in these that we find the Statistical Accounts most miserably defective, and it is in these that no editorship could have supplied the place of patient and intelligent local research. Both the Old and the New neglect the most patent sources of information. Some of those within the power of the elder writers we have already hinted at. But since the publication of their work the study of antiquities had made progress in Scotland; the industrious George Chalmers, with all defects of style, and often of reasoning, had collected an immense mass of facts of the greatest value in the three volumes of his 'Caledonia,' all that he lived to complete. Still later, numerous Historical Societies had arisen—some of them devoting their attention to the illustration of particular districts—all labouring to preserve and render accessible the collections and even the scattered fragments of record and chronicle, the very materials of local history. By these Societies, founded on the model of the Roxburghe Club, but far outgrowing their parent in scope and usefulness, most of the ancient registers of the Church—of bishopric and monastery—have been printed; as well as large collections of local and family histories and that class of minor chronicles often more characteristic and instructive than more stately history. The 'Spalding Club,' in particular, an association expressly for the illustration of the north-eastern shires, has distinguished

distinguished itself in this career. Its generous president, the Earl of Aberdeen, set the example, and the Club has now printed two large volumes of charters and ancient documents illustrative of the early history of Aberdeen and Banff shires. These are the proper materials for the parish historian, and, so far as it extends, that collection, made with great research, and exhibiting the most extensive charter learning, really saves the whole labour of working out the authorities from which he must compile his account. In some instances this and similar recent aids have been used. But these are the exceptions. In general the ministers have despised such helps,—have preferred some silly tradition or impossible romance to the authentic and proved history of their parishes; and where this is the case in both works, the authors and editor of the *New Statistical* are most to blame, for they erred against better light.

We must not be surprised to find Scotch ministers glorying in their ignorance of the planters of our common faith. St. Ninian, the apostle of Galloway, whose White Church, shining over the waters of the Solway, was an object of veneration as early as the days of the Venerable Bede, is ignored by the Rev. Mr. Archibald M'Arthur, minister of Kilmuir. He says his parish 'seems to have got its name from some reputed saint called Ninian, of whom there is now no tradition' (*Old Statistical*, vol. xiv. p. 139). But the incumbent of St. Ninian's own see of Whithorn, while he dutifully acknowledges the saint, and tells us of the church he founded in the fourth century (the fifth, he means), startles us as much when he asserts that four Gothic arches of that church make part of the present place of public worship! Not content with this piece of monstrous antiquity, the Rev. Isaac Davidson, D.D., throws aside the palpable etymology of the name of Whithorn—a plain Saxon translation of *Candida Casa*—and proposes this exquisite derivation: 'As there are the remains of a Roman camp within one mile's distance of the town, may not Whithorn be a corruption of *via tertia*, i. e. *legionis vel cohortis*? *Via tertia* might easily pass into Vitern, and Vitern again into Whithorn. In Britain the V is often changed into W, and the W into V. Thus in London many say "Weal, vine, and winegar are wery good wittles, I wow." (*Ibid.* vol. xvi. p. 276.) To the great detriment of his reader, the writer on this parish in the *New Statistical* has discarded this morsel of etymology, but he retains and re-asserts the antiquity of his church, and gravely assures us that 'a few arches remain to tell of the original grandeur' of the white church of St. Ninian. (*New Statistical*, Wigtou. p. 54.) He should have told us, like his predecessor, in what style St. Ninian built his church of the fifth century! The minister of *Dull* has discovered that St.

Ninian was 'the companion of St. Columba' (*ibid.*, *Perth*, p. 766), though it has been generally thought they lived at least a century asunder.

To be ignorant about St. Ninian may be praiseworthy; but churches of old were occasionally dedicated to higher protectors. Among others, it was common in Scotland to place them under the peculiar care of Michael the Archangel; and it is of one of these (Kirkmichael) that a writer in the *New Statistical* says—'The name of this parish, which is common to no fewer than five parishes in Scotland, is obviously derived from St. Michael, a saint of great note in the Romish Breviary, who flourished in the tenth century' (!) (*Ibid.*, *Ayr*, p. 492.) The minister of Crossmichael also tells us that 'St. Michael seems to have been regarded as an individual of more than ordinary sanctity' (!) &c. (*ibid.*, *Kirkcudbright*, p. 190), not suspecting that he is speaking of 'the great archangel'—of him who in heaven made war upon the great Dragon. The Rev. Mr. Robert Arthur, a Ross-shire minister, goes a little further, and finds a burial-place for the archangel, as well as for St. Martin of Tours. '*Keill-Michael* and *Keill-Martin*,' says he, 'the Gaelic names of Kirkmichael and St. Martin's, signify the burying-places of Michael and Martin, who were probably the two Popish saints to whom the churches were dedicated.' (*Old Stat.* vol. xiv. p. 88.) The church of Kilmorack—a Gaelic word meaning literally 'the church of Mary'—was dedicated, like so many others, to the Blessed Virgin. The minister was at a loss who this 'Mary' might be:—'But from what family *this lady* sprang cannot with certainty be ascertained, though it seems most likely she was a descendant of one of the lairds of Chisholm.' (*Ibid.*, vol. xx. p. 401.) Oh fie! Mr. John Fraser! The suggestion appeared so valuable, and probably so gratifying to the clan, that it has been repeated by the more recent topographer. (*New Stat. Inverness*, p. 361.)

The ministers' contempt for church learning is not confined to that which is connected with the great ancient European hierarchy, nor to that which they love to describe as the time of 'Popery'—the demogorgon of their dreams—but extends to the Reformed Episcopal Church, or 'Prelacy,' a scarecrow made up of bishops and curates, surplice and lawn-sleeves—to all sects and denominations, in short, but the followers of Calvin and Knox. One divine, describing the monuments of his churchyard, says—'The most remarkable is that of *Reverendus et pius Geo. Meldrum de Crombie et quondam de Glass praco*. He was episcopal minister or bishop of Glass. . . . There is a half-length figure of the bishop,' &c. (*Ibid.*, *Banff*, p. 383.) The commonest books might have satisfied this historian of his parish that there

was

was never such a bishop as Mr. George Meldrum—no such diocese as Glass; but what did it matter whether he was bishop or episcopal minister—whether Glass was a bishop's see or rural cure? The 'præco de Glass' was confessedly a miserable Prelatist; and a Presbyterian might dispose of him with as little study or thought as he assigns to Druids or Culdees, his favourite personages for the solution of all the difficulties of ecclesiastical antiquity.

This ultra-Calvinistic bigotry shuts out all acquaintance with general church history and Christian antiquities—ecclesiastical architecture and nomenclature—modes of writing and dating of the Middle Ages—a slight knowledge of which in other countries goes to the education of a gentleman. A Scotch clergyman writing for Scotchmen is obliged to describe the choir of a church (it is an ancient cathedral) as that part 'in which some special rites of the Church of Rome were performed.' (*Ibid.*, *Forfarshire*, p. 133.) The incumbent of Corstorphin speaks of a *font* as 'a large circular basin of freestone, used as the depository of the holy water in times of Popery' (*ibid.*, *Edinburgh*, p. 217): and renders an inscription in memory of the founder delightful to his friends of the Presbytery dinner-table by giving as its concluding words ---*Orate pro Papa et eo*. Some vehement Protestant, to be sure, has industriously scratched out the words of ancient Christian charity—but enough remains to indicate the common abbreviated form of '*Orate pro anima ejus*.' (*Ibid.*, *Edinburgh*, p. 233.)* The same gentleman* who conjectures the Virgin Mary to have been a daughter of the laird of Chisholm may be excused for quoting the foundation charter of the priory of Beaulieu A.D. 1230, as 'confirmed by Pope Gregory III., *Rom. Julii, pontificatus sui anno quarto*.' (*Ibid.*, *Inverness*, p. 365.) The latter words being unintelligible are prudently left in Latin: and the worthy minister never troubled himself to inquire how a charter of 1230 could be confirmed by a Pope of the eighth century. The writer on a remote parish in Caithness has thought that a proper place for a

* Presbyterian writers, lay as well as clerical, are given to such blunders. Baillie Cleland, the author of '*Annals of Glasgow*,' and statistical works of great pretension, speaks of 'the Holy Lamb and Quintigerne or a *Pronobis*!' (*Statistics of Glasgow*, 1832, p. 211.) He wished to say that certain 'Will Dowsings' of the North had effaced from the walls of the cathedral church of St. Kentigern at Glasgow the sculptured figure of an *Agnus Dei* and an inscription *Quintigerne ora pro nobis*. But a few years ago the University of Glasgow made this literary Baillie a Doctor of Laws! Maitland, the historian of Edinburgh, tells of priests being prohibited to have fire-makers (*focarius*)¹ and, speaking of choristers required to be skilled *in cantu et discantu*—the plain song and descant of the choir—translates it quietly 'able to count and discount!' And this translation goes the round of the guide-books and picture-books to this day!

general disquisition on the rise and progress of Christianity in Scotland. He tells us, Saint Columba was 'Abbot or President of the Presbyterian College of Iona'—that 'Presbyterian ministers or Culdees from Iona were speedily settled over all the west and north of Scotland'—that 'Presbyterianism, derived from the Scriptures and apostolic days, continued for ages the form of ecclesiastical government in the Scottish church, unmingled with prelacy till 909, when Constantine the Third appointed Kellach bishop of St. Andrews.' (*Ibid.*, *Truthness*, pp. 159-160.) This learned historian, who speaks of the state of things in A.D. 909 as if he had the Minutes of the General Assembly of the Kirk for that year before him, when he comes lower down laments that the 'distresses caused in the seventeenth century by the episcopalian intruders and persecutors threw the country back into the Popish darkness and disorder out of which it had been rapidly emerging. Most of the parishes were vacant. In one or two there were episcopalian incumbents—a sample of the men who had been intruded in the times of Episcopacy, scandalous in their lives, and opposed, or at least indifferent, to the promotion of either the religion or education of the people.' (*Ibid.*, p. 167.) If it be asked what the writer knows of the scandalous life and irreligion of these abhorred Prelatists, he might answer that he is as well acquainted with them as with the Presbyterian Culdees of Iona.

In the chapter of etymologies, Swift, with his Andromache and Alexander the Great formed out of 'Andrew Mackie' and 'All eggs under the grate,' has hardly gone beyond these reverend topographers. Dalmeilington, a parish of Ayrshire, is said by the Rev. Mr. Duncan M'Myne to be a misreading :—'its true orthography is *Dame Helen's Town*, so called after a lady of rank and fortune.' (*Old Stat.*, vol. vi. p. 71) Culter, a parish of Lanarkshire, has its name from 'Culter, a Latin word signifying a coulter or plough-share, though it is uncertain upon what account this parish was so named.' (*Ibid.*, p. 75.) By the next writer who has to find a derivation for his parish of the same name, *cultura* is preferred to *cultrum* (*ibid.*, p. 80). Restenot, the name of a priory in Angus, was 'expressive of the purpose for which it was built—a safe repository for the charters, &c., of the monastery of Jedburgh.' (*Ibid.*, p. 510.) The writer evidently read the name *Rest in it!* 'As to the derivation of the word Livingstone,' says another, 'we will not even offer a conjecture.' (*Ibid.*, vol. xx. p. 12.) The frequent occurrence in early records of a personage of consequence called Levin, and the old charter name of this parish—*villa Levini* (Levinstun)—really do not leave much room for conjecture. Of the name of Abercorn (venerable in the antiquities

antiquities of the Saxon church) the minister says ‘nothing more than probable conjecture can now be stated with respect to the etymology and signification’ (*ibid.*, vol. xx. p. 383)—and yet immediately describes it as placed at the *Aber* or mouth of the *Cornie* burn. We do not know if the following instance falls within this category, but it is not to be omitted. The writer of the account of Banff, having given with laudable care an enumeration of some descents of the worshipful family of Baird of Auchmedden, willing to heap honour on his heroes, winds it up thus: ‘Of the same family was the celebrated Bayardo, an Italian poet, who wrote Orlando Innamorato, which Ariosto made the groundwork of his Orlando Furioso.’ (*Ibid.*, vol. xx. p. 371.) He forgets that the poet’s name is Boiardo. He should have claimed the honour of the Baird connexion for Bayard, the ‘Chevalier sans peur et sans tache!’

In the New Account of the parish of Aberdeen, after four pages of laborious trilling, evading the most obvious of etymologies—the learned author concludes, ‘The origin of the name of this parish is enveloped in obscurity!’ (*New Stat. Aberdeen*, p. 5.) The minister of *Slamannan* thought it safest to suggest a choice of etymons—‘Some say it derives its name from the following circumstance: When the Earl of Callander, to whom it belonged, first sent up his servant to plough part of it (it being formerly a barren moor), he asked his servant how it would work; to which he answered it would *slay man and mure*. Others again suppose that, from its vicinity to the Caledonian wood, it had often been the scene of battle where *many* had been *slain*.’ (*Old Stat.*, vol. xiv. p. 79.) These alternative derivations are carefully treasured by the writer of the New Report; but both authors reason themselves into the conclusion that, on the whole, ‘it is highly probable that the name is of Gaelic origin, purporting *brown*, or *grey*, or *long* heath, for the parish must have been originally covered with heath.’ (*Ibid. and New Statistical, Stirlingshire*, p. 274.)

The etymological disease seems to be peculiarly dangerous in the Gaelic constitution. The little island of Inchbrayock, on which abuts the handsome suspension-bridge of Montrose, has an ancient cemetery, and was once the site of a parish church. In old charters it figures as *insula Sancti Braoci*, preserving the name of an obscure saint. The minister, however, prefers a Gaelic derivation, and tells us Inchbrayock means ‘the island of trouts,’—a convenient etymology, not unsuitable to any island! We are told that ‘Golspy,’ the name of a parish in Sutherland, ‘is probably derived from *goul spaut*—*goul* signifying “a figure resembling the branch of a tree”’ (what figure may that be?),
‘and

‘and *spaut*, a speat.’ But observe, it is not because such a description is applicable, but because it might have been. ‘Probably the burn of Golspy ran in that form, and had often a speat or flood; which is still the case, although the form is much changed by reason of frequent inundations.’ (*Old Statistical*, vol. ix. p. 26.) Tranent, in Lothian, is ‘a corruption of Trinity,’ or else ‘the Latin word *tranent*,—i. e. let them swim over—a shout addressed to a party of Danes beaten off from the opposite coast of Fife.’ (!) (*Ibid.*, vol. x. p. 83.)

Nor is the knowledge of civil history much more accurate. A Stirling penny of William the Lion is described, with its legend ‘*Re Villam—Re* being the *Gaelic* word for king.’ (!) (*Ibid.*, vol. xx. p. 225.) The Reverend historian of Duddingston assures us that ‘*Froissart* affirms that there were about 100 chateaux in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh in the time of Queen Mary.’ (*New Statistical, Edinburgh*, p. 388.) Did neither the author nor the editor know that the chivalrous canon visited Scotland 150 years before Mary was born? A minister in the Mearns deliberately writes this sentence: ‘John of Fordoun, the historian, was either a native of the parish or resided in it when he wrote his history of Scotland. He is called by Bede, *venerabilis vir dominus Joannes Fordun, presbyter*. Although the biographical dictionaries give very little information about him, yet it is generally believed that he was a priest in the church of Fordoun in 1377, because he dedicated his history to Cardinal Wardlaw, who at that time was Archbishop of Glasgow.’ (*New Statistical, Kincardine*, p. 81.) Fordun is made to dedicate to Cardinal Wardlaw, Archbishop of Glasgow in the year 1377. There was no Archbishop of Glasgow for a century afterwards. John of Fordun did not dedicate his history to any one. And, above all, the Venerable Bede, living in the eighth century, did not vouch for John Fordun, a historian of the end of the fourteenth!

Crossraguel is stated to have been founded by Duncan king of Scotland, in 1260! Unhappily the last Duncan was assassinated in 1095. The same writer speaks of ‘authentic history,’ and of the marriage of ‘Martha Countess of Carric with Robert Bruce, Earl of Annandale, in the year 1724;’ from which marriage, says he, ‘sprang the kings of Scotland of the race of Stewart.’ (*New Statistical, Ayr*.) Granting the date to be a mere error of the press, and that Margaret of Carric is sometimes called Martha—was Robert Bruce, who married the Countess, Earl of Annandale? Is it the way to distinguish that union, of which was born the heroic King Robert, to announce that from it sprang (a century afterwards, and through a female) the Stewart kings?

But

But what are we to say of the 'model' Report, drawn up by the 'Author of the Statistical Account of Scotland' himself—containing such a historical announcement as the following?—'The earldom of Caithness was formerly possessed by a family of the name of Harold, some account of whose history is given by Torficus, the Danish historian, extracts of which may be seen in Mr. Pennant's 'Tour.' (*Old Statistical*, vol. xx. p. 524.) Just so, one might observe, the crown of Great Britain was formerly worn by a family of the name of Charles, some account of whose history is given by Hume, the English historian, extracts of which may be seen in Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*!

There is a curious display of research* in the Account of that parish of Culter, in Lanarkshire. The writer details a dispute between the Knights Templars and the monks of Kelso, and accuses the former of 'special pleading, which must appear a curiosity to all who have seen the place to which reference is made,' because they pleaded, as one reason for being exempted from parochial burdens, their separation from the parish church by a great river without bridge. The minister is naturally indignant at an attempt to escape from parish jurisdiction. 'All things,' says he, moralizing, 'seem formidable to an unwilling mind. The great river here spoken of is Culter water, a stream of a few paces in width, and which is not so large, even in half-a-dozen of years, that it may not be forded.' (*New Statistical, Lanark*, p. 315.) Now this reverend author is entirely at fault. It is not the 'Culter water' which separated the church and lands of the contending parties. Where the northern Dee, escaped from the fastnesses of Mar, sweeps with gentler current round the sweet *haughs* of another Culter, the Templars had an ancient settlement from which they brought into cultivation lands that have since formed the domains of many an Irvine and Menzies. On the opposite bank of the river, stood the baptismal church of Culter, dedicated to Saint Peter, the property of the monks of Kelso, which had the parochial territory of both sides, including the lands of the Templars. The Templars claimed to hold their chapel at their house of Culter, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, with cemetery and baptistery, tithe free, and to extend that privilege to their lands of Kincolsi, Escintully, and Tulburies, which they and their vassals had reclaimed from waste; and moreover they declared 'they could not refuse to their men of these lands, whom they were bound as their lords to protect, sepulture, baptism, and the other sacraments and rites, seeing they were often unable to reach the parish church by reason of the great river intervening without bridge or ferry.' The dispute was settled by Papal Commissioners in the year 1287, and the result was the
separation

separation of the Templar lands on the south of the river, afterwards forming the parish of Mary-Culter, in Kincardineshire, from the parish of the monks of Kelso on the opposite bank, which is known as Culter St. Peter, or Peter-Culter, in Aberdeenshire.

Perhaps Aberdeen is the place in the kingdom for the historical illustration of which the richest materials exist. The records of the bishopric are full and well preserved. The charters of the burgh, reaching back to the twelfth century, and its books of record, which go as high as the fourteenth, have been studied and quoted by every legal antiquary since the days of Lord Hailes. The Account in the Old Statistical was compiled 'from the communications of several gentlemen of that city.' The later Account is divided into several chapters—'ecclesiastical state'—'civil history,' &c.—each of which is drawn up by a separate author, chosen, it may be thought, for his peculiar acquaintance with the subject assigned to him. Now, for the fruits! The Old Statistical informs us that 'the parish of Old Machar was originally a deanery called the Deanery of St. Machar, and comprehended the parishes of Old Machar, New Machar, and Newhills. In times of popery they do not seem to have been divided into separate parishes, but to have been chapels in the deanery.' (*Old Stat.*, vol. xix. p. 144.) The unwary reader will pass over the absurdity of a rural 'deanery' not consisting of parishes; but he will scarcely believe that the Deanery of Old Machar is a pure imagination—that no such deanery ever existed! This valuable piece of ancient statistics is repeated in the New Account *verbatim*. (*Aberdeen*, p. 1057.) In the Old Account there is actually no mention of the place having once been a bishop's see. The remains of the cathedral are mentioned only as forming part of a picturesque view, along with 'the various manufactories on the different meanders of the Don'—when the author assures us, 'this place has been compared to the beautiful and wild scenery of Switzerland.' (*Old Stat.*, vol. xix. p. 146.) As to the burgh, we cannot complain of niggardly information. 'All historians agree that this city was erected into a royal burgh towards the end of the ninth century, by King Gregory of Scotland, surnamed the Great: but the original charter of erection'—[that of King Gregory the Great, we presume!]¹—and all the more ancient title-deeds and records of the burgh, were, together with the town itself, burnt and destroyed by the English.' (*Ibid.*, p. 159.) This fable of Boece is set right in the New Statistical; but in other respects it is, if possible, more imperfect and faulty than the older work. We turn to a chapter headed *Ecclesiastical State*, and are told that 'little precise information can be given regarding the
early

early ecclesiastical state of Aberdeen'—[there is more precise information regarding the early ecclesiastical state of Aberdeen than of any town or parish in Scotland]—'except that for two or three centuries preceding the Reformation, there were in the town houses of Dominican, Franciscan, and Carmelite friars, and a monastery dedicated to the Holy Trinity'—[what does this mean?]'—'as well as a parish church dedicated to St. Nicholas; and that there is no reason to doubt that in Aberdeen, as in other parts of Scotland, the form of popery which prevailed was of the most bigoted and illiberal kind' (*New Stat., Aberdeen*, p. 28), &c.;—a statement which may be valuable perhaps as recording the writer's testimony against popery, but which scarcely merits the character of historical information. Next, the reverend author asserts—the bishop fixed his residence at Seaton on the right bank of the Don, about half a mile from its mouth, and in consequence of this, the cathedral church was erected there.' (*Ibid.*) It would be remarkable, if true, that the site of the cathedral was made to suit the bishop's residence. But this is pure invention. No other information is afforded—in this chapter of the 'ecclesiastical state' of the parish—regarding the bishopric, of which this parish church and village were the cathedral and see; except that the author has taken pleasure in recording the sale 'by public roup' of the silver and brass work of the church in 1561-2. He has not bestowed one line upon the architecture of the cathedral. He has not even mentioned the long line of bishops who once made that rural village the seat of ecclesiastical hospitality and munificence, the centre of piety, learning, and refinement; many of whom by their deeds and character threw a lustre even upon their high and holy office.

Such omissions and blunders, numerous as the pages of the books—the signs of a defective education in the national clergy—proofs of utter incompetency in the editors—must excite wonder in the English reader, and shame among the scholars of Scotland. But we have no pleasure in stringing them together, and we choose rather to dwell upon the assistance these books afford in estimating the progress of the country during an important period. The time embraced by these reports—the forty years over which the aged minister of the Old Statistical could look back, with the forty years that divided the Old and the New, were eventful indeed to all Europe, but came fraught with more than ordinary change to Scotland.

It is no exaggeration to say that the beginning of last century found Scotland lower than at any former period of her hard history. She was among the poorest and rudest countries of Europe; her agriculture neglected—without trade or manufactures—

tures—with no field for enterprise nor means of advancement; the upper classes subservient and jobbing—the lower dispirited and hopeless. The Union—carried by corrupt means, and for a long time abhorred by the people—did not mend the matter. The feeble attempts at foreign trade—where every failure of a voyage to Darien or Africa told as a national disaster—the introduction of new and irksome taxes—the wretched jealousy of England, fettering the infant efforts of trade and thwarting the establishment of the natural manufacture of a pastoral country—brought the people to despair. The universal misery, joined to the indifference of the government and the petty jobbing of its Scotch department, led to disaffection and revolt. Rebellion after rebellion—the last put down with a savage vengeance that spoke the amount of previous fear—had reduced Scotland, in the middle of the eighteenth century, as low as a nation not uncivilised can descend. But she had got to the bottom of the wheel. From that time—to speak precisely, from the suppression of the Rebellion in 1746, and the abolition of feudal jurisdictions which immediately followed—through a period now extending to a century—through a protracted and often a disastrous war—through a revolution which overturned half the thrones of Europe and shook the frame of society even in Britain, Scotland has gone on in rapid yet steady progress in all that constitutes the prosperity of a kingdom. The study of agriculture, forced upon her people by her inferior soil and uncertain climate, has made her a teacher to other nations. Trade and manufactures she cannot be said to have improved, but rather to have created. She has taken an honourable place in Science, Literature, and Art:—her gentry have found occupation wherever wealth or fame is to be won: her peasantry, prudent, sober, industrious, have added to their hereditary virtues somewhat of the self-respect and independence of the English yeoman. Their comfort and happiness have increased immeasurably, and, we firmly believe, their virtue along with them. In fortunate distinction from some greater realms, the ranks of society have for the most part preserved their proper relation, without tyranny or haughtiness on the one side, or meanness on the other; there is in general no alienation nor coldness between them.

We have thought it possible to mark in some degree the progress of this mighty improvement, by a few extracts from these works, with such earlier information as we have in our power.

We are told by the minister of Loudon, in Ayrshire, writing in 1792 (*Old Stat.*, iii. p. 108), that—

‘ John, Earl of Loudon, who succeeded his father in 1731, and deserved the name of the father of agriculture in that part of the shire, remembered

remembered when there was neither cart nor waggon in the parish but his father's and his factor's. Now there are above 250 in the parish, besides waggons for leading grain, peats, &c. Formerly they carried home their grain in sledges or cars, and their coals on small horses.'

The minister of a lowland parish of Angus enters into an amusing comparison of the state of the country at two periods, both of which he had witnessed himself:—

' In 1760 land was rented at 6s. an acre; in 1790 land is rented at 30s. In 1760 no English cloth was worn but by the minister and a quaker; in 1790 there are few who do not wear English cloth; several, the best superfine. In 1760 men's stockings in general were what was called plaiding hose, made of white woollen cloth. The women wore coarse plaids. Not a cloak nor bonnet was worn by any woman in the whole parish. In 1790 cotton and thread stockings are worn by both sexes, masters and servants; some have silk ones. The women who wear plaids have them fine and faced with silk: silk plaids, cloaks, and bonnets are very numerous. In 1760 there were only two hats in the parish [he does not think it necessary to explain that they were his own and his friend the quaker's]: in 1790 few bonnets [meaning men's caps, known as "Kilmanock bonnets"] are worn; the bonnet-maker trade in the next parish is given up. In 1760 there was only one eight-day clock in the parish, six watches, and one tea-kettle: in 1790 there are thirty clocks, above a hundred watches, and at least 160 tea-kettles, there being scarce a family but hath one, and many that have two. In 1760 the people in this parish never visited each other but at Christmas. The entertainment was broth and beef. The visitors sent to an alehouse for five or six pints of ale [Scotch pints, reader, each equal to four English], and were merry over it, without any ceremony. In 1790 people visit each other often. A few neighbours are invited to one house to dinner. Six or seven dishes are set on the table, elegantly dressed. After dinner a large bowl of rum-punch is drunk; then tea, again another bowl; after that, supper; and what they call "the grace drink."—*Ibid.*, vol. v. p. 226.

Another minister, writing of a rural parish in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, compares the time at which he writes with forty years earlier:—

' In 1750 the land rent of the parish did not exceed 1000*l*. In 1790 the land rent rose to 2850*l*. In 1750 every farm was distinguished into croft and field land. The former, which seldom exceeded a fifth of the whole, lay near the farm-house, was frequently manured and constantly in tillage. The latter, which lay at a distance from the farm-house, was never manured, but sometimes in tillage, though oftener in pasture. In 1790 the distinction between croft and field land, entirely abolished, and every part of the farm treated in the same manner. [This is but an imperfect explanation of the wretched system of out-field and in field, so universal in the best districts of Scotland a hundred years ago.] In 1750 most of the farms run-rig, that is, the lands of one farmer intermixed with those of another. No inclosures, but a very few

few about gentlemen's houses. Every field contained a number of balks, or waste spaces between the ridges, full of stones and bushes. The ridges crooked; very high in the middle, and often unequal in breadth. In 1790 all the farms divided, and some of them subdivided with hawthorn hedges. No "balks" now to be seen; the whole field cultivated. The ridges straight, reduced to a proper swell in the middle, and to a regular breadth. In 1750 no wheat bread; no sugar and tea used, but by people of wealth and fashion, *and not much by them*. In 1790 wheat bread used by all; sugar and tea occasionally by many. In 1750, when a farmer's family went to the kirk or to a market, he and his sons wore suits of home-made cloth, plaiden hose, and blue or black bonnets; his wife and daughters were dressed in gowns of their own spinning, cloth cloaks and hoods, worsted stockings, and leather shoes. In 1790, when the farmer's family goes to the kirk or to a market, he and his sons wear suits of English cloth, worsted or cotton stockings, and hats. His wife and daughters are dressed in printed calico or silk gowns, scarlet or silk cloaks, silk bonnets, white thread stockings, *and cloth shoes*.—*Ibid.*, vol. v. p. 251.

A Galloway minister, after mentioning the sudden invasion of 'clocks, watches, and tea-kettles,' adds—

'In farmers' houses (it is sixty years since) there were no windows of glass. The light was admitted through openings on each side of the house, and that in the windward side was filled with straw in blowing weather.'—*Ibid.*, vol. xvi. p. 295.

We have a good account of old Highland life given by 'an Heritor, a friend to statistical inquiries,' but whose views of the then recent improvements by disgorging the population of the glens into the feverish alleys of Inverness, are not to be received without scruple:—

'Till the beginning of this century [the eighteenth] the whole heritors and wadsetters [clansmen who had advanced money to the chief, and held lands in pledge of the loan] in this parish [Boleskine in Inverness-shire], lived in houses composed of cupple trees, and the walls and thatch made up of sod and divot: but in every wadsetter's house there was a spacious hall containing a large table, where he and his family and dependants ate their two meals a-day, with this single distinction, that he and his family sat at one end of the table and his dependants at the other. And it was reckoned no disparagement for the gentlemen to sit with commoners in the inns such as the country then afforded, where one "cap," and afterwards a single glass, went round the whole company. As the inhabitants experienced no want, and generally lived on the produce of their farms, they were hospitable to strangers, providing they did not attempt a settlement among them. It was thought then disgraceful for any of the younger sons of these wadsetters to follow any other profession than that of arms and agriculture; and it is in the remembrance of many now living, when the meanest tenant would think it disparaging to sit at the same table with a manufacturer.... As there were

were extensive shealings or grazings attached to this country, in the neighbourhood of the lordship of Badenoc, the inhabitants in the beginning of summer removed to these shealings with their whole cattle, man, woman, and child; and it was no uncommon thing to observe an infant in one creel and a stone on the other side of the horse, to keep up an equilibrium. The only operations attended to during the summer season was [preparing] their peats or fuel, and repairing their rustic habitations. When their small crops were fit for it, all hands descended from the hills and continued on the farms till the same was cut and secured in barns, the walls of which were generally made of dry stone [without mortar] or wreathed with branches or boughs of trees; and it was no singular custom after harvest for the whole inhabitants to return to their shealings and to abide there till driven from thence by the snow. During the winter and spring the whole pasturage of the country was a common. The cultivation was all performed in spring; the inhabitants having no taste for following green crops or other modern improvements. From the year 1746 the minds of the inhabitants seemed to have taken a different turn,' &c. — *Ibid.*, vol. xx. p. 23.

The mighty and pervading change which had revolutionised even the wilds of Stratherrick and the recesses of Killin, seems to have reached later the fertile plain of Moray, unless we are to allow for some exaggeration in the following account drawn by a very amiable but eccentric minister:—

‘The people over all this country are most strictly economical and as little expensive or luxurious as possible. They are disposed to every kind of humane and generous action, as much as their circumstances will admit of. The lower rank of farmers and labourers, though not content perhaps with their situation, and though they do not enjoy all the comforts of life, yet do not complain more than their opulent neighbours. There are numbers of them, however, who are generally without small beer and milk, and almost none of them have meat, butter, cheese, or spirits, and all their poultry and eggs are sold in the Elgin market. Their dress, furniture, and habitations are still of the cheapest kinds that can be procured. They use no candles; and urine they substitute for soap. . . . Almost the only pleasure they indulge in, is meeting occasionally to the number of fifteen or twenty-five, for the purpose of conversing about some of the abstrusest doctrines of Calvinism, in which they display their eloquence in the only kind of spouting of which they have any notion, that of a theological oration and a prayer, varied by occasional reflections on the degeneracy and oppressions of the age.’—*Ibid.*, vol. ix. p. 177.

An Argyleshire incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Dugal McDougal, after describing the introduction of sheep farming, and the consequent decrease of the population, says:—

‘The partiality in favour of former times, and the attachment to the place of their nativity, which is natural to old people, together with the indulgence in which they indulged themselves in this country, mislead them
in

in drawing a comparison between their past and their present situations. But indolence was almost the only comfort which they enjoyed. There was scarcely any variety of wretchedness with which they were not obliged to struggle, or rather, to which they were not obliged to submit. They often felt what it was to want food: the scanty crops which they raised were consumed by their cattle in winter and spring. . . . To such extremity were they frequently reduced, that they were obliged to bleed their cattle, in order to subsist for some time upon the blood; and even the inhabitants of the glens and valleys repaired in crowds to the shore at the distance of three or four miles, to pick up the scanty provision which the shell-fish afforded them. They were miserably ill-clothed, and the huts in which they lived were dirty and mean beyond expression. How different from their present situation!—(*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 185.)

The tourist who remembers the cottages of Argyle before fleets of steamers carried down the citizens of Glasgow to ruralize among its lochs and mountains, may estimate the wretchedness which this worthy minister thought so wonderful a contrast to their situation some fifty years ago.

It was not to be expected that a change so great and so rapid should meet with undivided approbation. The good old time, the time of our fathers, is always sure to have some affectionate supporters. The disuse of ale and the substitution of *whisky and of tea* are frequent subjects of regret in the Old Statistical. One of its writers—evidently an aged gentleman, who speaks of forty years ago as within his own ken—laments the unnatural demand for labour produced by ‘ditching, trenching, and dyking, together with the manufactures at Aberdeen; and the decrease of sub-tenants.’ He regrets that this is likely to drive the farmers ‘to betake them to the new husbandry, which requires fewer hands, and yet produces more corn. The dress of all the country people in the district,’ he continues:—

‘was some years ago, both for men and women, of cloth, made of their own sheep’s wool, Kilmarnock or Dundee bonnets, and shoes of leather tanned by themselves. Then, every servant lad and maid had a quey or steer; sometimes two, and a score or more of sheep, to enable them to marry and to begin the world with. Now, every servant-lad almost, must have his Sunday’s coat of English broadcloth, a vest and breeches of Manchester cotton, a high-crowned hat, and a watch in his pocket. The servant-maids are dressed in poplins, muslins, lawns, and ribbons; and both sexes have little else than finery to enter the world with, which occasions marriage to be delayed longer than formerly.’

And then he suggests the introduction of woollen manufacture, by which means ‘large sums would be kept in the country, which are now sent out of it for apparel, and the human species also be multiplied.’—(*Old Statistical*, vol. x. p. 245.) That minister of Cluny was none of the sect of modern philosophers!

In the attempt to mark progress, it would be unpardonable to omit a very entertaining sketch of the change in the modes of living at Edinburgh, drawn for the Old Statistical by Provost Creech, the well-known bibliophile:—

‘ . . . In 1763, people of quality and fashion lived in houses, which, in 1783, were inhabited by tradesmen, or by people in humble and ordinary life.

‘ In 1763, there were two stage-coaches, with three horses, a coachman, and a postillion to each coach, which went to the Port of Leith [a mile and a half distant] every hour, from eight in the morning till eight at night, and consumed a full hour upon the road. There were no other stage-coaches in Scotland, except one, which set out once a month for London, and was from *twelve* to *sixteen* days upon the journey. In 1783 there were no less than sixty stage-coaches monthly, or fifteen every week, and they reached the capital in four days; and in 1786, two of these stage-coaches (which set out daily), reached London in *sixty hours*, by the same road which required *twelve* or *sixteen days* for the established coach in 1763.

‘ In 1783, several Presbyterian ministers in Edinburgh, and Professors in the University, kept their own carriages; a circumstance which, in a circumscribed walk of life as to income, does honour to the literary abilities of many of them, and is unequalled in any former period of the Church, or of the University. In 1763, literary property, or authors acquiring money by their writings, was hardly known in Scotland. Hume and Robertson had indeed a few years before sold—the one, a part of the History of Britain, for 200*l.*; the other the History of Scotland, for 600*l.*;—each two volumes in quarto. In 1783, the value of literary property was carried higher by the Scots than ever was known among any people. Hume received 5000*l.* for the remainder of his History of Britain; and Robertson, for his second work, 4500*l.*

‘ In 1763, there was no such profession known as a Perfumer; Barbers and Wigmakers were numerous, and were in the order of decent burghesses: Hairdressers were few, and hardly permitted to dress hair on Sundays; and many of them voluntarily declined it. In 1783, Perfumers had splendid shops in every principal street: some of them advertised the keeping of bears, to kill occasionally for greasing ladies’ and gentlemen’s hair, as superior to any other *animal fat*. Hairdressers were more than tripled in number; and their busiest day was Sunday. There was a professor who advertised a *Hair-dressing Academy*, and gave lectures on that *noble and useful art*.

‘ In 1763, the wages to maid-servants were, generally, from 3*l.* to 4*l.* a-year. They dressed decently in blue or red cloaks, or in plaids, suitable to their stations. In 1783, the wages are nearly the same; but the maid-servants dress almost as fine as their mistresses did in 1763. In 1763, few families had men-servants. The wages were from 6*l.* to 10*l.* *per annum*. In 1783, and 1791, almost every genteel family had a man-servant; wages from 10*l.* to 20*l.* a-year.

‘ In 1783, a stranger might have been accommodated, not only comfortably, but most elegantly, at many public Hotels; and the person

who, in 1763, was obliged to put up with accommodation little better than that of a waggoner or carrier, may now be lodged like a prince, and command every luxury of life. His guinea, it must be acknowledged, will not go quite so far as it did in 1763.

'In 1763, people of fashion dined at two o'clock, or a little after it;—business was attended to in the afternoon. It was a common practice to lock the shops at one o'clock, and to open them after dinner at two. In 1783, people of fashion, and of the middle rank, dined at four or five o'clock. No business was done in the afternoon, dinner of itself having become a very serious business. In 1763, wine was seldom seen, or, in a small quantity, at the tables of the middle rank of people. In 1791, every tradesman in decent circumstances presents wine after dinner; and many in plenty and variety.

'In 1763, it was the fashion for gentlemen to attend the drawing-rooms of the ladies in the afternoons, to drink tea, and to mix in the society and conversation of the women. In 1783, the drawing-rooms were totally deserted; invitations to tea in the afternoon were given up; and the only opportunity gentlemen had of being in ladies' company, was when they happened to *mess* together at dinner or supper; and even then, an impatience was sometimes shown, till the ladies retired.

'In no respect were the manners of 1763 and 1783 more remarkable than in the decency, dignity, and delicacy of the one period, compared with the looseness, dissipation, and licentiousness of the other. Many people ceased to blush at what would formerly have been reckoned a crime. In 1763, there was one assembly-room. Minuets were danced by each set. Strict regularity with respect to dress and decorum, and great dignity of manners were observed. In 1786, there were three new elegant assembly-rooms, besides one at Leith; but minuets were given up, and country-dances only used, which had often a nearer resemblance to a game at romps, than to elegant and graceful dancing. Dress, particularly by the men, was much neglected; and many of them reeled from the tavern, flustered with wine, to an assembly of as elegant and beautiful women as any in Europe.—In 1763, the company at the public assemblies met at five in the afternoon, and the dancing began at six, and ended at eleven. In 1790 and 1791, the public assemblies were little frequented. Private balls were much in fashion, with elegant suppers after them; and the companies seldom parted till three, four, or five in the morning.'

A more remarkable instance of progress remains. Glasgow, the little episcopal village of the thirteenth century—overcrowded by its neighbour, the King's burgh of Rutherglen, and at a later time struggling for its trading existence against the predominance of the other royal burghs of Dumbarton and Renfrew—had shot its arms out and become a place of some importance in the time of Tucker (1655), who describes it as 'a very neate burgh towne, lyeing upon the bankes of the river Cluyde, which, rising in Anandale, runnes by Glasgowe and Kirkpatrick, disburthening itselfe into the firth of Dumbarton.'

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'This towne,' says he, 'seated in a pleasant and fruitfull soyle, and consisting of foure streets, handsomely built in forme of a crosse, is one of the most considerable burghs of Scotland, as well for the structure as trade of it. The inhabitants (all but the students of the Colledge which is here) are traders and dealers: some for Ireland with small smiddy coales, in open boates from foure to ten tonnes, from whence they bring hoopcs, ronges, barrrell staves, meale, oates, and butter; some for France with pladding, coales, and herring (of which there is a greate fishing yearly in the Western Sea), for which they returne salt, paper, rosin, and prunes; some to Norway for timber; and every one with theyr neighbours the Highlanders, who come hither from the isles and Western parts; in summer by the Mul of Cantyre, and in winter by the Tarbart to the head of the Loquh Fyn (which is a small neck of sandy land, over which they usually drawe theyr small boates into the Firth of Dunbarton), and soe passe up in the Cluyde with pladding, dry hides, goate, kid, and deere skyns, which they sell, and purchase with theyr price such comoditycs and provisions as they stand in neede of, from time to time. Here hath likewise beene some who have adventured as farre as the Barbadoes; but the losse they have sustayned by reason of theyr goeing out and coming home late every yeare, have made them discontinue goeing thither any more. The scituation of this towne in a plentiful land, and the mercantile genius of the people, are strong signès of her increase and groweth, were shee not cheequed and kept under by the shallowness of her river, every day more and more increaseng and filling up, soe that noe vessells of any burden can come neerer up then within fourteene mules, where they must unlade, and send up theyr timber and Norway trade in rafts on floates, and all other comoditycs by three or foure tonnes of goods at a time, in small cobbles or boates of three, foure, five, and none of above six tons a boate. The vessells belonging to this district are, viz. :—

| | | | | |
|----|---|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---|-------------|
| To | { | Glasgowe, 12, viz. : | 3 | 150 tonnes. |
| | | | 1 | 110 |
| | | | 2 | 100 |
| | | | 1 | 50 |
| | | | 3 | 30 |
| | | | 1 | 15 |
| | | | 1 | 12 |
| | | Renfrew, 3 or 4 boates of 5 or 6 tonnes a-picce. | | |
| | | Irwin, 3 or 4, the biggest not exceeding 16 tonnes.'—pp. 38-40. | | |

We may suppose every reader to be acquainted with Smollett's lively and pleasing sketch of Glasgow, after the lapse of a century, in Humphry Clinker (1771). A few years later (1776) we find the city and its trade thus described by Mr. Loch :—

'A large, handsome, and populous city, situated on the banks of the Clyde; carries on a very extensive trade, particularly to America and the West Indies. Its local situation affords the inhabitants many advantages in their several branches of trade, and the manufactures carried on here are very considerable.

'Messrs. Adam Grant and Company prosecute a large trade in the manufacture of carpets, for which they consume 2500 stones of wool annually.' Their carpets are of an exceeding good clear colour, and the patterns well chosen and very distinct. Their demand is very great at home, and they receive large orders from the merchants, who export them to different parts abroad; and I am credibly informed they have found no inconvenience from our American trade being stopped. Most of their wool is brought from Argyle and Dunbarton shires; the prices from seven shillings to fourteen shillings per stone. Mr. William Brown, who curries and prepares all sorts of skins, makes excellent chamois, and all other kinds of leather. He purchases most of the sheep and lamb skins that are killed in Glasgow and Greenock, and makes immense quantities of gloves for ladies and gentlemen, of the best colours, as well as buck and doe skin breeches. The extensiveness of his trade may be conceived, when you are told that he uses, at a medium, 40,000 skins annually. He sells above 2000 stones of wool at home, and sends to Kendal, in England, by commission from merchants there, about 1000 stones. For the wool brought from the Highlands that is tarred, he gets from five to eight shillings *per* stone, *tron* weight, and for the wool not tarred, fifteen shillings *per* stone. The merchants in Kendal buy the best kind, and carry it up in waggons. About two years ago, Mr. Brown employed fifteen servants, from distant parts, but is now enabled to carry on business with our own people only, and finds it turn out to much better account than when he employed strangers. This gentleman lived four years at Wooler, from 1758 to the year 1762. Before that period, almost the whole lamb-skins of this country were sent up to England to be manufactured; when they had undergone that operation, a part was returned hither. A short time after that, Mr. Brown used one hundred dozen a-week, for years together, and paid 45*l.* sterling of wages weekly.

'Mr. William Stirling of Glasgow has long prosecuted, and still continues to carry on here, a very extensive manufacture in printing and staining both linen and cotton. He has, by his industry, brought up a fine family, and acquired considerable wealth, to the extent, I am told, of about 25,000*l.* sterling. His two sons, whom he has bred in the same line of life, promise to be likewise eminent in their profession. They are truly public-spirited, and deserve the applause of their country. They employ a number of people in all the branches of their extensive operations. Their market is partly at home, and they have great demands from foreign parts; neither have they found any decrease in the trade of late. They do not seem inclined to discover the secret of their business, which has lately increased very much; and making the spirit of rivalry themselves, has added to the profit of their manufactory. The rent for their houses and bleaching-fields must be considerable, which are situated on Leven-side, nigh Dumbarton, where there is fine, soft, clear water, that greatly contributes to give their cloth a good colour. The number of looms employed at present, in Glasgow and its environs, is about 4000, in all the different branches; besides, at Anderston, one mile down the Clyde, on the Dumbarton road, more than 500 looms are constantly in action. The number of people

people in this city and suburbs is about 38,000. As population increases, the town is yearly enlarging with good regular buildings, and wide open streets, constituting, upon the whole, one of the neatest towns in Scotland. The breweries at Glasgow are large, extensive works, and consume many thousand bolls of barley annually for malt. The bottle-house here is well employed. The tanneries go on with spirit and success. The quantity of shoes manufactured here is very great. Tapes, inkles, and all other species of goods, are also much in demand. Iron-work of all kinds made to a considerable extent. The printed linens and cottons, manufactured last year, amounted to the full value of 150,000*l.* sterling, of which the duty paid was 10,000*l.*; and the roperies in and about Glasgow are carried on to the extent of about 28,000*l.* annually.

‘Mr. William Smith, of Glasgow, manufactures a considerable quantity of livery-laces, girth-webs for saddlers, and other articles of that kind; as also excellent herring-nets;—in all which articles he supports the character of an experienced tradesman. William Risk, to the east of the Green of Glasgow, is eminent for making inkles, ferrets, knee-garters, with many other articles in that line, and is capital in his trade. At Glasgow, Marshall and Company’s tannery is the greatest in Europe, except the one at Cologne in Germany. In short, as a proof of the increasing opulence of this place, we need only mention, that the duty paid for wheel-carriages is more than double what it was four years ago.’—*Loch’s Essays*, vol. ii. p. 23.

The Glasgow merchant of the present day, trading to every part of the globe, and the Glasgow manufacturer, rivalling the finest fabrics of the looms of England and France, will hardly recognise in this picture of seventy years ago, their navigable Clyde, their harbour filled with ships of great burden, their busy Exchange, their streets and squares of almost palatial houses. The growth has indeed been marvellous. We have been much struck with a sketch of the change of manners and modes of living in that city, contributed to the *New Statistical Account*, by Mr. Dugald Bannatyne, having in his view undoubtedly Creech’s similar picture of Edinburgh just noticed:—

‘At the commencement of the eighteenth century, and during the greater part of the first half of it, the habits and style of living of the citizens of Glasgow were of a moderate and frugal cast. The dwelling-houses of the highest class in general contained only one public room, a dining-room, and even that was used only when they had company,—the family at other times usually eating in a bed-room. The great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of many of the present luxurious aristocracy of Glasgow, and who were themselves descendants of a preceding line of burgher patricians, lived in this simple manner. They had occasionally their relations dining with them, and gave them a few plain dishes, put on the table at once, holding in derision the attention which they said their neighbours, the English, bestowed on what they ate. After dinner the husband went to his place of business, and in the evening to a club in a public-house, where, with little expense, he

he enjoyed himself till nine o'clock, at which hour the party uniformly broke up, and the husbands went home to their families.

'The wife gave tea at home in her own bed-room, receiving there the visits of her "cummers," and a great deal of intercourse of this kind was kept up, the gentlemen seldom making their appearance at these parties. This meal was termed the "four hours." Families occasionally supped with one another; and the form of the invitation, and which was used to a late period, will give some idea of the unpretending nature of these repasts. The party asked was invited to eat an egg with the entertainer; and when it was wished to say that such a one was not of their society, the expression used was, that he had never cracked a hen's egg in their house.

'This race of burghers, living in this manner, had from time to time connected themselves with the first families in the country. Inter-marriages with the neighbouring gentry had been frequent in the preceding century; and early in this, Robert Bogle and Peter Murdoch married daughters of Sir Michael Stewart of Blackhall, and Peter Bogle married a daughter of the Viscount Garnock.

'The people were in general religious, and particularly strict in their observance of the Sabbath,—some of them, indeed, to an extent that was considered by others to be extravagant. There were families who did not sweep or dust the house, did not make the beds, or allow any food to be cooked or dressed on Sunday. There were some who opened only as much of the shutters of their windows as would serve to enable the inmates to move up and down, or an individual to sit at the opening to read. Influenced by this regard for the Sabbath, the magistrates employed persons termed "compurgators" to perambulate the city on the Saturday nights; and when, at the approach of twelve o'clock, these inquisitors happened to hear any noisy conviviality going on, even in a private dwelling-house, they entered it, and dismissed the company. Another office of these compurgators was to perambulate the streets and public walks during the time of divine service on Sunday, and to order every person they met abroad not on necessary duty to go home, and, if they refused to obey, to take them into custody. The employment of these compurgators was continued till about the middle of the century, when, taking Mr. Peter Blackburn (father of Mr. Blackburn of Killearn) into custody for walking on Sunday in the Green, he prosecuted the magistrates for an unwarranted exercise of authority, and, prevailing in his suit in the Court of Session, the attempt to compel this observance was abandoned.

'The wealth introduced after the Union, by opening the British Colonies, gradually led to a change of the style of living. About 1735 several individuals built houses to be occupied solely by themselves, in place of dwelling on a floor entering from a common stair, as they hitherto had done. After the year 1740 the intercourse of society was by evening parties, never exceeding twelve or fourteen persons, invited to tea and supper; they met at four, and after tea played cards till nine, when they supped. The gentlemen attended these parties, and did not go away with the ladies after supper, but continued to sit with the landlord,

landlord, drinking punch, to a very late hour. The gentlemen frequently had dinner-parties in their own houses, but it was not till a much later period that the great business of visiting was attempted to be carried on by dinner-parties. The guests at these earlier dinner parties were generally asked by the entertainer upon 'change, from which they accompanied him, at the same time sending a message to their own houses that they were not to dine at home.

'Up to the middle of the century, commercial concerns, whether for manufactures or foreign trades, were in general carried on by what might be termed joint stock companies of credit: six or eight responsible individuals having formed themselves into a company, advanced each into the concern a few hundred pounds, and borrowed on the personal bonds of the company whatever further capital was required for the undertaking. It was not till at a later period that individuals, or even companies, trading extensively on their own capital were to be found. The first adventure to Virginia, after the trade had been opened by the Union, was sent out under the sole charge of the captain, acting also as supercargo. This person, although a shrewd man, knew nothing of accounts; and when he was asked, on his return, for a statement of how the adventure had turned out, told them he could give none, but there were its proceeds; and threw down upon the table a large "hoggar" (stocking) stuffed to the top with coin. The adventure had been a profitable one; and the company conceived that if an uneducated, untrained person had been so successful, their gains would have been still greater, had a person versed in accounts been sent out with it. Under this impression they immediately despatched a second adventure, with a supercargo, highly recommended for a knowledge of accounts, who produced to them on his return a beautifully made-out statement of his transactions, but no "hoggar."

'Prior to the American war, the "Virginians," who were looked up to as the aristocracy, had a privileged walk at the Cross, which they trod in long scarlet cloaks and bushy wigs; and when any of the most respectable master tradesmen had occasion to speak to a tobacco lord, he required to walk on the other side of the street till he was fortunate enough to meet his eye, for it would have been presumption to have made up to him. Such was the practice of the Cummings, the Spiers, the Glassfords, the Dunmores, and others; and from this servility the Langs, the Ferries, the Claytons, and others, who were at the head of their professions, and had done much to improve the mechanical trade of the city, were not exempt. About this period, profane swearing among the higher classes of citizens was considered a gentlemanly qualification; dissipation at entertainments was dignified with the appellation of hospitality and friendship; and he who did not send his guests from his house in a state of intoxication was considered unfit to entertain genteel company. Latterly, the rising generation of the middle class, better educated than their fathers, engaged extensively in trade and commerce; and by honourable dealing and correct conduct procured a name and a place in society which had been hitherto reserved for the higher grades. Since the opening of the public coffee-room

room in 1781, the absurd distinction of rank in a manufacturing town has disappeared.

Families, who were formerly content to live in the flat of a house in the Old, have now princely self-contained houses in the New Town. Persons who formerly gave supper-parties and a bowl of punch are now in the way of sumptuous dinners, entertaining with the choicest wines, and finishing with cold punch, for which Glasgow is so celebrated. [We suspect this also has disappeared.] The value of the table-service, and the style of the furniture in the houses of many of the Glasgow merchants, are inferior to none in the land. In drinking there is a mighty improvement; formerly, the guests had to drink in quantity and quality as presented by their hosts; now every person drinks what he pleases, and how he pleases,—after which he retires to the drawing-room, and drunkenness and dissipation at dinner-parties are happily unknown. Profane swearing in good society is never heard. The working classes are better lodged, clothed, and fed than formerly; and since the formation of the water companies they are more cleanly in their houses and healthy in their persons.—(*New Statistical, Lanarkshire*, pp. 228–233.)

No doubt there is a large class of decently-lodged and decently-clad artisans in Glasgow—but it is strange that Mr. Bannatyne omits all allusion to the enormous and awfully degraded lower population now accumulated around and amongst the streets of ‘princely houses’ in which he exults. The progress of this acute gentleman’s city, as of his country in general, during the last century has been rapid and steady beyond European example, but there are many checks and many mischiefs that must also be taken into account. Scotland has been subject to the periodical revulsions which attend on all commercial enterprise, where the very prosperity and success tempt to overtrading, and out of the superabundance of health comes the malady. It would seem that no warning, no example can guard against these. Other evils—the evils of bad seasons—though more manifestly the act of God, may be better provided against. Of old, before foreign trade existed, one bad harvest—and much more a succession of such—used to produce dearth and famine in Scotland, and these again brought pestilence in their train. We must not hope that we are exempt from such visitations, though now rarer. An improved agriculture has done much, and will do more. The trade of Britain saves us from famine in seasons of only partial failure of crops; but for Britain and for Ireland it is wise to look to such possibilities, and to note what has happened before. One of the subjects of inquiry in the *Old Statistical Account* regarded the occurrences of ‘two bad years.’

Early in the summer of 1782 it became evident that the crop over a great part of Scotland was to be very deficient; and in the various

various counties Committees were formed to estimate the probable produce, the stocks in hand, and what food might be required to meet the want of the people, and also to provide the means of supplying it as far as possible. The landlords and kirk-sessions (parish-vestries) laid in stores of meal, partly purchased out of their common funds, and partly paid by voluntary contributions, voluntary assessments, and by money lent to the kirk-session on loan generally free from charge of interest. Meal purchased at a distance was brought home by the farmers free of charge. The meal so stored was sold at reduced prices to those who could buy it, for money or on credit, and distributed gratis to the poorest. The kirk-sessions also advanced money to small country dealers to enable them to provide stores, and to such as chose to buy in the market for themselves.

The harvest was a very late one. Old men describe the shearing of oats at Christmas in Strathmore and other fertile districts; wading among the snow, they cut off the tops of the corn, bleached by the frost, but not ripened. Grouse, driven from the hills, were found in the corn-fields and woods of the Low country, and even in the gardens of gentlemen's houses.

As the corn had not ripened, it was unfit for seed; and though great efforts were made to provide seed-corn for the people from other countries, these were ineffectual. The spring and summer of 1783 proved wet and stormy, and the prospect of the next winter was still more gloomy. The pressure now became extreme; Government was applied to for a loan, on the security of assessments to be imposed upon the land; and Mr. Dempster, then one of the most active and influential of the Scotch members, brought in a bill for an assessment of fourteen per cent. on rents. Government also made a small grant, which was intrusted to the sheriffs of counties for distribution among the kirk-sessions. Subscriptions were raised in the South of Scotland and in England; many Scotchmen, merchants in London, and elsewhere, sent ship-loads of provisions for the supply of the poor. Among these the house of Phyn and Ellice was conspicuous. The concluding of a general peace in 1783 set at liberty the stores collected for the Navy, and these were placed at the disposal of the sheriffs, but only to be sold. Government also purchased provisions, and sent them down for sale at prime cost. Among other supplies, large quantities of bad white peas were sent down to the North, which were unpalatable even in that time of famine. The rule was, to give as little as possible; but what was sold by the kirk-sessions was, to a great extent, on credit.

The harvest was as bad as was anticipated; in many instances the people ate their stock sheep and cattle, which, in the winter, it

it became impossible to feed. In some Highland parishes the population broke loose, and seized the cattle and sheep of their neighbours; but the instances of this were very few. In general, the patience of the people was great, and every one exerted himself in his own sphere to meet the evil. Their efforts were so far successful. All accounts agree in stating that not an individual died of absolute want during the long-continued famine, though many fell victims to the diseases which spring from insufficient food, or food of bad quality. The clergy record with just pride the efforts made by all classes, and the honesty of the people in repaying the advances of meal or money to the uttermost farthing. Some with difficulty could do this in seven or eight years, but the accounts agree that *not a penny of the money but was paid at length*. We know instances where gentlemen advanced meal and seed-corn to their poorer hill tenantry; and not only was this all repaid, but for years afterwards the tenants used to send presents of honey, mountain-berries, and other trifles in token of their gratitude.

It was fortunate and remarkable that, during nearly the whole time of distress, employment was plenty in the Low country and wages good, owing greatly to an increased activity in the linen trade. As always happens, the pressure was severest in the Highlands; and the old North Country shepherd still speaks with dismay of 'the year of the white peas.'

Even in better years it was not uncommon, within easy memory, to see harvest, in high districts, in November, and even in December; and it is needless to say the corn was hardly worth reaping; but that has altered, and is altering daily. While cultivation is creeping along the swampy moss and up the rocky hill, into climates formerly unfit for tillage—a new system of drainage has given the means of labouring the land a full fortnight earlier in spring, and brings the corn three weeks sooner to the sickle; indeed, it has visibly improved the climate of whole districts.

When we speak of the progress of Scotland in prosperity and happiness, we must make one large exception. Our remarks are applicable only to the low country and the central and northern Highlands—and not to the long range of western seaboard, indented with its countless *lochs*, nor to that archipelago of isles among whose fastnesses have retreated the last pure remnants of the aborigines. We cannot conclude this imperfect sketch without in a few words adverting to the recent history of these less fortunate districts. At the period when the general improvement began, the old motives which induced the Highland laird to crowd the land of the clan with an idle population, ready for any wild enterprise, were scarcely gone by. It was still honourable and somewhat

somewhat advantageous to be able to raise a regiment in a week. Sons and kinsmen, too gentle to work, were at least provided with commissions; and when Chatham 'trusted to the mountains of the North to carry on the most extensive war in which England had ever been engaged,' the demand for soldiers did in some degree relieve the pressure of over-population. Still the great profit of sheep-husbandry, and the policy of not further encouraging the growth of a population ever and anon on the verge of famine, were beginning to make way in many parts of the Highlands, when two discoveries, almost simultaneous, threw the 'poor Celts back into their old state, or even increased the tendency to over-population. It was found that a weed, growing along the rocky shores of the marine lochs and their thousand islands, might be turned to more account than their narrow or sterile fields. The manufacture of kelp was a work after the Highlander's own heart. It was a crop to reap without the labour and the expense of sowing. It required a few weeks of exertion, and left him long months of that drowsy existence which has now become a part of his nature. When kelp rose to 22*l.* a-ton, the produce was prodigious. The great and sudden increase of Highland incomes might well have turned the heads of the wisest. The proprietor of a few miles of craggy seashore found himself at once in the enjoyment of an affluent fortune. It was not in human nature that such an accident should produce much good. Every laird looked to his income as permanent; but none of it went to improving the land, or bettering the condition of the people. The only care was to spend the money, and to provide hands for reaping the golden harvest. Cottages were crowded along the shores of every loch and bay; no matter whether their occupants could afford a rent or not; they were all useful for the kelp; and if the land could not grow corn for their subsistence, the laird trusted that he would be able to help them in bad seasons. In the meantime he built himself a grand new Castle, Abbey, or Priory—sent his boys to Eton and Oxford—and imported the most costly habits of the great English landholders.

But another plant had still more extensive influence. Soon after the pacification of 1746 the potato had come into rather general use in the low country; but it was still used only in small quantities like other vegetables. We have heard from men whose memory extended back over the latter half of the last century, that in their youth it was a common trick of school-boys in the low country to steal potatoes from their neighbour's garden for roasting at the kiln-fire, in the same way as it has been the privilege at all times for schoolboys to pillage apples. But before the end of the century it was found that this plant

— thrive

throve tolerably in the Western Highlands, and in an evil hour it was discovered that it produced a greater quantity of human sustenance than any other crop from the same extent of land. Slow of change as the Highlanders are said to be, they were not slow in learning this lesson; and by-and-bye the cottage of the Celtic kelp-maker had for the most part no tilled land but the potato patch.

Even in the days of war-prices and unnatural prosperity, the Highlanders suffered the evils of such a system. There was no temptation, no motive for exertion. Long before epidemic disease of his food-plant was dreamed of, the potato furnished but an uncertain supply. In good years, indeed, it filled the belly; but an early frost, or a gale from the south-west in autumn, would often spoil the crop; and then, if the laird was not thoughtful of his people, they starved. Too often he was thinking of nothing but the gaieties of London, and the necessity of convincing 'the world' that a *Chief* was as great a man as a *Lord*. But there were no steamers in those days. The Highlanders were distant—not given to be clamorous—and their sufferings were not heard of.

After the general peace, when kelp was supplanted by barilla, and by a yet better substitute—common salt—the first effect was the ruin of a great proportion of the proprietors of the Western Highlands and Isles. Many—we might perhaps say most—of the great estates changed owners; and the gentlemen who still retained the nominal property of their paternal mountains found that they had acquired nothing by their kelp-income to balance the expensive tastes of a few years of prosperity unworked for. As in all other times, the people suffered for the madness of their chiefs. The destruction of the kelp manufacture left the peasantry of the coasts without occupation or resource. They had not been taught or encouraged to cultivate that mine of wealth under the sea. Fishing would have interfered with kelp-making. To extend the cultivation around their cottages required money and food and patient industry—and where were these to be sought in the Highlands? But, moreover, the proprietors were now pushing extensively the system of large sheep-farms; and the poor cottar whose services were once so much prized now began to be termed a squatter, and was in truth a heavy incumbrance on the skirts of the great store-farmer's possession. Their numbers, however, did not decrease. A few attempts were made, indeed, at leading the inhabitants of whole glens to escape from their sufferings at the expense of renouncing what was dearer to them than most men—the land of their forefathers; they carried with them their whole kindred, to plant the names of Scotch clans in Canada; and these
Canadian

Canadian settlers are, we believe, thriving and happy. But the later petty emigration has been a colonial affair, carried on for the benefit of the Australian capitalists, and with little or no consideration of the circumstances or feelings of the Scotch.

Such was the state of the West Highland and Hebridean population at the period of this calamity—the proprietors in general poor and embarrassed—the richer of them but rarely connected with the district by ancient ties, and usually absentees; a respectable tenantry of sheep-farmers—few in numbers, of course;—a considerable population occupying *crofts* or *lots*, paying a rack-rent, and raising barely enough, even when the potato was free from disease, to feed their families;—lastly, the swarm of cottars, with each a mere patch of land for his potatoes, held on sufferance under the sheep-farmer, in consideration of some rural labour. As regards these last two classes, three-fourths of their food consisted of potatoes; and Sir Edward Coffin, with full experience of both countries, is of opinion ‘that the Highlander, or at least the native of these naturally poor and remote Islands, has fewer resources and less inducement to exert himself than the Irish peasant, and that his condition deserves proportionally more watchful attention.’ (*Correspondence, Distress in Scotland*, p. 109; *Blue Book*, 1847.) It was in such circumstances that by the destruction of the potato in the summer of 1846 at least 150,000 of the Highlanders were at once deprived of three-fourths of their food.

It is no wonder that such a calamity should seem at first to paralyze all individual exertion. A universal shout was raised for a grant of money—that Government must feed the starving people—or remove them. But the Scotch advisers of the Government had had experience of similar calamities, though not equal in extent, and were not misled into recommending a mere eleemosynary aid. After much pressure and some talk of strong measures, the most reluctant proprietors—not always the poorest—were brought at length to admit their primary moral obligation to stand between their people and starvation; but many did their duty from the first nobly; not a few, alas! far beyond what their fortunes could bear. Large subscriptions in aid were raised from the lowlands of Scotland, from England, from India and Canada; and our kinsmen of America expressed their share in the general sympathy. 200,000*l.* in all were raised, including 11,000*l.* worth of provisions sent from the United States. Lastly, the Government threw in supplies of food into convenient depôts on the mainland and islands—but to be used only as a last resource, on the failure of all other means. The contributors of this munificent charity and the Government

of the country went hand-in-hand. It was declared that neither money nor food should be given as alms; and if sometimes the local administrators of the charity transgressed that great rule, the evil was corrected as soon as it was discovered. Government officers of the greatest intelligence, and whose stern determination against gratuitous help never blinded them to the sufferings around them, traversed the distressed districts in all directions—and to them mainly it was owing, that in such a pressure, while the idle beggar was refused food, not one individual actually died of want. More cannot be said. The pinching of hunger was too severe and long not to have injured the constitution; and we should be sanguine indeed if we did not fear that the unnatural supply, not earned by their own exertion, may have had moral consequences no less mischievous.

A great deal has been written lately in newspapers about these poor people and their country. Gentlemen from the land of Cockaigne, having for the first time gazed upon a Highland hill in summer sunshine, wonder that every patch of smoother turf on its side is not made into wheat-land; and speak indiscreetly about the laziness and stupidity, and radical inferiority of the Celtic race. We are not quite without pride in our Teutonic birthright; but we would guard against one peculiarity of our race, which refuses to appreciate the good in other natures different from its own. An admirable lesson has been set us in this regard by these officers of the Government; English soldiers and sailors—men of Saxon notions of independence and the duty of exertion—seeing and counteracting the defects of the Highland character, yet treating them as a people spoiled only by ages of neglect and by seclusion from the common occasions and excitements to exertion. Some circumstances occurred which required all their forbearance. One part of the system of relief was to procure employment for the able-bodied on the railways and other great works of the lowlands. Many who knew the people, and knew how difficult it is to move them, had not foreseen that it would be no less difficult to keep them where labour and food were abundant. But before the experiment had been made, Sir Edward Coffin (the chief officer employed) had anticipated all its difficulties:—

‘Employment on the great public works in progress on the mainland is a more promising resource, and might in ordinary cases afford very ready and extensive relief. Unfortunately, however, the habits and prejudices, and in some degree also the disqualifications of the Highlanders oppose serious obstacles to its efficiency. They have a strong dislike to going far from home, caused partly, no doubt, by the native indolence of their character, but founded likewise on less blameable motives, such as ignorance of the language of those among whom they have

have to seek employment, inferior capacity in other respects for the employment sought, the risk of sickness and consequent destitution from contagious disorders, and the difficulty of providing for the care of their families when removed from them. Some of these obstacles might be overcome by the aid of their natural protectors. . . .

'In all instances where the labourers have been previously unaccustomed to work at a distance from their homes, careful management and attentive supervision will be necessary to keep them at their work for any length of time, or to give their families the benefit of the wages which they may earn. One point, I am assured, particularly requires attention, which is to employ them together, under the direction of a person competent to interpret between them and an overseer who may be unacquainted with their language. For want of this precaution, good and intelligent labourers are often treated as stupid and intractable; and under such circumstances it is not surprising that the men themselves should become disgusted with their employment.'—*Reports on Highland Distress*. I. pp. 107–235.

His suggestions were followed, as far as was possible, but still the event in many cases fulfilled his anticipations of ill. Small bands of isles-men—ruminating, sensitive, unused to hard labour, not skilled to handle the pickaxe; their very clothes, the clumsy dread-noughts of fishermen instead of light working gear; knowing no language but Gaelic—found themselves thrust among gangs of rough 'navies;' men of no delicate feelings, nor much consideration, but stalwart workmen, earning double their wages, and ready to jeer the stranger for his woman's work and his Celtic speech. From the first it was hard to bear, and some had not patience to wait till practice should give them skill, and their good behaviour produce its effect on their employers, but gave themselves up to despair, deserted their work, and threw themselves again into the jaws of starvation in their own glens. But these faint hearts were the rare exceptions: the large majority met and overcame their difficulties, and earned a character for good behaviour which more than counterbalanced, in their employers' eyes, their confessed inferiority as workmen.

Of those who remained behind we must not judge too harshly. Captain Elliot, after a long and arduous journey, says:—

'I have been the witness of much individual heart-rending distress, and when the circumstances of sympathy or trifling charity might have invited it, I have never yet known of a murmur or complaint, seen a beggar, or heard of a dishonest act at their greatest need. They rather stifle than display their urgent necessities, to a censurable degree—such is the independent self-respect and national pride, that I pray God we may never break down by injudicious eleemosynary relief.'

Captain Pole speaks with allowable vehemence:—

'The people of these western lands have bartered their independence
of

of character, the liberties of their industry, for the permission to live idly, a weakness always attractive to the human disposition; and in that idleness they have lived from generation to generation, until habits of sloth have become constitutional. Why the lords of the soil permitted such a state of things to grow up may be easily accounted for!

Captain Rose writes:—

‘The people bear their hardships very well, and are too high-spirited to whine and complain, though conscious of the wretched prospect before them, and too thoughtful to undervalue it. They are lazy, however, and sadly want the persevering energy of the Anglo-Saxon race.’

Sir Edward Coffin himself, no apologist for their faults, speaks of their indisposition to honest industry as, perhaps, less a reproach to them than to their superiors; and adds with true consideration—

‘to a half-civilized man, which is the real present condition of the Highland cottars, toil and its recompense united appear in the form of a penalty rather than of a boon.’

We do not say that there is not something in the pure Celt that contrasts unfavourably with the aspiring vigour of the Saxon nature. But there are points in the Highland character which might be made the foundation of much that is amiable and noble. There is a self-respect in all circumstances of apparent degradation, and an uncomplaining endurance of all evils, which seem to us capable of being reared into a manly feeling of independence and a steady, resolute encounter of toil. But it is unsafe to theorise about the natural inferiority of races, and most unjust to act upon such theories. After all, if we look back only a hundred years, the condition of the remoter low countries of Scotland—for example, those marked Anglian settlements, Buchan and Moray—was not higher in the scale of advancement than the West Highlands and Isles now are. How they have thriven since, we have endeavoured to show. May the inhabitants of the opposite coasts follow in their footsteps! In the hand of a good Providence the fearful calamity that has fallen upon them may be the means of improving their social condition. The attention of the public as well as of their landlords is now turned to this interesting and long-neglected race; and if they escape the evils but too generally incident to almsgiving, there is reason to hope for an improvement not only in their physical circumstances but in their moral training. By the census of 1841 the whole population of Scotland was 2,620,000. The population of the districts we have just been speaking of—even adding the Orkney and Shetland Isles, the latter of which suffer from somewhat of the same causes—does not, according to Sir John McNeill, exceed 200,000—a number so manageable that the least sanguine can have no excuse for shrinking from exertion.

As to the rest of Scotland—her beautiful pastoral border—the garden-like fields of Lothian—her broad eastern coast, studded with busy towns and happy villages—her midland valleys—it would be difficult to commend too warmly the efforts of the last century. Her landlords and tenants—the employer and the employed—have hitherto done their duty towards each other; and we have said that a better feeling prevails between the different ranks than in other realms more favoured by nature. But now is a turning point in her destinies. A general poor-law has been created or brought into force over the whole country; and it will require very great care on all sides to guard against the dangers involved in this perhaps inevitable change; lest the humbler classes part with that old feeling of self-respect which has hitherto secured for them the respect of others; lest the hereditary habits of mutual attachment and protection be lost—and with them the most rare and estimable of the national characteristics.

May we crave pardon for one word more of warning. We said something in a late Number of the growing interest felt by Englishmen in the noble sports of the Scotch Highlands. We ventured to foretell much good that might result from it—to the young sportsman training up in a hardy and independent and not unpoetical existence, and to the poor Highlanders who turn their peculiar qualities to account in their service. We spoke of the taste as free from the serious inconveniences and mischiefs of the game-laws of England; and so, if enjoyed with moderation, it might surely be. But of late, some mighty Nimrods have shut up the old accustomed paths through the wilderness, and barred the way to the wandering botanist, as well as to the country clergyman and the native shepherd of the hills. We do not inquire into their legal right. Holding them to have the power, and admitting even that an outlying deer may now and then be scared by a rare visitor of these solitudes—we say the thing is not like the act of English gentlemen. It savours of petty tyranny, and should be amended.

It gives us pleasure to repeat that some of the accounts in the 'New Statistical' are written with proper care and sufficient learning; but it would, we feel, be unjust to make selections, inferring censure on those omitted, without a more careful revision than we have as yet been able to bestow. We have not scrupled to point out such faults of author or editor as most struck us; but we cannot be blind to the vast value of such a sum of National Statistics, impressed with the stamp of locality and actual eye-witnessing. The perusal of the volumes at the present time is attended with some painful and melancholy reflections. Already not a few of the writers are dead—and very many

estimable men, who drew up these descriptions of their parishes as the established ministers, are now preachers in dissenting congregations. When another half-century shall call for a new Statistical Account of Scotland, will the Ministers of the Kirk be more fitted for such a task? Whoever has duly appreciated their many excellent qualities and services, must hope so; but we can say no more. The same poverty in many of the just attainments of the scholar and the divine which disfigures these Reports, has ever since the Revolution, but more and more markedly within the last sixty or seventy years, deprived them (with happy exceptions, no one will doubt) of their proper place and influence among the educated classes. The tendency of a recent regulation, forbidding any man who holds a parish living to hold also an academical chair, must be to increase this mischief: that rash measure ought surely to be repealed. But the clergy are at this day in danger of losing also their former strength—the confidence and attachment of the people. As yet, however, it can hardly be too late for them to stay this evil; and probably their best chance with the people, too, will be in raising the standard of erudition and accomplishment among themselves. The Scotch peasant is much belied if he will not appreciate real sound learning; we hope we are correct in saying that there are even now some symptoms of a longing after a higher education for the clergy; and the hostile energy of the great new body of dissenters, with rival schools of study, may tend to promote it. The old Episcopalian Church of Scotland, moreover, was never, since her statutory downfall, in so flourishing a condition as now—she is every day extending her converts—she is fast raising and filling chapels in districts where but a few years ago the resurrection of Archbishop Leighton in the flesh would have seemed as probable;—she, too, is founding her new institutions of education. If the Established Clergy neglect the signs of the times, let them look to it.

- ART. III.—1. *Materials for a History of Oil-Painting.* By Charles Lock Eastlake, R.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Secretary to the Royal Commission for promoting the Fine Arts in Connexion with the Rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, &c. &c. London, 1847.
2. *Theophili, qui et Rugerus, Presbyteri et Monachi, Libri III. de Diversis Artibus: seu Diversarum Artium Scheda.* (*An Essay upon Various Arts, in Three Books, by Theophilus, called*

called also Rugerus, Priest and Monk, forming an Encyclopædia of Christian Art of the Eleventh Century. Translated, with Notes, by Robert Hendrie.) London, 1847.

THE stranger in Florence who for the first time passes through the iron gate which opens from the Green Cloister of Santa Maria Novella into the Spezieria, can hardly fail of being surprised, and that perhaps painfully, by the suddenness of the transition from the silence and gloom of the monastic enclosure, its pavement rough with epitaphs, and its walls retaining, still legible, though crumbling and mildewed, their imaged records of Scripture History, to the activity of a traffic not less frivolous than flourishing, concerned almost exclusively with the appliances of bodily adornment or luxury. Yet perhaps, on a moment's reflection, the rose-leaves scattered on the floor, and the air filled with odour of myrtle and myrrh, aloes and cassia, may arouse associations of a different and more elevated character; the preparation of these precious perfumes may seem not altogether unfitting the hands of a religious brotherhood—or if this should not be conceded, at all events it must be matter of rejoicing to observe the evidence of intelligence and energy interrupting the apathy and languor of the cloister; nor will the institution be regarded with other than respect, as well as gratitude, when it is remembered that, as to the convent library we owe the preservation of ancient literature, to the convent laboratory we owe the duration of mediæval art.

It is at first with surprise not altogether dissimilar, that we find a painter of refined feeling and deep thoughtfulness, after manifesting in his works the most sincere affection for what is highest in the reach of his art, devoting himself for years (there is proof of this in the work before us) to the study of the mechanical preparation of its appliances, and whatever documentary evidence exists respecting their ancient use. But it is with a revulsion of feeling more entire, that we perceive the value of the results obtained—the accuracy of the varied knowledge by which their sequence has been established—and above all, their immediate bearing upon the practice and promise of the schools of our own day.

Opposite errors, we know not which the least pardonable, but both certainly productive of great harm, have from time to time possessed the masters of modern art. It has been held by some that the great early painters owed the larger measure of their power to secrets of material and method; and that the discovery of a lost vehicle or forgotten process might at any time accomplish the regeneration of a fallen school. By others it has been asserted that all questions respecting materials or manipu-

lation are idle and impertinent; that the methods of the older masters were either of no peculiar value, or are still in our power; that a great painter is independent of all but the simplest mechanical aids, and demonstrates his greatness by scorn of system and carelessness of means.

It is evident that so long as incapability could shield itself under the first of these creeds, or presumption vindicate itself by the second; so long as the feeble painter could lay his faults on his pallet and his panel; and the self-conceited painter, from the assumed identity of materials proceed to infer equality of power—(for we believe that in most instances those who deny the evil of our present methods will deny also the weakness of our present works)—little good could be expected from the teaching of the abstract principles of the art; and less, if possible, from the example of any mechanical qualities, however admirable, whose means might be supposed irrecoverable on the one hand, or indeterminate on the other, or of any excellence conceived to have been either summoned by an incantation, or struck out by an accident. And of late, among our leading masters, the loss has not been merely of the system of the ancients, but of all system whatsoever: the greater number paint as if the virtue of oil pigment were its opacity, or as if its power depended on its polish; of the rest, no two agree in use or choice of materials; not many are consistent even in their own practice; and the most zealous and earnest, therefore the most discontented, reaching impatiently and desperately after better things, purchase the momentary satisfaction of their feelings by the sacrifice of security of surface and durability of hue. The walls of our galleries are for the most part divided between pictures whose dead coating of consistent paint, laid on with a heavy hand and a cold heart, secures for them the stability of dullness and the safety of mediocrity; and pictures whose reckless and experimental brilliancy, unequal in its result as lawless in its means, is as evanescent as the dust of an insect's wing, and presents in its chief perfections so many subjects of future regret.

But if these evils now continue, it can only be through rashness which no example can warn, or through apathy which no hope can stimulate, for Mr. Eastlake has alike withdrawn licence from experimentalism and apology from indolence. He has done away with all legends of forgotten secrets; he has shown that the masters of the great Flemish and early Venetian schools possessed no means, followed no methods, but such as we may still obtain and pursue; but he has shown also, among all these masters, the most admirable care in the preparation of materials and the most simple consistency in their use; he has shown that
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their excellence was reached, and could only have been reached, by stern and exact science, condescending to the observance, care, and conquest of the most minute physical particulars and hindrances; that the greatest of them never despised an aid nor avoided a difficulty. The loss of imaginative liberty sometimes involved in a too scrupulous attention to methods of execution is trivial compared to the evils resulting from a careless or inefficient practice. The modes in which, with every great painter, realization falls short of conception are necessarily so many and so grievous, that he can ill afford to undergo the additional discouragement caused by uncertain methods and bad materials. Not only so, but even the choice of subjects, the amount of completion attempted, nay, even the modes of conception and measure of truth are in no small degree involved in the great question of materials. On the habitual use of a light or dark ground may depend the painter's preference of a broad and faithful, or partial and scenic chiaroscuro; correspondent with the facility or fatality of alterations, may be the exercise of indolent fancy, or disciplined invention; and to the complexities of a system requiring time, patience, and succession of process, may be owing the conversion of the ready draughtsman into the resolute painter. Farther than this, who shall say how unconquerable a barrier to all self-denying effort may exist in the consciousness that the best that is accomplished can last but a few years, and that the painter's travail must perish with his life?

It cannot have been without strong sense of this, the true dignity and relation of his subject, that Mr. Eastlake has gone through a toil far more irksome, far less selfish than any he could have undergone in the practice of his art. The value which we attach to the volume depends, however, rather on its preceptive than its antiquarian character. As objects of historical inquiry merely, we cannot conceive any questions less interesting than those relating to mechanical operations generally, nor any honours less worthy of prolonged dispute than those which are grounded merely on the invention or amelioration of processes and pigments. The subject can only become historically interesting when the means ascertained to have been employed at any period are considered in their operation upon or procession from the artistical aim of such period, the character of its chosen subjects, and the effects proposed in their treatment upon the national mind. Mr. Eastlake has as yet refused himself the indulgence of such speculation; his book is no more than its modest title expresses. For ourselves, however, without venturing in the slightest degree to anticipate the expression of his ulterior views—though we believe that we can trace their extent and direction in a few suggestive sentences,

sentences, as pregnant as they are unobtrusive—we must yet, in giving a rapid sketch of the facts established, assume the privilege of directing the reader to one or two of their most obvious consequences, and, like honest 'prentices, not suffer the abstracted retirement of our master in the back parlour to diminish the just recommendation of his wares to the passers by.

Eminently deficient in works representative of the earliest and purest tendencies of art, our National Gallery nevertheless affords a characteristic and sufficient series of examples of the practice of the various schools of painting, after oil had been finally substituted for the less manageable glutinous vehicles which, under the general name of tempera, were principally employed in the production of easel pictures up to the middle of the fifteenth century. If the reader were to make the circuit of this collection for the purpose of determining which picture represented with least disputable fidelity the first intention of its painter, and united in its modes of execution the highest reach of achievement with the strongest assurance of durability, we believe that—after hesitating long over hypothetical degrees of blackened shadow and yellowed light, of lost outline and buried detail, of chilled lustre, dimmed transparency, altered colour, and weakened force—he would finally pause before a small picture on panel, representing two quaintly dressed figures in a dimly lighted room—dependent for its interest little on expression, and less on treatment—but eminently remarkable for reality of substance, vacuity of space, and vigour of quiet colour; nor less for an elaborate finish, united with energetic freshness, which seem to show that time has been much concerned in its production, and has had no power over its fate.

We do not say that the total force of the material is exhibited in this picture, or even that it in any degree possesses the lusciousness and fullness which are among the chief charms of oil-painting; but that upon the whole it would be selected as uniting imperishable firmness with exquisite delicacy; as approaching more unaffectedly and more closely than any other work to the simple truths of natural colour and space; and as exhibiting, even in its quaint and minute treatment, conquest over many of the difficulties which the boldest practice of art involves.

This picture, bearing the inscription 'Johannes Van Eyck (fuit?) hic, 1434,' is probably the portrait, certainly the work, of one of those brothers to whose ingenuity the first invention of the art of oil-painting has been long ascribed. The volume before us is occupied chiefly in determining the real extent of the improvements they introduced, in examining the processes they employed, and in tracing the modifications of those processes
adopted

adopted by later Flomings, especially Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyck. Incidental notices of the Italian system occur, so far as, in its earlier stages, it corresponded with that of the north; but the consideration of its separate character is reserved for a following volume, and though we shall expect with interest this concluding portion of the treatise, we believe that, in the present condition of the English school, the choice of the methods of Van Eyck, Bellini, or Rubens, is as much as we could modestly ask or prudently desire.

It would have been strange indeed if a technical perfection like that of the picture above described (equally characteristic of all the works of those brothers), had been at once reached by the first inventors of the art. So far was this from being the case, and so distinct is the evidence of the practice of oil-painting in antecedent periods, that of late years the discoveries of the Van Eycks have not unfrequently been treated as entirely fabulous; and Raspe, in particular, rests their claims to gratitude on the contingent introduction of amber-varnish and poppy-oil:—‘Such *perhaps*,’ he says, ‘might have been the misrepresented discovery of the Van Eycks.’ That tradition, however, for which the great painters of Italy, and their sufficiently vain historian, had so much respect as never to put forward any claim in opposition to it, is not to be clouded by incautious suspicion. Mr. Eastlake has approached it with more reverence, stripped it of its exaggeration, and shown the foundations for it in the fact that the Van Eycks, though they did not create the art, yet were the first to enable it for its function; that having found it in servile office and with dormant power—laid like the dead Adonis on his lettuce-bed—they gave it vitality and dominion. And fortunate it is for those who look for another such reanimation, that the method of the Van Eycks was not altogether their own discovery. Had it been so, that method might still have remained a subject of conjecture; but after being put in possession of the principles commonly acknowledged before their time, it is comparatively easy to trace the direction of their inquiry and the nature of their improvements.

With respect to remote periods of antiquity, we believe that the use of a hydrofuge oil-varnish for the protection of works in tempera, the only fact insisted upon by Mr. Eastlake, is also the only one which the labour of innumerable ingenious writers has established: nor up to the beginning of the twelfth century is there proof of any practice of painting except in tempera, encaustic (wax applied by the aid of heat), and fresco. Subsequent to that period, notices of works executed in solid colour mixed with oil are frequent, but all that can be proved respecting earlier times

times is a gradually increasing acquaintance with the different kinds of oil and the modes of their adaptation to artistical uses.

Several drying oils are mentioned by the writers of the first three centuries of the Christian era—walnut by Pliny and Galen, walnut, poppy, and castor-oil (afterwards used by the painters of the twelfth century as a varnish) by Dioscorides—yet these notices occur only with reference to medicinal or culinary purposes. But at length a drying oil is mentioned in connexion with works of art by Aetius, a medical writer of the fifth century. His words are:—

‘Walnut oil is prepared like that of almonds, either by pounding or pressing the nuts, or by throwing them, after they have been bruised, into boiling water. The (medicinal) uses are the same: but it has a use besides these, being employed by gilders or encaustic painters; for it dries, and preserves gildings and encaustic paintings for a long time.’

‘It is therefore clear,’ says Mr. Eastlake, ‘that an oil varnish, composed either of inspissated nut oil or of nut oil combined with a dissolved resin, was employed on gilt surfaces and pictures, with a view to preserve them, at least as early as the fifth century. It may be added that a writer who could then state, as if from his own experience, that such varnishes had the effect of preserving works “for a long time,” can hardly be understood to speak of a new invention.’—p. 22.

Linseed-oil is also mentioned by Aetius, though still for medicinal uses only; but a varnish, composed of linseed-oil mixed with a variety of resins, is described in a manuscript at Lucca, belonging probably to the eighth century:—

‘The age of Charlemagne was an era in the arts; and the addition of linseed oil to the materials of the varnisher and decorator may on the above evidence be assigned to it. From this time, and during many ages, the linseed oil varnish, though composed of simpler materials (such as sandarac and mastic resin boiled in the oil), alone appears in the recipes hitherto brought to light.’—*Ib.* p. 24.

The modes of bleaching and thickening oil in the sun, as well as the siccativ power of metallic oxides, were known to the classical writers, and evidence exists of the careful study of Galen, Dioscorides, and others by the painters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries: the loss (recorded by Vasari) of Antonio Veneziano to the arts, ‘per che studio in Dioscoride le cose dell’erbe,’ is a remarkable instance of its less fortunate results. Still, the immixture of solid colour with the oil, which had been commonly used as a varnish for tempera paintings and gilt surfaces, was hitherto unsuggested; and no distinct notice seems to occur of the first occasion of this important step, though in the twelfth century, as above stated, the process is described as frequent both in Italy and England. Mr. Eastlake’s instances have been selected, for the most part, from four treatises; two of which, though in an imperfect

fect form, have long been known to the public; the third, translated by Mrs. Merrifield, is in course of publication; the fourth, 'Tractatus de Coloribus Illuminatorum,' is of less importance.

Respecting the dates of the first two, those of Eraclius and Theophilus, some difference of opinion exists between Mr. Eastlake and their respective editors. The former MS. was published by Raspe,* who inclines to the opinion of its having been written soon after the time of St. Isidore of Seville, probably therefore in the eighth century, but insists only on its being prior to the thirteenth. That of Theophilus, published first by M. Charles de l'Escalopier, and lately from a more perfect MS. by Mr. Hendrie, is ascribed by its English editor (who places Eraclius in the tenth) to the early half of the eleventh century. Mr. Hendrie maintains his opinion with much analytical ingenuity, and we are disposed to think that Mr. Eastlake attaches too much importance to the absence of reference to oil-painting in the *Mappæ Clavicula* (a MS. of the twelfth century), in placing Theophilus a century and a half later on that ground alone. The question is one of some importance in an antiquarian point of view, but the general reader will perhaps be satisfied with the conclusion that in MSS. which cannot possibly be later than the close of the twelfth century, references to oil-painting are clear and frequent.

Nothing is known of the personality of either Eraclius or Theophilus, but what may be collected from their works; amounting, in the first case, to the facts of the author's 'language being barbarous, his credulity exceptionable, and his knowledge superficial,' together with his written description as 'vir sapientissimus;' while all that is positively known of Theophilus is that he was a monk, and that Theophilus was not his real name. The character, however, of which the assumed name is truly expressive, deserves from us no unrespectful attention: we shall best possess our readers of it by laying before them one or two passages from the preface. We shall make some use of Mr. Hendrie's translation; it is evidently the work of a tasteful man, and in most cases renders the feeling of the original faithfully; but the Latin, monkish though it be, deserved a more accurate following, and many of Mr. Hendrie's deviations bear traces of unsound scholarship. An awkward instance occurs in the first paragraph:—

'Theophilus, humilis presbyter, servus servorum Dei, indignus nomine et professione monachi, omnibus mentis desidiam animique vagationem utili manuum occupatione, et delectabili novitatum meditatione declinare et calcare volentibus, retributionem cœlestis præmii!

‘I, Theophilus, an humble priest, servant of the servants of God, unworthy of the name and profession of a monk, to all wishing to overcome or avoid sloth of the mind or wandering of the soul, by useful manual occupation and the delightful contemplation of novelties, send a recompense of heavenly price.’—*Theophilus*, p. 1.

Premium is not ‘price,’ nor is the verb understood before *retributionem* ‘send.’ Mr. Hendrie seems even less familiar with scriptural than with monkish language, or in this and several other cases he would have recognised the adoption of apostolic formulæ. The whole paragraph is such a greeting and prayer as stands at the head of the sacred epistles:—‘Theophilus, to all who desire to overcome wandering of the soul, &c. &c. (wishes) recompense of heavenly reward.’ Thus also the dedication of the Byzantine manuscript, lately translated by M. Didron, commences ‘A tous les peintres, et à tous ceux qui, aimant l’instruction, étudieront ce livre, salut dans le Seigneur.’ So, presently afterwards, in the sentence, ‘divina dignatio quæ dat omnibus affluenter et non impropere’ (translated, ‘divine authority which affluently and not precipitately gives to all’), though Mr. Hendrie might have perhaps been excused for not perceiving the transitive sense of *dignatio* after *indignus* in the previous text, which indeed, even when felt, is sufficiently difficult to render in English; and might not have been aware that the word *impropere* frequently bears the sense of *opprobrio*; he ought still to have recognised the scriptural ‘who giveth to all men liberally and *upbraide*th not.’ ‘Qui,’ in the first page, translated ‘wherefore,’ mystifies a whole sentence; ‘ut innotetur,’ rendered with a school-boy’s carelessness ‘as he merited,’ reverses the meaning of another; ‘jactantia,’ in the following page, is less harmfully but not less singularly translated ‘jealousy.’ We have been obliged to alter several expressions in the following passages, in order to bring them near enough to the original for our immediate purpose.

‘Which knowledge, when he has obtained, let no one magnify himself in his own eyes, as if it had been received from himself, and not from elsewhere; but let him rejoice humbly in the Lord, from whom and by whom are all things, and without whom is nothing; nor let him wrap his gifts in the folds of envy, nor hide them in the closet of an avaricious heart; but all pride of heart being repelled, let him with a cheerful mind give with simplicity to all who ask of him, and let him fear the judgment of the Gospel upon that merchant, who, failing to return to his lord a talent with accumulated interest, deprived of all reward, merited the censure from the mouth of his judge of “wicked servant.”’

‘Fearing to incur which sentence, I, a man unworthy and almost without name, offer gratuitously to all desirous with humility to learn, that which the divine condescension, which giveth to all men liberally and

and upbraideth not, gratuitously conceded to me : and I admonish them that in me they acknowledge the goodness, and admire the generosity of God ; and I would persuade them to believe that if they also add their labour, the same gifts are within their reach.

‘ Wherefore, gentle son, whom God has rendered perfectly happy in this respect, that those things are offered to thee gratis, which many, ploughing the sea waves with the greatest danger to life, consumed by the hardship of hunger and cold, or subjected to the weary servitude of teachers, and altogether worn out by the desire of learning, yet acquire with intolerable labour, covet with greedy looks this “BOOK OF VARIOUS ARTS,” read it through with a tenacious memory, embrace it with an ardent love.

‘ Should you carefully peruse this, you will there find out whatever Greece possesses in kinds and mixtures of various colours ; whatever Tuscany knows of in mosaic-work, or in variety of enamel ; whatever Arabia shows forth in work of fusion, ductility, or chasing ; whatever Italy ornaments with gold, in diversity of vases and sculpture of gems or ivory ; whatever France loves in a costly variety of windows ; whatever industrious Germany approves in work of gold, silver, copper, and iron, of woods and of stones.

‘ When you shall have re-read this often, and have committed it to your tenacious memory, you shall thus recompense me for this care of instruction, that as often as you shall successfully have made use of my work, you pray for me for the pity of Omnipotent God, who knows that I have written these things, which are here arranged, neither through love of human approbation, nor through desire of temporal reward, nor have I stolen anything precious or rare through envious jealousy, nor have I kept back anything reserved for myself alone ; but in augmentation of the honour and glory of His name, I have consulted the progress and hastened to aid the necessities of many men.’—*Ib.* pp. xlvii-li.

There is perhaps something in the naïve seriousness with which these matters of empiricism, to us of so small importance, are regarded by the good monk, which may at first tempt the reader to a smile. It is, however, to be kept in mind that some such mode of introduction was customary in all works of this order and period. The Byzantine MS., already alluded to, is prefaced still more singularly : ‘ Que celui qui veut apprendre la science de la peinture commence à s’y préparer d’avance quelque temps en dessinant sans relache : . . . puis qu’il adresse à Jesus Christ la prière et oraison suivante,’ &c. :—the prayer being followed by a homily respecting envy, much resembling that of Theophilus. And we may rest assured that until we have again begun to teach and to learn in this spirit, art will no more recover its true power or place than springs which flow from no heavenward hills can rise to useful level in the wells of the plain. The tenderness, tranquillity, and resoluteness which we feel in such men’s words and thoughts found a correspondent expression even
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in the movements of the hand; precious qualities resulted from them even in the most mechanical of their works, such as no reward can evoke, no academy teach, nor any other merits replace. What force can be summoned by authority, or fostered by patronage, which could for an instant equal in intensity the labour of this humble love, exerting itself for its own pleasure, looking upon its own works by the light of thankfulness, and finishing all, offering all, with the irrespective profusion of flowers opened by the wayside, where the dust may cover them, and the foot crush them?

Not a few passages conceived in the highest spirit of self-denying piety would, of themselves, have warranted our sincere thanks to Mr. Hendrie for his publication of the manuscript. The practical value of its contents is however very variable; most of the processes described have been either improved or superseded, and many of the recipes are quite as illustrative of the writer's credulity in reception, as generosity in communication. The references to the 'land of Havilah' for gold, and to 'Mount Calybe' for iron, are characteristic of monkish geographical science; the recipe for the making of Spanish gold is interesting, as affording us a clue to the meaning of the mediæval traditions respecting the basilisk. Pliny says nothing about the hatching of this chimera from cocks' eggs, and ascribes the power of killing at sight to a different animal, the catoblepas, whose head, fortunately, was so heavy that it could not be held up. Probably the word 'basiliscus' in Theophilus would have been better translated 'cockatrice.'

'There is also a gold called Spanish gold, which is composed from red copper, powder of basilisc, and human blood, and acid. The Gentiles, whose skilfulness in this art is commendable, make basiliscs in this manner. They have, underground, a house walled with stones every-where, above and below, with two very small windows, so narrow that scarcely any light can appear through them; in this house they place two old cocks of twelve or fifteen years, and they give them plenty of food. When these have become fat, through the heat of their good condition, they agree together and lay eggs. Which being laid, the cocks are taken out and toads are placed in, which may hatch the eggs, and to which bread is given for food. The eggs being hatched, chickens issue out, like hens' chickens, to which after seven days grow the tails of serpents, and immediately, if there were not a stone pavement to the house, they would enter the earth. Guarding against which, their masters have round brass vessels of large size, perforated all over, the mouths of which are narrow, in which they place these chickens, and close the mouths with copper coverings and inter them underground, and they are nourished with the fine earth entering through the holes for six months. After this they uncover them and apply a copious fire, until the animals' inside are completely burnt. Which done, when they

they have become cold, they are taken out and carefully ground, adding to them a third part of the blood of a red man, which blood has been dried and ground. These two compositions are tempered with sharp acid in a clean vessel; they then take very thin sheets of the purest red copper, and anoint this composition over them on both sides, and place them in the fire. And when they have become glowing, they take them out and quench and wash them in the same confection; and they do this for a long time, until this composition eats through the copper, and it takes the colour of gold. This gold is proper for all work.—*Id.* p. 267.

Our readers will find in Mr. Hendrie's interesting note the explanation of the symbolical language of this recipe; though we cannot agree with him in supposing Theophilus to have so understood it. We have no doubt the monk wrote what he had heard in good faith, and with no equivocal meaning; and we are even ourselves much disposed to regret and resist the transformation of toads into nitrates of potash; and of basilisks into sulphates of copper.

But whatever may be the value of the recipes of Theophilus, couched in the symbolical language of the alchemist, his evidence is as clear as it is conclusive, as far as regards the general processes adopted in his own time. The treatise of Peter de St. Audemar, contained in a volume transcribed by Jehan le Begue in 1431, bears internal evidence of being nearly coeval with that of Theophilus. And in addition to these MSS., Mr. Eastlake has examined the records of Ely and Westminster, which are full of references to decorative operations. From these sources it is not only demonstrated that oil-painting, at least in the broadest sense (striking colours mixed with oil on surfaces of wood or stone), was perfectly common both in Italy and England in the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, but every step of the process is determinable. Stone surfaces were primed with white lead mixed with linseed oil, applied in successive coats, and carefully smoothed when dry. Wood was planed smooth (or, for delicate work, covered with leather of horse-skin or parchment), then coated with a mixture of white lead, wax, and pulverized tile, on which the oil and lead priming was laid. In the successive application of the coats of this priming, the painter is warned by Eraclius of the danger of letting the superimposed coat be more oily than that beneath, the shrivelling of the surface being a necessary consequence.

'The observation respecting the cause, or one of the causes, of a wrinkled and shrivelled surface, is not unimportant. Oil, or an oil varnish, used in abundance with the colours over a perfectly dry preparation, will produce this appearance: the employment of an oil varnish is even supposed to be detected by it. . . . As regards the effect itself, the

the best painters have not been careful to avoid it. Parts of Titian's St. Sebastian (now in the Gallery of the Vatican) are shrivelled; the Giorgione in the Louvre is so; the drapery of the figure of Christ in the Duke of Wellington's Correggio exhibits the same appearance; a Madonna and Child by Reynolds, at Petworth, is in a similar state, as are also parts of some pictures by Greuze. It is the reverse of a cracked surface, and is unquestionably the less evil of the two.'—*Eastlake*, pp. 36–38.

On the white surface thus prepared, the colours, ground finely with linseed oil, were applied, according to the advice of Theophilus, in not less than three successive coats, and finally protected with amber or sandarac varnish: each coat of colour being carefully dried by the aid of heat or in the sun before a second was applied, and the entire work before varnishing. The practice of carefully drying each coat was continued in the best periods of art, but the necessity of exposure to the sun intimated by Theophilus appears to have arisen only from his careless preparation of the linseed oil, and ignorance of a proper drying medium. Consequent on this necessity is the restriction in Theophilus, St. Audemar, and in the British Museum MS., of oil-painting to wooden surfaces, because moveable panels could be dried in the sun; while, for walls, the colours are to be mixed with water, wine, gum, or the usual tempera vehicles, egg and fig-tree juice; white lead and verdigris, themselves dryers, being the only pigments which could be mixed with oil for walls. But the MS. of Eraelius and the records of our English cathedrals imply no such absolute restriction. They mention the employment of oil for the painting or varnishing of columns and interior walls, and in quantity very remarkable. Among the entries relating to St. Stephen's chapel, occur—'For 19 flagons of painter's oil, at 3*s.* 4*d.* the flagon, 43*s.* 4*d.*' (It might be as well, in the next edition, to correct the copyist's reverse of the position of the X and L, lest it should be thought that the principles of the science of arithmetic have been progressive, as well as those of art.) And presently afterwards, in May of the same year, 'to John de Hennay, for *seventy* flagons and a half of painter's oil for the painting of the same chapel, at 20*d.* the flagon, 117*s.* 6*d.*' The expression 'painter's oil' seems to imply more careful preparation than that directed by Theophilus, probably purification from its mucilage in the sun; but artificial heat was certainly employed to assist the drying, and after reading of flagons supplied by the score, we can hardly be surprised at finding charcoal furnished by the cartload—see an entry relating to the Painted Chamber. In one MS. of Eraelius, however, a distinct description of a drying oil in the modern sense, occurs,

occurs, white lead and lime being added, and the oil thickened by exposure to the sun, as was the universal practice in Italy.

Such was the system of oil-painting known before the time of Van Eyck; but it remains a question in what kind of works and with what degree of refinement this system had been applied. The passages in Fraclius refer only to ornamental work, imitations of marble, &c.; and although, in the records of Ely cathedral, the words '*pro ymaginibus super columnas depingendis*' may perhaps be understood as referring to paintings of figures, the applications of oil, which are distinctly determinable from these and other English documents, are merely decorative; and 'the large supplies of it which appear in the Westminster and Ely records indicate the coarseness of the operations for which it was required.' Theophilus, indeed, mentions tints for faces—*mixturas rultuum*; but it is to be remarked that Theophilus painted with a liquid oil, the drying of which in the sun he expressly says '*in ymaginibus et aliis picturis diuturnum et tædiosum nimis est*.' The oil generally employed was thickened to the consistence of a varnish. Cennini recommends that it be kept in the sun until reduced one half: and in the Paris copy of Fraclius we are told that 'the longer the oil remains in the sun the better it will be.' Such a vehicle entirely precluded delicacy of execution.

'Paintings entirely executed with the thickened vehicle, at a time when art was in the very lowest state, and when its votaries were ill qualified to contend with unnecessary difficulties, must have been of the commonest description. Armorial bearings, patterns, and similar works of mechanical decoration, were perhaps as much as could be attempted.

'Notwithstanding the general reference to flesh-painting, "*e così in dello incarnare*," in Cennini's directions, there are no certain examples of pictures of the fourteenth century, in which the flesh is executed in oil colours. This leads us to inquire what were the ordinary applications of oil-painting in Italy at that time. It appears that the method, when adopted at all, was considered to belong to the complemental and merely decorative parts of a picture. It was employed in portions of the work only, on draperies, and over gilding and foils. Cennini describes such operations as follows. "Gild the surface to be occupied by the drapery; draw on it what ornaments or patterns you please; glaze the unornamented intervals with verdigris ground in oil, shading some folds twice. Then, when this is dry, glaze the same colour over the whole drapery, both ornaments and plain portions."

'These operations, together with the gilt field round the figures, the stucco decorations, and the carved framework, tabernacle, or *ornamento* itself of the picture, were completed first: the faces and hands, which in Italian pictures of the fourteenth century were always in tempera, were added afterwards, or at all events after the draperies and background were finished. Cennini teaches the practice of all but the carving. In later times the work was divided, and the decorator or gilder

was sometimes a more important person than the painter. Thus some works of an inferior Florentine artist were ornamented with stuccoes, carving, and gilding, by the celebrated Donatello, who, in his youth, practised this art in connexion with sculpture. Vasari observed the following inscription under a picture:—"Simone Cini, a Florentine, wrought the carved work; Gabriello Saracini executed the gilding; and Spinello di Luca, of Arezzo, painted the picture, in the year 1385."—*Ib.* pp. 71, 72 and 80.

We may pause to consider for a moment what effect upon the mental habits of these earlier schools might result from this separate and previous completion of minor details. It is to be remembered that the painter's object in the backgrounds of works of this period (universally, or nearly so, of religious subject) was not the deceptive representation of a natural scene, but the adornment and setting forth of the central figures with precious work—the conversion of the picture, as far as might be, into a gem, flushed with colour and alive with light. The processes necessary for this purpose were altogether mechanical; and those of stamping and burnishing the gold, and of enamelling, were necessarily performed before any delicate tempera-work could be executed. Absolute decision of design was therefore necessary throughout; hard linear separations were unavoidable between the oil-colour and the tempera, or between each and the gold or enamel. General harmony of effect, aerial perspective, or deceptive chiaroscuro, became totally impossible; and the dignity of the picture depended exclusively on the lines of its design, the purity of its ornaments, and the beauty of expression which could be attained in those portions (the faces and hands) which, set off and framed by this splendour of decoration, became the cynosure of eyes. The painter's entire energy was given to these portions; and we can hardly imagine any discipline more calculated to ensure a grand and thoughtful school of art than the necessity of discriminated character and varied expression imposed by this peculiarly separate and prominent treatment of the features. The exquisite drawing of the hand also, at least in outline, remained for this reason even to late periods one of the crowning excellences of the religious schools. It might be worthy the consideration of our present painters whether some disadvantage may not result from the exactly opposite treatment now frequently adopted, the finishing of the head before the addition of its accessories. A flimsy and indolent background is almost a necessary consequence, and probably also a false flesh-colour, irrecoverable by any after-opposition.

The reader is in possession of most of the conclusions relating to the practice of oil-painting up to about the year 1400.

'Its inconveniences were such that tempera was not unreasonably preferred to it for works that required careful design, precision, and completeness. Hence the Van Eycks seem to have made it their first object to overcome the stigma that attached to oil-painting, as a process fit only for ordinary purposes and mechanical decorations. With an ambition partly explained by the previous coarse applications of the method, they sought to raise wonder by surpassing the finish of tempera with the very material that had long been considered intractable. Mere finish was, however, the least of the excellences of these reformers. The step was short which sufficed to remove the self-imposed difficulties of the art; but that effort would probably not have been so successful as it was, in overcoming long-established prejudices, had it not been accompanied by some of the best qualities which oil-painting, as a means of imitating nature, can command.'—*Id.* p. 88.

It has been a question to which of the two brothers, Hubert or John, the honour of the invention is to be attributed. Van Mander gives the date of the birth of Hubert 1366; and his interesting epitaph in the cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent, determines that of his death:—

'Take warning from me, ye who walk over me. I was as you are, but am now buried dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither art nor medicine availed me. Art, honour, wisdom, power, affluence, are spared not when death comes. I was called Hubert Van Eyck; I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honoured in painting; this all was shortly after turned to nothing. It was in the year of the Lord one thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the eighteenth day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God, in sufferings. Pray God for me, ye who love art, that I may attain to His sight. Flee sin; turn to the best [objects]: for you must follow me at last.'

John Van Eyck appears by sufficient evidence to have been born between 1390 and 1395; and, as the improved oil-painting was certainly introduced about 1410, the probability is greater that the system had been discovered by the elder brother than by the youth of 15. What the improvement actually was is a far more important question. Vasari's account, in the *Life of Antonello da Messina*, is the first piece of evidence here examined (p. 205); and it is examined at once with more respect and more advantage than the half-negligent, half-embarrassed wording of the passage might appear either to deserve or to promise. Vasari states that '*Giovanni of Bruges*,' having finished a tempera-picture on panel, and varnished it as usual, placed it in the sun to dry—that the heat opened the joinings—and that the artist, provoked at the destruction of his work—

'began to devise means for preparing a kind of varnish which should dry in the shade, so as to avoid placing his pictures in the sun. Having made experiments with many things, both pure and mixed together,

together, he at last found that linseed-oil and nut-oil, among the many which he had tested, were more drying than all the rest. These, therefore, boiled with *other mixtures of his*, made him the varnish which he, nay, which all the painters of the world, had long desired. Continuing his experiments with many other things, he saw that the immixture of the colours with these kinds of oils gave them a very firm consistence, which, when dry, was proof against wet; and, moreover, that the vehicle lit up the colours so powerfully, that it gave a gloss of itself without varnish; and that which appeared to him still more admirable was, that it allowed of blending [the colours] infinitely better than tempera. Giovanni, rejoicing in this invention, and being a person of discernment, began many works.'

The reader must observe that this account is based upon and clumsily accommodated to the idea, prevalent in Vasari's time throughout Italy, that Van Eyck not merely improved, but first introduced, the art of oil-painting, and that no mixture of colour with linseed or nut oil had taken place before his time. We are only informed of the new and important part of the invention, under the pointedly specific and peculiarly Vasarian expression - 'altre sue misture.' But the real value of the passage is dependent on the one fact of which it puts us in possession, and with respect to which there is every reason to believe it trustworthy, that it was in search of a *Varnish* which would dry in the shade that Van Eyck discovered the new vehicle. The next point to be determined is the nature of the Varnish ordinarily employed, and spoken of by Cennini and many other writers under the familiar title of *Vernice liquida*. The derivation of the word *Vernix* bears materially on the question, and will not be devoid of interest for the general reader, who may perhaps be surprised at finding himself carried by Mr. Eastlake's daring philology into regions poetical and planetary:—

'Eustathius, a writer of the twelfth century, in his commentary on Homer, states that the Greeks of his day called amber (ἤλεκτρον) *Veronice* (βερωνίκη). Salmasius, quoting from a Greek medical MS. of the same period, writes it *Verenice* (βερενίκη). In the Lucca MS. (8th century) the word *Veronica* more than once occurs among the ingredients of varnishes, and it is remarkable that in the copies of the same recipes in the *Mappie Clavicula* (12th century) the word is spelt, in the genitive, *Verenicis* and *Vernicis*. This is probably the earliest instance of the use of the Latinized word nearly in its modern form; the original nominative *Vernice* being afterwards changed to *Vernix*.

'*Veronice* or *Verenice*, as a designation for amber, must have been common at an earlier period than the date of the Lucca MS., since it there occurs as a term in ordinary use. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the letter β was sounded γ by the mediæval Greeks, as it is by their present descendants. Even during the classic ages of Greece β represented

β represented ϕ in certain dialects. The name Berenice or Beronice, borne by more than one daughter of the Ptolemies, would be more correctly written Pherenice or Pheronice. The literal coincidence of this name and its modifications with the Vernice of the middle ages, might almost warrant the supposition that amber, which by the best ancient authorities was considered a mineral, may, at an early period, have been distinguished by the name of a constellation, the constellation of Berenice's (golden) hair.—*Eastlake*, p. 230.

We are grieved to interrupt our reader's voyage among the constellations; but the next page crystallizes us again like ants in amber, or worse, in gum-sandarach. It appears, from conclusive and abundant evidence, that the greater cheapness of sandarach, and its easier solubility in oil rendered it the usual substitute for amber, and that the word Vernice, when it occurs alone, is the common synonym for dry sandarach resin. This, dissolved by heat in linseed oil, three parts oil to one of resin, was the Vernice liquida of the Italians, sold in Cennini's time ready prepared, and the customary varnish of tempera pictures. Concrete turpentine ('oyle of fir-tree,' 'Pece Greca,' 'Pegola'), previously prepared over a slow fire until it ceased to swell, was added to assist the liquefaction of the sandarach, first in Venice, where the material could easily be procured, and afterwards in Florence. The varnish so prepared, especially when it was long boiled to render it more drying, was of a dark colour, materially affecting the tints over which it was passed.*

'It is not impossible that the lighter style of colouring introduced by Giotto may have been intended by him to counteract the effects of this varnish, the appearance of which in the Greek pictures he could not fail to observe. Another peculiarity in the works of the painters of the time referred to, particularly those of the Florentine and Siennese schools, is the greenish tone of their colouring in the flesh; produced by the mode in which they often prepared their works, viz. by a green under-painting. The appearance was neutralized by the red sandarac varnish, and pictures executed in the manner described must have looked better before it was removed.'—*Ib.* p. 252.

Farther on, this remark is thus followed out:—

'The paleness or freshness of the tempera may have been sometimes calculated for this brown glazing (for such it was in effect), and when this was the case, the picture was, strictly speaking, unfinished without its varnish. It is, therefore, quite conceivable that a painter, averse to mere mechanical operations, would, in his final process, still have an eye to the harmony of his work, and, seeing that the tint of his varnish

* The mediæval painters were so accustomed to this appearance in varnishes, and considered it so indispensable, that they even supplied the tint when it did not exist. Thus Cardanus observes that when white of eggs was used as a varnish, it was customary to tinge it with red lead.—*Eastlake*, p. 270.

was more or less adapted to display the hues over which it was spread, would vary that tint, so as to heighten the effect of the picture. The practice of tingeing varnishes was not even new, as the example given by Cardanus proves. The next step to this would be to treat the tempera picture still more as a preparation, and to calculate still further on the varnish, by modifying and adapting its colour to a greater extent. A work so completed must have nearly approached the appearance of an oil picture. This was perhaps the moment when the new method opened itself to the mind of Hubert Van Eyck. The next change necessarily consisted in using opaque as well as transparent colours; the former being applied over the light, the latter over the darker, portions of the picture; while the work in tempera was now reduced to a light *chiaroscuro* preparation. It was now that the hue of the original varnish became an objection; for, as a medium, it required to be itself colourless.'—*Id.* pp. 271–273.

Our author has perhaps somewhat embarrassed this part of the argument, by giving too much importance to the conjectural adaptation of the tints of the tempera picture to the brown varnish, and too little to the bold transition from transparent to opaque colour on the lights. Up to this time, we must remember, the entire drawing of the flesh had been in tempera; the varnish, however richly tinted, however delicately adjusted to the tints beneath, was still broadly applied over the whole surface, the design being seen through the transparent glaze. But the mixture of opaque colour at once implies that portions of the design itself were executed with the varnish for a vehicle, and therefore that the varnish had been entirely changed both in colour and consistence. If, as above stated, the improvement in the varnish had been made only after it had been mixed with opaque colour, it does not appear why the idea of so mixing it should have presented itself to Van Eyck more than to any other painter of the day, and Vasari's story of the split panel becomes nugatory. But we apprehend, from a previous passage (p. 258), that Mr. Eastlake would not have us so interpret him. We rather suppose that we are expressing his real opinion in stating our own, that Van Eyck, seeking for a varnish which would dry in the shade, first perfected the methods of dissolving amber or copal in oil, then sought for and added a good drier, and thus obtained a varnish which, having been subjected to no long process of boiling, was nearly colourless; that in using this new varnish over tempera works he might cautiously and gradually mix it with the opaque colour, whose purity he now found unaffected by the transparent vehicle; and, finally, as the thickness of the varnish in its less perfect state was an obstacle to precision of execution, increase the proportion of its oil to the amber, or add a diluent, as occasion required.

Such,

Such, at all events, in the sum, whatever might be the order or occasion of discovery, were Van Eyck's improvements in the vehicle of colour, and to these, applied by singular ingenuity and affection to the imitation of nature, with a fidelity hitherto unattempted, Mr. Eastlake attributes the influence which his works obtained over his contemporaries:—

'If we ask in what the chief novelty of his practice consisted, we shall at once recognise it in an amount of general excellence before unknown. At all times, from Van Eyck's day to the present, whenever nature has been surprisingly well imitated in pictures, the first and last question with the ignorant has been—What materials did the artist use? The superior mechanical secret is always supposed to be in the hands of the greatest genius; and an early example of sudden perfection in art, like the fame of the heroes of antiquity, was likely to monopolize and represent the claims of many.'—*Id.* p. 266.

This is all true; that Van Eyck saw nature more truly than his predecessors is certain; but it is disputable whether this rendering of nature recommended his works to the imitation of the Italians. On the contrary, Mr. Eastlake himself observes in another place (p. 220), that the character of delicate imitation common to the Flemish pictures militated *against* the acceptance of their method:—

'The specimens of Van Eyck, Hugo van der Goes, Memling, and others, which the Florentines had seen, may have appeared, in the eyes of some severe judges (for example, those who daily studied the frescoes of Masaccio), to indicate a certain connexion between oil painting and minuteness, if not always of size, yet of style. The method, by its very finish and the possible completeness of its gradations, must have seemed well calculated to exhibit numerous objects on a small scale. That this was really the impression produced, at a later period, on one who represented the highest style of design, has been lately proved by means of an interesting document, in which the opinions of Michael Angelo on the character of Flemish pictures are recorded by a contemporary artist.*

It was not, we apprehend, the resemblance to nature, but the abstract power of colour, which inflamed with admiration and jealousy the artists of Italy; it was not the delicate touch nor the precise verity of Van Eyck, but the '*vivacità de' colori*' (says Vasari) which at the first glance induced Antonello da Messina to 'put aside every other avocation and thought, and at once set out for Flanders,' assiduously to cultivate the friendship of *Giovanni*, presenting to him many drawings and other things, until

* 'Si je dis tant de mal de la peinture flamande, ce n'est pas qu'elle soit entièrement mauvaise, mais elle veut *rendre avec perfection* tant de choses, dont une seule suffirait par son importance, qu'elle n'en fait aucune d'une manière satisfaisante.' This opinion of M. Angelo's is preserved by Francisco de Ollanda, quoted by Comte Raczyński, '*Les Arts en Portugal*,' Paris, 1846.

Giovanni, finding himself already old, was content that Antonello should see the method of his colouring in oil, nor then to quit Flanders until he had 'thoroughly learned that process.' It was this process, separate, mysterious, and admirable, whose communication the Venetian, Domenico, thought the most acceptable kindness which could repay his hospitality; and whose solitary possession Castagno thought cheaply purchased by the guilt of the betrayer and murderer; it was in this process, the deduction of watchful intelligence, not by fortuitous discovery, that the first impulse was given to European art. Many a plank had yawned in the sun before Van Eyck's; but he alone saw through the rent, as through an opening portal, the lofty perspective of triumph widening its rapid wedge;—many a spot of opaque colour had clouded the transparent amber of earlier times; but the little cloud that rose over Van Eyck's horizon was 'like unto a man's hand.'

What this process was, and how far it differed from preceding practice, has hardly, perhaps, been pronounced by Mr. Eastlake with sufficient distinctness. One or two conclusions which he has not marked are, we think, deducible from his evidence. In one point, and that not an unimportant one, we believe that many careful students of colouring will be disposed to differ with him: our own intermediate opinion we will therefore venture to state, though with all diffidence.

We must not, however, pass entirely without notice the two chapters on the preparation of oils, and on the oleo-resinous vehicles, though to the general reader the recipes contained in them are of little interest; and in the absence of all expression of opinion on the part of Mr. Eastlake as to their comparative excellence, even to the artist, their immediate utility appears somewhat doubtful. One circumstance, however, is remarkable in all, the care taken by the great painters, without exception, to avoid the yellowing of their oil. Perfect and stable clearness is the ultimate aim of all the processes described (many of them troublesome and tedious in the extreme): and the effect of the altered oil is of course most dreaded on pale and cold colours. Thus Philippe Nunez tells us how to purify linseed oil 'for white and blues;' and Pacheco, 'el de linaza no me quele mal: aunque ai quien diga que no a de ver el Azul ni el Blanco este Azeite.'* De Mayerne recommends poppy oil 'for painting white, blue, and similar colours, so that they shall not yellow;' and in another place, 'for air-tints and blue;'—while the inclination to green is noticed as an imperfection in hempseed oil: so Vasari—speaking of linseed-oil in contemporary practice—'*benchè il noce e meglio,*

* 'Arte de Pintura,' Sevilla, 1649.

perchè ingialla meno.' The Italians generally mixed an essential oil with their delicate tints, including flesh-tints (p. 431). Extraordinary methods were used by the Flemish painters to protect their blues; they were sometimes painted with size, and varnished; sometimes strewed in powder on fresh white-lead (p. 456). Leonardo gives a careful recipe for preventing the change of colour in nut oil, supposing it to be owing to neglect in removing the skin of the nut. His words, given at p. 321, are incorrectly translated; '*una certa bucciolina*,' is not a husk or rind—but '*a thin skin*,' meaning the white membranous covering of the nut itself, of which it is almost impossible to detach all the inner laminæ. This, '*che tiene della natura del mallo*,' Leonardo supposes to give the expressed oil its property of forming a *skin* at the surface.

We think these passages interesting, because they are entirely opposed to the modern ideas of the desirableness of yellow lights and green blues, which have been introduced chiefly by the study of altered pictures. The anxiety of Rubens, expressed in various letters, quoted at p. 516, lest any of his whites should have become yellow, and his request that his pictures might be exposed to the sun to remedy the defect, if it occurred, are conclusive on this subject, as far as regards the feeling of the Flemish painters: we shall presently see that the *coolness* of their light was an essential part of their scheme of colour.

The testing of the various processes given in these two chapters must be a matter of time; many of them have been superseded by recent discoveries. Copal varnish is in modern practice no inefficient substitute for amber, and we believe that most artists will agree with us in thinking that the vehicles now in use are sufficient for all purposes, if used rightly. We shall, therefore, proceed in the first place to give a rapid sketch of the entire process of the Flemish school as it is stated by Mr. Eastlake in the 11th chapter, and then examine the several steps of it one by one, with the view at once of marking what seems disputable, and of deducing from what is certain some considerations respecting the consequences of its adoption in subsequent art.

The ground was with all the early masters pure *white*, plaster of Paris, or washed chalk with size; a preparation which has been employed without change from remote antiquity—witness the Egyptian mummy-cases. Such a ground, becoming brittle with age, is evidently unsafe on canvas, unless exceedingly thin; and even on panel is liable to crack and detach itself, unless it be carefully guarded against damp. The precautions of Van Eyck against this danger, as well as against the warping of his panel, are remarkable instances of his regard to points apparently trivial:—

'In

'In large altar-pieces, necessarily composed of many pieces, it may be often remarked that each separate plank has become slightly convex in front: this is particularly observable in the picture of the Transfiguration by Raphael. The heat of candles on altars is supposed to have been the cause of this not uncommon defect; but heat, if considerable, would rather produce the contrary appearance. It would seem that the layer of paint, with its substratum, slightly operates to prevent the wood from contracting or becoming concave on that side; it might therefore be concluded that a similar protection at the back, by equalizing the conditions, would tend to keep the wood flat. The oak panel on which the picture by Van Eyck in the National Gallery is painted is protected at the back by a composition of gesso, size, and tow, over which a coat of black oil-paint was passed. This, whether added when the picture was executed or subsequently, has tended to preserve the wood (which is not at all wormeaten), and perhaps to prevent its warping.'—*Ib.* pp. 373, 374.

On the white ground, scraped, when it was perfectly dry, till it was 'as white as milk and as smooth as ivory' (Cennini), the outline of the picture was drawn, and its light and shade expressed, usually with the pen, with all possible care; and over this outline a coating of size was applied in order to render the gesso ground *non-absorbent*. The establishment of this fact is of the greatest importance, for the whole question of the true function and use of the gesso ground hangs upon it. That use has been supposed by all previous writers on the technical processes of painting to be, by absorbing the oil, to remove in some degree the cause of yellowness in the colours. Had this been so, the ground itself would have lost its brilliancy, and it would have followed that a dark ground, equally absorbent, would have answered the purpose as well. But the evidence adduced by Mr. Eastlake on this subject is conclusive:—

'Pictures are sometimes transferred from panel to cloth. The front being secured by smooth paper or linen, the picture is laid on its face, and the wood is gradually planed and scraped away. At last the ground appears; first, the "gesso grosso," then, next the painted surface, the "gesso sottile." On scraping this it is found that it is whitest immediately next the colours; for on the inner side it may sometimes have received slight stains from the wood, if the latter was not first sized. When a picture which happens to be much cracked has been oiled or varnished, the fluid will sometimes penetrate through the cracks into the ground, which in such parts had become accessible. In that case the white ground is stained in lines only, corresponding in their direction with the cracks of the picture. This last circumstance also proves that the ground was not sufficiently hard in itself to prevent the absorption of oil. Accordingly, it required to be rendered *non-absorbent* by a coating of size; and this was passed over the outline, before the oil-priming was applied.'—*Ib.* pp. 383, 384.

The perfect whiteness of the ground being thus secured, a transparent warm oil-priming, in early practice flesh-coloured, was usually passed over the entire picture. This custom, says Mr. Eastlake, appears to have been 'a remnant of the old habit of covering tempera pictures with a warm varnish, and was sometimes omitted.' When used it was permitted to dry thoroughly, and over it the shadows were painted in with a rich transparent brown, mixed with a somewhat thick oleo-resinous vehicle; the lighter colours were then added with a thinner vehicle, taking care not to disturb the transparency of the shadows by the unnecessary mixture of opaque pigments, and leaving the ground bearing bright *through the thin lights*. (!) As the art advanced, the lights were more and more loaded, and afterwards glazed, the shadows being still left in untouched transparency. This is the method of Rubens. The later Italian colourists appear to have laid opaque local colour without fear even into the shadows, and to have recovered transparency by ultimate glazing.

Such are the principal heads of the method of the early Flemish masters, as stated by Mr. Eastlake. We have marked as questionable the influence of the ground in supporting the lights: our reasons for doing so we will give, after we have stated what we suppose to be the advantages or disadvantages of the process in its earlier stages, guiding ourselves as far as possible by the passages in which any expression occurs of Mr. Eastlake's opinion.

The reader cannot but see that the *eminent* character of the whole system is its predeterminateness. From first to last its success depended on the decision and clearness of each successive step. The drawing and light and shade were secured without any interference of colour; but when over these the oil-priming was once laid, the design could neither be altered nor, if lost, recovered; a colour laid too opaquely in the shadow destroyed the inner organization of the picture, and remained an irremediable blemish; and it was necessary, in laying colour even on the lights, to follow the guidance of the drawing beneath with a caution and precision which rendered anything like freedom of handling, in the modern sense, totally impossible. Every quality which depends on rapidity, accident, or audacity was interdicted; no affection of ease was suffered to disturb the humility of patient exertion. Let our readers consider in what temper such a work must be undertaken and carried through—a work in which error was irremediable, change impossible—which demanded the drudgery of a student, while it involved the deliberation of a master—in which the patience of a mechanic was to be united with the foresight of a magician—in which no licence could be indulged either to fitfulness of temper or felicity of invention—
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in which haste was forbidden, yet languor fatal, and consistency of conception no less incumbent than continuity of toil. Let them reflect what kind of men must have been called up and trained by work such as this, and then compare the tones of mind which are likely to be produced by our present practice,—a practice in which alteration is admitted to any extent in any stage—in which neither foundation is laid nor end foreseen—in which all is dared and nothing resolved, everything perilled, nothing provided for—in which men play the sycophant in the courts of their humours, and hunt wisps in the marshes of their wits—a practice which invokes accident, evades law, discredits application, despises system, and sets forth with chief exultation, contingent beauty, and extempore invention.

But it is not only the fixed nature of the successive steps which influenced the character of these early painters. A peculiar *direction* was given to their efforts by the close attention to drawing which, as Mr. Eastlake has especially noticed, was involved in the preparation of the design on the white ground. That design was secured with a care and finish which in many instances might seem altogether supererogatory.* The preparation by John Bellini in the Florentine gallery is completed with exhaustless diligence into even the portions farthest removed from the light, where the thick brown of the shadows must necessarily have afterwards concealed the greater part of the work. It was the discipline undergone in producing this preparation which fixed the character of the school. The most important part of the picture was executed not with the brush, but with the point, and the refinements attainable by this instrument dictated the treatment of their subject. Hence the transition to etching and engraving, and the intense love of minute detail, accompanied by an imaginative communication of dignity and power to the smallest forms, in Albert Durer and others. But this attention to minutiae was not the only result; the disposition of light and shade was also affected by the method. Shade was not to be had at small cost; its masses could not be dashed on in impetuous generalization, fields for the future recovery of light. They were measured out and wrought to their depths only by expenditure of toil and time; and, as future grounds for colour, they were necessarily restricted to the *natural* shadow of every object, white being left for high lights of whatever hue. In consequence, the character of pervading daylight, almost inevitably produced in the prepara-

* The preparations of Hemling, at Bruges, we imagine to have been in water-colour, and perhaps the picture was carried to some degree of completion in this material. Van Mander observes that Van Eyck's dead colourings 'were cleaner and sharper than the finished works of other painters.'

tion, was afterwards assumed as a standard in the painting. Effectism, accidental shadows, all obvious and vulgar artistical treatment, were excluded, or introduced only as the lights became more loaded, and were consequently imposed with more facility on the dark ground. Where shade was required in large mass, it was obtained by introducing an object of locally dark colour. The Italian masters who followed Van Eyck's system were in the constant habit of relieving their principal figures by the darkness of some object, foliage, throne, or drapery, introduced behind the head, the open sky being left visible on each side. A green drapery is thus used with great quaintness by John Bellini in the noble picture of the Brera Gallery; a black screen, with marbled veins, behind the portraits of himself and his brother in the Louvre; a crimson velvet curtain behind the Madonna, in Francia's best picture at Bologna. Where the subject was sacred, and the painter great, this system of pervading light produced pictures of a peculiar and tranquil majesty; where the mind of the painter was irregularly or frivolously imaginative, its temptations to accumulative detail were too great to be resisted—the spectator was by the German masters overwhelmed with the copious inconsistency of a dream, or compelled to traverse the picture from corner to corner like a museum of curiosities.

The chalk or pen preparation being completed, and the oil-priming laid, we have seen that the shadows were laid in with a transparent *brown* in considerable body. The question next arises—What influence is this part of the process likely to have had upon the *colouring* of the school? It is to be remembered that the practice was continued to the latest times, and that when the thin light had been long abandoned, and a loaded body of colour had taken its place, the brown transparent shadow was still retained, and is retained often to this day, when asphaltum is used as its base, at the risk of the destruction of the picture. The utter loss of many of Reynolds' noblest works has been caused by the lavish use of this pigment. What the pigment actually was in older times is left by Mr. Eastlake undecided.—

'A rich brown, which, whether an earth or mineral alone, or a substance of the kind enriched by the addition of a transparent yellow or orange, is not an unimportant element of the glowing colouring which is remarkable in examples of the school. Such a colour, by artificial combinations at least, is easily supplied; and it is repeated, that, in general, the materials now in use are quite as good as those which the Flemish masters had at their command.—*Id.* p. 488.

At p. 446 it is also asserted that the peculiar glow of the brown of Rubens is hardly to be accounted for by any accidental variety in the Cassel earths, but was obtained by the mixture of a transparent

parent yellow. Evidence, however, exists of asphaltum having been used in Flemish pictures, and with safety, even though prepared in the modern manner :—

‘It is not ground’ (says De Mayerne), ‘but a drying oil is prepared with litharge, and the pulverized asphaltum mixed with this oil is placed in a glass vessel, suspended by a thread [in a water bath]. Thus exposed to the fire it melts like butter; when it begins to boil it is instantly removed. It is an excellent colour for shadows, and may be glazed like lake; it lasts well.’—*ll.* p. 463.

The great advantage of this primary laying in of the darks in brown was the obtaining an unity of shadow throughout the picture, which rendered variety of hue, where it occurred, an instantly accepted evidence of light. It mattered not how vigorous or how deep in tone the masses of local colour might be, the eye could not confound them with true shadow; it everywhere distinguished the transparent browns as indicative of gloom, and became acutely sensible of the presence and preciousness of light wherever local tints rose out of their depths. But however superior this method may be to the arbitrary use of polychrome shadows, utterly unrelated to the lights, which has been admitted in modern works; and however beautiful or brilliant its results might be in the hands of colourists as faithful as Van Eyck, or as inventive as Rubens; the principle on which it is based becomes dangerous whenever, in assuming that the ultimate hue of every shadow is brown, it pre-supposes a peculiar and conventional light. It is true, that so long as the early practice of finishing the under-drawing with the pen was continued, the grey of that preparation might perhaps diminish the force of the upper colour, which became in that case little more than a glowing varnish—even thus sometimes verging on too monotonous warmth, as the reader may observe in the head of Dandolo, by John Bellini, in the National Gallery. But when, by later and more impetuous hands, the point tracing was dispensed with, and the picture boldly thrown in with the brown pigment, it became matter of great improbability that the force of such a prevalent tint could afterwards be softened or melted into a pure harmony; the painter’s feeling for truth was blunted; brilliancy and richness became his object rather than sincerity or solemnity; with the pallid sense of colour departed the love of light, and the diffused sunshine of the early schools died away in the narrowed rays of Rembrandt. We think it a deficiency in the work before us that the extreme peril of such a principle, incautiously applied, has not been pointed out, and that the method of Rubens has been so highly extolled for its technical perfection, without

without the slightest notice of the gross mannerism into which its facile brilliancy too frequently betrayed the mighty master.

Yet it remains a question how far, under certain limitations and for certain effects, this system of pure brown shadow may be successfully followed. It is not a little singular that it has already been revived in water-colours by a painter who, in his realization of light and splendour of hue, stands without a rival among living schools—Mr. Hunt; his neutral shadows being, we believe, first thrown in frankly with sepia, the colour introduced upon the lights, and the central lights afterwards further raised by body colour, and glazed. But in this process the sepia shadows are admitted only on objects whose local colours are warm or neutral; wherever the tint of the illumined portion is delicate or peculiar, a relative hue of shade is at once laid on the white paper; and the correspondence with the Flemish school is in the use of brown as the ultimate representative of deep gloom, and in the careful preservation of its transparency, not in the application of brown universally as the shade of all colours. We apprehend that this practice represents, in another medium, the very best mode of applying the Flemish system; and that when the result proposed is an effect of vivid colour under bright cool sunshine, it would be impossible to adopt any more perfect means. But a system which in any stage prescribes the use of a certain pigment, implies the adoption of a constant aim, and becomes, in that degree, conventional. Suppose that the effect desired be neither of sunlight nor of bright colour, but of grave colour subdued by atmosphere, and we believe that the use of brown for an ultimate shadow would be highly inexpedient. With Van Eyck and with Rubens the aim was always consistent: clear daylight, diffused in the one case, concentrated in the other, was yet the hope, the necessity of both; and any process which admitted the slightest dimness, coldness, or opacity, would have been considered an error in their system by either. Alike, to Rubens, came subjects of tumult or tranquillity, of gaiety or terror; the nether, earthly, and upper world were to him animated with the same feeling, lighted by the same sun; he dyed in the same lake of fire the warp of the wedding-garment or of the winding-sheet; swept into the same delirium the recklessness of the sensualist, and rapture of the anchorite; saw in tears only their glittering, and in torture only its flush. To such a painter, regarding every subject in the same temper, and all as mere motives for the display of the power of his art, the Flemish system, improved as it became in his hands, was alike sufficient and habitual. But among the greater colourists of Italy the aim was not always so simple nor the method so determinable. We find Tintoret passing like a
fire-fly

fire-fly from light to darkness in one oscillation, ranging from the fullest prism of solar colour to the coldest greys of twilight, and from the silver tinging of a morning cloud to the lava fire of a volcano: one moment shutting himself into obscure chambers of imagery, the next plunged into the revolutionless day of heaven, and piercing space, deeper than the mind can follow or the eye fathom; we find him by turns appalling, pensive, splendid, profound, profuse; and throughout sacrificing every minor quality to the power of his prevalent mood. By such an artist it might, perhaps, be presumed that a different system of colour would be adopted in almost every picture, and that if a *chiaroscuro* ground were independently laid, it would be in a neutral grey, susceptible afterwards of harmony with any tone he might determine upon, and not in the vivid brown which necessitated brilliancy of subsequent effect. We believe, accordingly, that while some of the pieces of this master's richer colour, such as the Adam and Eve in the Gallery of Venice, and we suspect also the miracle of St. Mark, may be executed on the pure Flemish system, the greater number of his large compositions will be found based on a grey shadow; and that this grey shadow was independently laid we have more direct proof in the assertion of Boschini, who received his information from the younger Palma: '*Quando haveva stabilita questa importante distribuzione, abboggiava il quadro tutto di chiaroscuro*;' and we have, therefore, no doubt that Tintoret's well-known reply to the question, 'What were the most beautiful colours?' '*Il nero, e il bianco*,' is to be received in a perfectly literal sense, beyond and above its evident reference to abstract principle. Its main and most valuable meaning was, of course, that the design and light and shade of a picture were of greater importance than its colour; (and this Tintoret felt so thoroughly that there is not one of his works which would seriously lose in power if it were translated into *chiaroscuro*); but it implied also that Tintoret's idea of a shadowed preparation was in grey, and not in brown.

But there is a farther and more essential ground of difference in system of shadow between the Flemish and Italian colourists. It is a well-known optical fact that the colour of shadow is complementary to that of light: and that therefore, in general terms, warm light has cool shadow, and cool light hot shadow. The noblest masters of the northern and southern schools respectively adopted these contrary keys; and while the Flemings raised their lights in frosty white and pearly greys out of a glowing shadow, the Italians opposed the deep and burning rays of their golden heaven to masses of solemn grey and majestic blue. Either, therefore, their preparation must have been different,

different, or they were able, when they chose, to conquer the warmth of the ground by superimposed colour. We believe, accordingly, that Correggio will be found—as stated in the notes of Reynolds quoted at page 495—to have habitually grounded with black, white, and ultramarine, then glazing with golden-transparent colours; while Titian used the most vigorous browns, and conquered them with cool colour in mass above. The remarkable sketch of Leonardo in the Uffizii of Florence is commenced in brown—over the brown is laid an olive green, on which the highest lights are struck with white.

Now it is well known to even the merely decorative painter that no colour can be brilliant which is laid over one of a corresponding key, and that the best ground for any given opaque colour will be a comparatively subdued tint of the complementary one; of green under red, of violet under yellow, and of *orange* or *brown* therefore under *blue*. We apprehend accordingly that the real value of the brown ground with Titian was far greater than even with Rubens; it was to support and give preciousness to cool colour above, while it remained itself untouched as the representative of warm reflexes and extreme depth of transparent gloom. We believe this employment of the brown ground to be the only means of uniting majesty of hue with profundity of shade. But its value to the Fleming is connected with the management of the lights, which we have next to consider. As we here venture for the first time to disagree in some measure with Mr. Eastlake, let us be sure that we state his opinion fairly. He says:—

‘The light warm tint which Van Mander assumes to have been generally used in the oil-priming was sometimes omitted, as unfinished pictures prove. Under such circumstances, the picture may have been executed at once on the sized outline. In the works of Lucas van Leyden, and sometimes in those of Albert Durer, the thin yet brilliant lights exhibit a still brighter ground underneath. (p. 389.) . . . It thus appears that the method proposed by the inventors of oil painting, of preserving light within the colours, involved a certain order of processes. The principal conditions were: first, that the outline should be completed on the panel before the painting, properly so called, was begun. The object, in thus defining the forms, was to avoid alterations and repaintings, which might ultimately render the ground useless without supplying its place. Another condition was to avoid loading the opaque colours. *This limitation was not essential with regard to the transparent colours, as such could hardly exclude the bright ground.* (p. 398.) . . . The system of colouring adopted by the Van Eycks may have been influenced by the practice of glass-painting. They appear, in their first efforts at least, to have considered the white panel as representing light behind a coloured and transparent medium, and aimed at giving brilliancy to their tints by allowing the white ground to shine through them. If those painters and their followers erred, it was in
sometimes

sometimes too literally carrying out this principle. *Their lights are always transparent* (mere white excepted) and their shadows sometimes want depth. This is in accordance with the effect of glass-staining, in which transparency may cease with darkness, but never with light. The superior method of Rubens consisted in preserving transparency chiefly in his darks, and in contrasting their lucid depth with solid lights. (p. 408.) . . . Among the technical improvements on the older process may be especially mentioned the preservation of transparency in the darker masses, the lights being loaded as required. The system of exhibiting the bright ground through the shadows still involved an adherence to the original method of defining the composition at first; and the solid painting of the lights opened the door to that freedom of execution which the works of the early masters wanted.' (p. 490.)

We think we cannot have erred in concluding from these scattered passages that Mr. Eastlake supposes the brilliancy of the high lights of the earlier schools to be attributable to the under power of the white ground. This we admit, so far as that ground gave value to the transparent flesh-coloured or brown preparation above it; but we doubt the transparency of the highest lights, and the power of any white ground to add brilliancy to opaque colours. We have ourselves never seen an instance of a *painted brilliant* light that was not loaded to the exclusion of the ground. Secondary lights indeed are often perfectly transparent, a warm hatching over the under white; the highest light itself may be so—but, then it is the white ground itself subdued by transparent darker colour, not supporting a light colour. In the Van Eyck in the National Gallery all the brilliant lights are loaded; mere white, Mr. Eastlake himself admits, was always so; and we believe that the flesh-colour and carnations are painted with colour as *opaque* as the white head-dress, but fail of brilliancy from not being *loaded enough*; the white ground beneath being utterly unable to add to the power of such tints, while its effect on more subdued tones depended in great measure on its receiving a transparent coat of warm colour first. This may have been sometimes omitted, as stated at p. 389; when it was so, we believe that an utter loss of brilliancy must have resulted; but when it was used, the highest lights must have been raised from it by opaque colour as distinctly by Van Eyck as by Rubens. Rubens' Judgment of Paris is quoted at p. 388 as an example of the best use of the bright-gesso ground:—and how in that picture, how in all Rubens' best pictures, is it used? Over the ground is thrown a transparent, glowing brown tint, varied and deepened in the shadow; boldly over that brown glaze, and into it, are struck and painted the opaque grey middle tints, already concealing the ground totally; and above these are loaded the high lights, like gems, are the sparkling strokes on the peacock's plumes. We believe that

Van Eyck's high lights were either, in proportion to the scale of picture and breadth of handling, as loaded as these, or, in the degree of their thinness, less brilliant. Was then his system the same as Rubens'? Not so; but it differed more in the management of middle tints than in the lights: the main difference was, we believe, between the careful preparation of the gradations of drawing in the one, and the daring assumption of massy light in the other. There are theorists who would assert that their system was the same—but they forget the primal work, with the point, underneath, and all that it implied of transparency above. Van Eyck secured his drawing in dark, then threw a pale transparent middle tint over the whole, and recovered his *highest* lights; all was *transparent* except these. Rubens threw a dark middle tint over the whole at first, and then gave the *drawing* with opaque grey. All was *opaque* except the shadows. No slight difference this, when we reflect on the contrarieties of practice ultimately connected with the opposing principles; above all on the eminent one that, as all Van Eyck's colour, except the high lights, must have been equivalent to a glaze, while the great body of *colour* in Rubens was solid (ultimately glazed occasionally, but not necessarily), it was possible for Van Eyck to mix his tints to the local hues required, with far less danger of heaviness in effect than would have been incurred in the solid painting of Rubens. This is especially noticed by Mr. Eastlake, with whom we are delighted again to concur:—

'The practice of using compound tints has not been approved by colourists; the method, as introduced by the early masters, was adapted to certain conditions, but, like many of their processes, was afterwards misapplied. Vasari informs us that Lorenzo di Credi, whose exaggerated nicety in technical details almost equalled that of Gerard Dow, was in the habit of mixing about thirty tints before he began to work. The opposite extreme is perhaps no less objectionable. Much may depend on the skilful use of the ground. The purest colour in an opaque state and superficially light only, is less brilliant than the foulest mixture through which light shines. Hence, as long as the white ground was visible within the tints, the habit of matching colours from nature (no matter by what complication of hues, provided the ingredients were not chemically injurious to each other) was likely to combine the truth of negative hues with clearness.'—*Ib.*, p. 400.

These passages open to us a series of questions far too intricate to be even cursorily treated within our limits. It is to be held in mind that one and the same quality of colour or kind of brilliancy is not always the best; the phases and phenomena of colour are innumerable in reality, and even the modes of imitating them become expedient or otherwise, according to the aim and scale of the picture. It is no question of mere authority whether

the mixture of tints to a compound one, or their juxtaposition in a state of purity, be the better practice. There is not the slightest doubt that, the ground being the same, a stippled tint is more brilliant and rich than a mixed one; nor is there doubt on the other hand that in some subjects such a tint is impossible, and in others vulgar. We have above alluded to the power of Mr. Hunt in water-colour. The fruit-pieces of that artist are dependent for their splendour chiefly on the juxtaposition of pure colour for compound tints, and we may safely affirm that the method is for such purpose as exemplary as its results are admirable. Yet would you desire to see the same means adopted in the execution of the fruit in Rubens' *Peace and War*? Or again, would the lusciousness of tint obtained by Rubens himself, adopting the same means on a grander scale in his painting of flesh, have been conducive to the ends or grateful to the feelings of the Bellinis or Albert Durer? Each method is admirable as applied by its master; and Hemling and Van Eyck are as much to be followed in the mingling of colour, as Rubens and Rembrandt in its decomposition. If an award is absolutely to be made of superiority to either system, we apprehend that the palm of mechanical skill must be rendered to the latter, and higher dignity of moral purpose confessed in the former; in proportion to the nobleness of the subject and the thoughtfulness of its treatment, simplicity of colour will be found more desirable. Nor is the far higher perfection of drawing attained by the earlier method to be forgotten. Gradations which are expressed by delicate execution of the *darks*, and then aided by a few strokes of recovered light, must always be more subtle and true than those which are struck violently forth with opaque colour; and it is to be remembered that the handling of the brush, with the early Italian masters, approached in its refinement to drawing with the point—the more definitely, because the work was executed, as we have just seen, with little change or play of local colour. And—whatever discredit the looser and bolder practice of later masters may have thrown on the hatched and pencilled execution of earlier periods—we maintain that this method, necessary in *fresco* and followed habitually in the first oil pictures, has produced the noblest renderings of human expression in the whole range of the examples of art: the best works of Raphael, all the glorious portraiture of Ghirlandajo and Masaccio, all the mightiest achievements of religious zeal in Francia, Perugino, Bellini, and such others. Take as an example in *fresco* Masaccio's hasty sketch of himself, now in the Uffizi; and in oil, the two heads of monks by Perugino in the Academy of Florence; and we shall search in vain for any work

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in portraiture, executed in opaque colours, which could contend with them in depth of expression or in fulness of recorded life—not mere imitative vitality, but chronicled action. And we have no hesitation in asserting that where the object of the painter is expression, and the picture is of a size admitting careful execution, the transparent system, developed as it is found in Bellini or Perugino, will attain the most profound and serene colour, while it will never betray into looseness or audacity. But if in the mind of the painter invention prevail over veneration,—if his eye be creative rather than penetrative, and his hand more powerful than patient—let him not be confined to a system where light, once lost, is as irrecoverable as time, and where all success depends on husbandry of resource. Do not measure out to him his sunshine in inches of gesso; let him have the power of striking it even out of darkness and the deep.

If human life were endless, or human spirit could fit its compass to its will, it is possible a perfection might be reached which should unite the majesty of invention with the meekness of love. We might conceive that the thought, arrested by the readiest means, and at first represented by the boldest symbols, might afterwards be set forth with solemn and studied expression, and that the power might know no weariness in clothing which had known no restraint in creating. But dilation and contraction are for molluscs, not for men; we are not ringed into flexibility like worms, nor gifted with opposite sight and mutable colour like chameleons. The mind which moulds and summons cannot at will transmute itself into that which clings and contemplates; nor is it given to us at once to have the potter's power over the lump, the fire's upon the clay, and the gilder's upon the porcelain. Even the temper in which we behold these various displays of mind must be different; and it admits of more than doubt whether, if the bold work of rapid thought were afterwards in all its forms completed with microscopic care, the result would be other than painful. In the shadow at the foot of Tintoret's picture of the Temptation, lies a broken rock-boulder. The dark ground has been first laid in, of colour nearly uniform; and over it, a few, not more than fifteen or twenty, strokes of the brush, loaded with a light grey, have quarried the solid block of stone out of the vacancy. Probably ten minutes are the utmost time which those strokes have occupied; though the rock is some four feet square. It may safely be affirmed that no other method, however laborious, could have reached the truth of form which results from the very freedom with which the conception has been expressed; but it is not truth of the simplest kind—the definition of a stone, rather than the painting of one—and the lights are in some degree

dead and cold—the natural consequence of striking a mixed opaque pigment over a dark ground. It would now be possible to treat this skeleton of a stone, which could only have been knit together by Tintoret's rough temper, with the care of a Fleming; to leave its fiercely-stricken lights emanating from a golden ground, to gradate with the pen its ponderous shadows, and in its completion, to dwell with endless and intricate precision upon fibres of moss, bells of heath, blades of grass, and films of helian. Love like Van Eyck's would separate the fibres as if they were stems of forest, twine the ribbed grass into fanciful articulation, shadow forth capes and islands in the variegated film, and hang the purple bells in counted chiming. A year might pass away, and the work yet be incomplete, yet would the purpose of the great picture have been better answered when all had been achieved? or if so, is it to be wished that a year of the life of Tintoret (could such a thing be conceived possible) had been so devoted?

We have put in as broad and extravagant a view as possible the difference of object in the two systems of loaded and transparent light; but it is to be remembered that both are in a certain degree compatible, and that whatever exclusive arguments may be adduced in favour of the loaded system apply only to the ultimate stages of the work. The question is not whether the white ground be expedient in the commencement—but how far it must of necessity be preserved to the close? There cannot be the slightest doubt that, whatever the object, whatever the power of the painter, the white ground, as intensely bright and perfect as it can be obtained, should be the base of his operations; that it should be preserved as long as possible, shown wherever it is possible, and sacrificed only upon good cause. There are indeed many objects which do not admit of imitation unless the hand have power of superimposing and modelling the light; but there are others which are equally unsusceptible of every rendering except that of transparent colour over the pure ground.

It appears from the evidence now produced that there are at least three distinct systems traceable in the works of good colourists, each having its own merit and its peculiar application. First, the white ground, with careful chiaroscuro preparation, transparent colour in the middle tints, and opaque high lights only (Van Eyck). Secondly, white ground, transparent brown preparation, and solid painting of lights above (Rubens). Thirdly, white ground, brown preparation, and solid painting both of lights and shadows above (Titian), on which last method indisputably the noblest, we have not insisted, as it has not been examined by Mr. Eastlake. But in all these methods white ground was indispensable. It mattered not what trans-

parent colour were put over it: red, frequently, we believe, by Titian, before the brown shadows—yellow, sometimes by Rubens:—whatever warm tone might be chosen for the key of the composition, and for the support of its greys, depended for its own value upon the white gesso beneath; nor can any system of colour be ultimately successful which excludes it. Noble arrangement, choice, and relation of colour, will indeed redeem and recommend the falsest system: our own Reynolds, and recently Turner, furnish magnificent examples of the power attainable by colourists of high calibre, after the light ground is lost—(we cannot agree with Mr. Eastlake, in thinking the practice of painting first in white and black, with cool reds only, ‘equivalent to its preservation’):—but in the works of both, diminished splendour and sacrificed durability attest and punish the neglect of the best resources of their art.

We have stated, though briefly, the major part of the data which recent research has furnished respecting the early colourists; enough, certainly, to remove all theoretical obstacles to the attainment of a perfection equal to theirs. A few carefully conducted experiments, with the efficient aids of modern chemistry, would probably put us in possession of an amber varnish, if indeed this be necessary, at least not inferior to that which they employed; the rest of their materials are already in our hands, soliciting only such care in their preparation as it ought, we think, to be no irksome duty to bestow. Yet we are not sanguine of the immediate result. Mr. Eastlake has done his duty excellently; but it is hardly to be expected that, after being long in possession of means which we could apply to no profit, the knowledge that the greatest men possessed no better, should at once urge to emulation and gift with strength. We believe that some consciousness of their true position already existed in the minds of many living artists; example had, at least been given by two of our Academicians, Mr. Mulready and Mr. Euy, of a splendour based on the Flemish system, and consistent, certainly, in the first case, with a high degree of permanence; while the main direction of artistic and public sympathy to works of a character altogether opposed to theirs, showed fatally how far more perceptible and appreciable to our present instincts is the mechanism of handling than the melody of hue. Indeed we firmly believe, that of all powers of enjoyment or of judgment, that which is concerned with nobility of colour is least communicable; it is also perhaps the most rare. The achievements of the draughtsman are met by the curiosity of all mankind; the appeals of the dramatist answered by their sympathy; the creatures of imagination acknowledged by their fears; but the voice of the colourist has but the adder’s listening, charm
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he never so wisely. Men vie with each other, untaught, in pursuit of smoothness and smallness—of Carlo Dolci and Van Huysum; their domestic hearts may range them in faithful armies round the throne of Raphael; meditation and labour may raise them to the level of the great mountain pedestal of Buonarrotti—‘*vestito gia de' raggi del pianeta, che meno dritto altrui per ogni calle;*’ but neither time nor teaching will bestow the sense, when it is not innate, of that wherein consists the power of Titian and the great Venetians. There is proof of this in the various degrees of cost and care devoted to the preservation of their works. The glass, the curtain, and the cabinet guard the preciousness of what is petty, guide curiosity to what is popular, invoke worship to what is mighty;—Raphael has his palace—Michael his dome—respect protects and crowds traverse the sacristy and the saloon; but the frescoes of Titian fade in the solitudes of Padua, and the gesso falls crumbled from the flapping canvas, as the sea-winds shake the Scuola di San Rocco.

But if, on the one hand, mere abstract excellence of colour be thus coldly regarded, it is equally certain that no work ever attains enduring celebrity which is eminently deficient in this great respect. Colour cannot be indifferent; it is either beautiful and auxiliary to the purposes of the picture, or false, froward, and opposite to them. Even in the painting of Nature herself, this law is palpable; chiefly glorious when colour is a predominant element in her working, she is in the next degree most impressive when it is withdrawn altogether: and forms and scenes become sublime in the neutral twilight, which were indifferent in the colours of noon. Much more is this the case in the feebleness of imitation; all colour is bad which is less than beautiful; all is gross and intrusive which is not attractive; it repels where it cannot enthrall, and destroys what it cannot assist. It is besides the painter's peculiar craft; he who cannot colour is no painter. It is not painting to grind earths with oil and lay them smoothly on a surface. He only is a painter who can melodize and harmonize *hue*—if he fail in this, he is no member of the brotherhood. Let him etch, or draw, or carve: better the unerring graver than the unfaithful pencil—better the true sling and stone than the brightness of the unproved armour. And let not even those who deal in the deeper magic, and feel in themselves the loftier power, presume upon that power—nor believe in the reality of any success unless that which has been deserved by deliberate, resolute, successive operation. We would neither deny nor disguise the influences of sensibility or of imagination, upon this, as upon every other admirable quality of art;—we know that there is that in the very stroke and fall of the pencil in a master's hand, which creates
•colour

colour with an unconscious enchantment—we know that there is a brilliancy which springs from the joy of the painter's heart—a gloom which sympathizes with its seriousness—a power correlative with its will; but these are all vain unless they be ruled by a seemly caution—a manly moderation—an indivertible foresight. This we think the one great conclusion to be received from the work we have been examining, that all power is vain—all invention vain—all enthusiasm vain—all devotion even, and fidelity vain, unless these are guided by such severe and exact law as we see take place in the developement of every great natural glory; and, even in the full glow of their bright, and burning operation, sealed by the cold, majestic, deep-graven impress of the signet on the right hand of Time.

ART. IV.—*The Princess, a Medley.* By Alfred Tennyson.
London. 12mo. 1848.

IN his lately published 'Notes from Life' which, delightfully as they read in prose, we would gladly have seen embodied in a new 'Task,' with such a cement of imagery and in such a framework of verse as the author of Philip Van Artevelde has at command, Mr. Henry Taylor considers the period when the poet ought to deem himself qualified for the exercise of his vocation on a large scale, and decides that, from the preparations required, this period will not arrive early. After citing the authority and example of Milton, who even in his twenty-ninth year regarded his efforts as a plucking of the 'berries harsh and crude,' and who composed his great Epic in declining age, he observes that 'Milton's poetical faculties, as the history of poetry at large would show, were not of slower growth than those of other poets of the high and intellectual orders,' and that at all events 'the culmination of such poets is in middle life.'

That poets do not reach their zenith, as poets, in early youth, and that poetic works of large compass are not produced before the middle of life, seem to be indisputable positions. Very little poetry, that is not plainly immature and imperfect of its kind, has ever been produced by youths under twenty years of age: many women and aged men have written better poems than even the greatest poets have produced in boyhood. But Mr. Taylor proceeds to say that more illustrious examples of poetical achievement may be found belonging to periods beyond middle life than can be cited as belonging to the periods short of it; and this assertion, if by *middle life* be meant a period not commencing till

* 'Notes, &c., p. 184.—'The Life Poetic.'

after thirty nor terminating till after fifty, involves a view of the subject to which we cannot so readily subscribe. Literary history, we believe, lends considerable support to our opinion, that the poetical faculty, though seldom largely developed in boyhood, has an especial connexion with youth; that in many cases it is full grown while the other intellectual faculties are yet growing; that it often is in the decline while other powers of the mind are in entire vigour. If a large proportion of all the noblest poetry which the world has seen—and this we concede to Mr. Taylor—has been conceived and executed by men between thirty and forty-five; if much that is first-rate in its way has been produced at a still more advanced age; it appears equally true that no small amount of genuine poetry, excellent in its kind and fit to live for its own sake, has proceeded from men under thirty: and if we extend the period of youth till five or six and thirty, we may even say that no small proportion of the finest poetry extant has been written by young men. Are the earlier productions of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Milton immature fruits? are they not 'young, but full-grown poetry, graceful as the beardless Apollo?' It is commonly felt that in *Romeo and Juliet*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Merchant of Venice*, *Richard the Third*, *Henry the Fourth*, the author had reached perfection in one style of poetic art; and the world could scarcely better spare the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*, than part with *Paradise Lost*. Those 'crude and harsh berries,' as their producer with a large poetical licence chose to style them, will ever rank high among the fruits of the poetical vineyard: they are ripe grapes of no mean flavour; in sweetness, if not in the potency of the juice, inferior to none. Jonson is said to have written *Every Man in his Humour* at about two-and-twenty; the *Fox*, the *Alchemist*, and *Silent Woman* by the time he was thirty-six. Beaumont, the associate of Fletcher in some of his finest plays, died at nine-and-twenty. All the more imaginative verse of Pope appeared before he was thirty years old; Thomson's *Seasons* belong to the same period of life; and Burns had immortalized his name at twenty-seven. Gray never produced a better poem—no man has produced a better of its kind—than his *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, and this seems to have been partly done in his twentieth sixth year, when he published some of his best odes, especially the *Prospect of Eton College*. The poetry of Catullus, so perfect in its style, the poetry of Crashaw and of Collins, of Gellert and of Bürger, of Coleridge and Byron for the most part, of Shelley entirely, was the poetry of youth. *Alcaeus*, rather too magnificently styled the British *Lucretius*, published the

Pleasures

Pleasures of Imagination in his twenty-third year. Men differ in their estimate of poetic excellence, and there are some to whom poetry is worth little except as the decorated shrine, the graceful framework of sage reflection and various knowledge of life and affairs; but those who love the poetical for its own sake, even when it teaches nothing but itself, that is, when it merely exhibits the poetical aspect of things, and illustrates a certain mode and attitude of the human mind, will hesitate to admit that the poet ripens as slowly as the statesman or the general, the historian or philosophic divine.

To proceed with our survey. Schiller had written some of the plays on which his poetical reputation rests—*The Robbers* and *Don Carlos*—before he completed his twenty-eighth year. *Wallenstein* he composed about the same period when Dante was occupied with the *Divina Commedia*—the first stage of middle life. Klopstock obtained celebrity by three cantos of the *Messiah* at twenty-four; and Goethe had become poetically famous before he was twenty-five; *Faust* was early planned but late finished; it was composed at intervals during the course of half a century. Sir Walter Scott wrote with youthful spirit both early and late; but the ‘willowy grey’ was hardly peeping out beneath the laurel on his illustrious head, when he delighted the world with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion*. *Thalaba* was written in about six weeks, in Southey’s six-and-twentieth year. The poem breathes of youth all over; it expresses the keenness of youthful sorrow, the ardour of youthful hope, the glow and triumph of youthful joy; yet it is far from boyish or immature. And how was it with the great philosophic poet of our age? It might be supposed that his poetic mind grew, like the oak or the cedar, slowly and gradually, and attained not its full size and adult solidity till a thousand larches of literature, with their slight poverty-stricken foliage, had sprung up and perished around him: yet the fact is that many of the poems on which his genius is most strongly impressed were produced before he had reached the middle of life:—*Tintern Abbey* and the *Old Cumberland Beggar*, for instance, to judge by the dates annexed, must have been written when he was but twenty-seven—ten years before the age when Petrarch obtained the poetic crown. The *Female Vagrant* he composed at about one-and-twenty, and that poem, both in conception and in versification, is very mature in its line. His grand ode on *Intimations of Immortality* was written when he was advancing towards the *mezzo-cornuta*. The writings of his later day are, for some readers, the most beautiful portion of his works; but such is not the feeling of his devoted admirers in general, or of those

those who admire in his productions the most that part which is the most characteristic and *sui generis*—which is based more on nature and less on art, or on natural art rather than that which has been acquired. *Laodamia*, *Dion*, the *White Doe*, and the *Excursion*, belong chiefly to the middle period of his poetic life. His latest poems are marked by delicacy of thought and grace of execution, but there is less of organic growth in them; they are not so lifesome evolved from a central idea as those of his morning and noon-day. In the *Evening Voluntaries*, for example, thoughts and images follow one another, as the snow falls upon the ground, flake after flake, till it forms one pure and shining aggregate: but they do not compose each a distinct whole, strongly individualized, as do most of his earlier poems. We will cherish a hope that, when the author of '*Philip Van Artevelde*' speaks with such warmth of late achievements in poetry, it is the illumined shadow of his own coming performances cast before his mind that inspires such thoughts; that those noble plays which he has already given us are but the precursors of a long line of dramas, which are to crown his head with as many fresh laurels as covered the silver hairs of *Æschylus*.

He maintains, however, that even for amorous poetry there is 'a richer vein than that of youth's temperament, a more attractive art than youth can attain to;' he even thinks that 'the best strains of erotic verse' have been uttered by poets in whom, to quote a line of his own, 'the juices and the vital sap were ebbing from the leaf.' But what is meant by the best strains of erotic verse?—those which play upon the theme of love, or those which express the passion with force and felicity? 'Love-poems,' technically so called, are commonly of the former kind, and perhaps the stores of literature could not furnish a more frigid mass than might be formed out of this species of composition, or one from which more abundant materials for a glittering ice-palace might be obtained. To recall those feelings of youth which are most associated with beauty, and fix them in a poetic medium, as substances once glowing with life are fixed in transparent stone, is an employment well suited to the powers of declining age, and often congenial to the feelings of those who are wearied of the sun and dust upon the thoroughfares of life, and seek with strong desire to revisit the green and shady places which they frequented in youth. But these poems bear the same relation to a powerful display of the passion itself, as the reflection of moonlight in the cold and quiet lake to the 'dazzling deluge' of a midsummer day in 'all the bright severity of noon.' If the 'masters of erotic verse' in this sense were mustered, we should behold the *auburn locks* of youth or early manhood in most of the band. Horace moralized
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on love exquisitely after he had grown fat, and was probably neither a subject nor an object of romantic feelings; his *Quis multa gracilis* is a crystal vase, *splendidior vitro*, of such symmetry that it forms a monument more lasting than brass. But in the earlier plays of Shakspeare, and those of Beaumont, the passion itself seems to glow transfused. The Giaour, the Corsair, the Lara, and Parisina of Lord Byron's youth contain the very image of youthful emotion; and hence they set the world of young readers on fire at their first appearance, though doubtless their thrilling entrancing effect was heightened by circumstances of the hour and personal associations.

The union of this true image of passion with higher poetic art and more food for the imagination than these poems contain, constitutes, in our view, the perfection of love poetry. Shelley and Byron combined might *perhaps* have given us what we find in Romeo and Juliet. 'The sense of proportion'—Mr. Taylor adds—is naturally imperfect in youth, through undue ardour in particulars. Yet the poems of Catullus are models of proportion, and Shelley's Lines to a Lady with a Guitar, which have been justly styled a Catullian strain, would not have acquired more grace had the author re-composed them at the age of the Patriarchs. The Rape of the Lock, so remarkable for ease and polish, was written at four-and-twenty. The truth is, that although the sense of proportion may be improved, yet it is a natural gift, a part of poetic genius, and to perfect this gift not many years of care and training are necessary.

On a general review we think it will appear that the great period for dramatic poetry has been the earlier portion of middle age; for epic poetry the later; that satires and meditative poems—Young's Night Thoughts, and Cowper's Task, for instance—have for the most part belonged to the last stages of a career; although, where satire is combined with action and passion in the drama, it has generally been earlier produced. The satirical genius of Aristophanes was full grown when he put forth his Knights; and that play, as well as the Acharnians, appeared when he was under one-and-twenty, if the conjectured date of his birth, B.C. 444, comes near the truth. Chatterton has been styled 'the marvellous boy'; but the most marvellous boy of whom records are extant is Torquato Tasso, if it be true that he wrote the first six cantos of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* in his seventeenth year: for though of all great poems of permanent reputation it is the least original—and what it derives from Virgil, Dante, and Ariosto is not so transmuted in the alembic of the poet's mind, as in *Comus* and *Paradise Lost* all borrowed materials are subdued to the genius of Milton,—
yet

yet it is unquestionably a creation of genius; and all the best works of Tasso were composed before he had entered far beyond the confines of middle age. On the other hand, of men advanced beyond it, the highest poetic achievements are those of Æschylus, if indeed, he composed the 'Oresteia' not long before its first appearance, at sixty-eight; of Pindar, whose lyrical career commenced with great success at twenty, but whose very finest odes seem to have been composed between his forty-ninth and fifty-sixth year; of Sophocles, who carried away the prize from his master Æschylus at twenty-nine, yet is said to have produced the *Œdipus Coloneus* when he was past eighty; and the later works of Chaucer, of Milton, and of Dryden.

The inquiry what period of a man's life is best fitted for the production of *great* poems—that is, poems on a comprehensive plan—is not precisely the same as the question at what part of man's life does the poetic faculty attain perfection. The poetic feeling and power may be in its prime long before the poet has begun his most extensive work, for that will include a good deal besides poetry or the mere poetical element; whatever treasure of the imagination may have been laid up at an early period, such a poem will not be produced till multifarious materials have been collected from teaching and experience; but will form a channel into which streams from various periods of life will run. Some, indeed, maintain that there is no such distinct poetical faculty as our argument supposes. 'Poetry'—says Mr. Carlyle—'except where the whole consists in extreme sensibility and a certain vague pervading tunefulness of nature, is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest or disjoined from them, but rather the result of their general harmony and completion.' But surely a man may have all other powers in as high perfection as we have reason to suppose great poets in general to have possessed them, and yet be as unable to produce a poem worth reading as to create a new set of stars. Shakspeare could never learn to act well, though he was immeasurably the greatest of dramatists; and that Burns would have excelled in any other department except one, or, as Professor Stewart suggests, 'in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities'—*pere tanti viri* seems to be gratuitously supposed; though there is no endowment that gives a man the air of general power so much as a high gift of imagination, which enables the possessor to be all things in mental discourse, since—

In the compass of his single mind
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
That make all worlds.

We, in short, are of the old and common opinion. We still hold

hold that poetic genius is as truly a distinct gift as a mathematical, a pictorial, or a musical genius—though it is more central than any other, is dependent for its capacity on the scale of the intellect, and takes its colouring from the individual temper and affections. We hold that the poetic power in its essence, the pure poetic spirit, is as distinct an element in the microcosm of the soul, as fire in the system of nature—as distinct a principle as electricity; that it may be described generally as the power of beholding and presenting objects to the mind in pleasurable forms, and corresponds to the beautiful as science to truth, religion and morals to spirituality and goodness. The object of the sublime poetry of the Bible is doubtless to convey truth, not to excite pleasure; but the object of the *form* in which it conveys divine truths was doubtless pleasure; it raises us above the senses by means of them.

We further believe that this peculiar power of using and addressing the imagination common to all men, this power of beholding and bodying forth in pleasurable forms, and of presenting the loveliest and 'happiest attitude of things,' has a special connexion with physical temperament, and is peculiarly stimulated by that condition of body which belongs to youth when it is adult rather than adolescent, or what is called, in reference to corporeal advantages, the prime of life. It will be generally admitted that a youthful vividness of sensation, which the predominance of the reflective and speculative faculties tends to suppress, with the sense of novelty and freshness in all objects with which the mind converses, promotes imaginative energy. Poetic power prolongs youth for the poet, even while his head is prematurely grey; but, perhaps, it is only from impressions carried forward by memory and association of ideas, that any man is able to write poetically in the autumn and winter of his age. Some appear to suppose that every true poet, so he retains a sound mind in a sound body, may continue producing as long as he lives, and the better the older he grows, because as he grows older he becomes wiser and abler. We are rather inclined to believe that the poetic principle has, in each individual to whom it belongs, a certain quantity from the first; that it runs a certain course or cycle and is then exhausted; and that, as many a plant, when its flower has budded, bloomed, and perished, remains erect and flourishing, full of leafy honours, with stem stronger and foliage more affluent than when it was in full blow, so is it with the intellect of man, of which poetry is the soft and fragrant blossom, a green old age it may well have, but only in anomalous cases a florid one. And as the blooming of a plant may be hastened or retarded by circumstances, so the expansion

of poetic growths after they have come into the bud, and even the formation of the bud itself, may be kept back and reserved without being destroyed.

These suggestions are applicable to the productions of that great poet, the late blooming of whose poetic faculty has ever been considered out of the ordinary course. Milton was engaged upon *Paradise Lost* from his forty-seventh till his fifty-eighth year inclusively. The fourth book—a richer strain of verse upon the whole, we think, than any other that can be named to us—has much in common with his youthful poetry, and would probably have been written as early as the great works of Lucretius and Dante, as the *Orlando Furioso*, the *Faery Queen*, and Shakspeare's finest plays, had not affairs of Church and State occupied the poet's time and absorbed his attention. We have proof indeed that he had contemplated the Fall of Man poetically, and composed something towards his great work, before he left Cambridge. We are told by naturalists that butterflies, if they become parents and help to perpetuate their race, have but a short life in the well-dressed stage of their existence; but that if by accident they remain uninated during the sunny season, they may survive a whole winter, then come forth, and, after performing the part for which wings were given them, fall like withered blossoms when the fruit is prepared. So this ærial *Psyche*, the soul within the soul, if by circumstances prevented from accomplishing its whole 'bright business' early, may live through a cold ungenial season of statemanship, or of political strife and polemical controversy—at length when the air is calm and the sun shines may glitter forth to fulfil its splendid mission, then expire. When Milton had expended the reserved portion of youthful heat, his style changed; the latter books of *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes* are fine works in their way, but contain few relics of the 'verdure and the bloom, and all the mighty ravishment' of this great poet's spring. The descriptions of Hell and of Paradise are full of inward fire, glowing unsuppressed amid the staid and solemn pomp by which the poem is characterized. To descend to a lower, yet in our opinion not low example of the reservation of youthful energy—The Borough and the striking ballad of Sir Eustace Grey were written by Crabbe when he was past fifty, after a pause in his poetic life of twenty years. His next work, *The Tales of the Hall*, exhibits a change of style; it deals more with reflection, less with strong emotion, than the former. His last compositions are comparatively feeble. The genius of

* We see no reason to suppose that the really remarkable fragments in the posthumous volumes of Crabbe were works of his advanced age;—the very best of them, *The World of Dreams*, bears strong internal evidence of the Sir Eustace Grey period.

Crabbe would probably have gone through these changes at an earlier period, had he not been diverted from poetry during the middle of life, and might have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf before the author was an old man, as Lord Byron's did very evidently when he had scarcely ceased to be a young one.

This inquiry into the relation between poetic products and the age of producers not improperly introduces a brief notice of a new work from what has been called 'the school of Sensation rather than Reflection;' since to poetry of this class the thoughts which have been thrown out on the reference of the poetical to the youthful in our nature will apply pre-eminently; and we have heard the head of a higher school remark, 'that the productions of these writers have an especial charm for the young, though they do not satisfy all the demands of older minds. The late Mr. A. Hallam well described the character of these writers, when he said: 'so vivid was the delight attending the simple exertions of eye and ear, that it became mingled more and more with their trains of active thought, and tended to absorb their whole being into the energy of sense.' A certain portion of the poetry of Coleridge seems to have been the link between this school and that of Wordsworth; for though elsewhere he shows himself the 'thoughtful poet, eloquent for truth,' yet in the 'Circassian Love Chant,' 'Love,' and 'Kubla Khan,' he set the example of that style of poetry, afterwards extended so far in the hands of Shelley, which describes moods and feelings interpreted by sense rather than thoughts and actions, which interchanges the attributes of the external and internal worlds, now investing the human spirit with a drapery of the forms and colours of nature, now informing nature with the sensations and emotions of man. By comparing the 'Skylark' of Shelley with Mr. Wordsworth's two poems on the same bird, the reader will perceive the characteristic difference which we desire to point out; in the elder example, though outward nature is presented and the senses are called in aid of the poet, yet moral thinking forms the centre of the piece; in the later, vivid painting, fine expression, and the melody of verse are devoted to the illustration of natural feeling, which, though modified by its co-existence with the spiritual and rational, has its seat in a lower part of the soul. Shelley's 'Sensative Plant' may be cited as a representative of this class of productions. He indeed had ambitious aims; he described the actions and passions of men, and sought to recommend, by the attractions of his splendid verse, the visions of an active but not perfectly sane intellect. Still it was in poetry of the former character that he had the most success; the men and women in the 'Revolt of Islam' have scarce more life in them than the snow figures

figures with which, in Southey's beautiful fiction, the father of Leila peopled her solitude; they are all of the Frankenstein brood; the story is incongruous and unnatural, and the philosophy, being, as we hold it, most bewildered, and at best like sweet bells out of tune, never formed an effective alliance with his poetry; while that which was true in his spirit, the poetic power, the mirror of the beautiful, seems to be ever winning him away from the chimeras which an impatient and too resisting spirit engendered in his understanding.

'Mr. Tennyson,' says Mr. A. Hallam, with his earlier performances before him, 'belongs decidedly to the class we have described as the poets of sensation.' 'Mariana in the Moated Grange,' the wild ballad of Oriana, the verses on the Sleeping Beauty, 'The Dying Swan,' and others of his first publications in the same style, raised him at once into high favour with the disciples of the picturesque and sensational school. But the volumes put forth in 1842 contained a fresh set of poems, for the most part in a new vein; and from that date the circle of his admirers became a much wider one.

He has acquired greater popularity than his predecessor; the admiration of Shelley is almost confined to poets or students of poetry, who find in his works interesting studies of the poetical aspect of things; but the brilliant odes and songs of the living writer arrest the attention of those who cannot go far in a pure poetic atmosphere; his ballads and idylls delight numbers who wish but to find in any poem they take in hand a moral lesson or a tale of the heart, in an ornate and compendious form; his gayer movement and lighter touch please many who would be scared by the grave impetuosity of Shelley. Mr. Tennyson, however, stands on higher ground than has just been indicated as the main ground of his *popularity*; he has imagination which the true lovers of poetry can alone fully feel, and a command of diction finer and deeper than is needed for any but their satisfaction; he excels Shelley in liveliness and variety, in the power of portraying ideal personages, enduing them with life and bringing out their characteristics in easy and delightful narrative; he has hardly equalled his predecessor, in the opinion of that writer's admirers, in force of imagination and clearness of expression, and, with respect to sustained dignity and refinement, he certainly falls below him. It is high praise to say that he has sometimes equalled him in the music of verse. The power of music in Shelley's Spenserian stanza, which in its full rich ringing melody appears to combine the sound of flutes and soft recorders with that of liquid musical glasses, has been surpassed by no poet of the present age. In the *art* of numbers, however, Mr. Tennyson cannot be held equal to Shelley; he is often

often successful in the adaptation of metres and 'modulation of words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed;' but at other times his irregular measures are devoid of harmony, and mock the eye with the show of a fine varied lyrical movement, while the ear can make nothing of them or nothing to the purpose. Want of melody was a main fault of his '*Hesperides*,' the exclusion of which from later editions we have heard regretted; we for our part are content to lose sight of 'the sisters three,' and 'the golden apple that hangs over the sea,' and to let the 'red-combed dragon' slumber undisturbed, picturesque as they are, unless 'the threefold music' to which 'the blossom bloweth and the sap floweth' can be brought into better tune.

Among this author's admirers there is (as we have already hinted) no small difference of opinion as to the relative merit of his productions; some, who take little delight in the poetry of the sensational school, as such, think highly of his advances in the region of speculative thought, and value his poems for the warm reflection of the age and striking images of human life which they present; others think that the '*Morte d'Arthur*,' the '*Two Voices*,' '*Love and Duty*,' even '*Dora*' and '*Ulysses*,' would appear less effective were they not read in the glow of feeling excited by his more Titianic productions, and look upon the '*Gardener's Daughter*' and '*Lord Burleigh*' as the best poems in his second volume. It is said, indeed, that '*Lockesley Hall*,' one of his most popular pieces, unites both kinds of power, combining vivid imagery and passionate feeling with the energies of reflection. But by impartial critics, we suspect, this very poem would be cited as evidence that his power lies in depicting moods and feelings rather than in describing trains of reflection, and that when he addresses the intellect his style wants that distinctness and forceful simplicity, which is so necessary to the effective enunciation of thought. That one who has undergone a blight of the affections, and feels as if sudden winter had passed upon his being in all that concerns the heart, should seek a second spring of gladsome emotion in the stir and movement of public events and the interests of social existence, and should at last perceive the vanity of any such attempt to supersede the individual and personal, and to be happy in spite of nature, yet in a mere worldly and natural way—is a thought as old as '*The Excursion*,' for such is the history of the Solitary's mind, told toward the end of the third book, before and after the lines

Thus was I reconverted to the world;
Society became my glittering bride,
And my hopes my children—

and it is curious to compare Mr. Tennyson's rapid discursion

on a theme of this kind with the correct and stately march of Mr. Wordsworth's verse, and the clear succession of his thoughts and images in treating a similar subject. In the passage of 'The Excursion' all is bold, distinct, orderly; in the ballad, thoughts and images are heaped one upon another like storm-clouds gilded by the struggling sunshine. An effect is produced upon the feelings by the exhibition, but the mind is bewildered in attempting to discover its plan. The startling *phenomena* of some of Mr. Turner's later pictures, with their strangely mingled hues and forms—if form that can be called which certain form hath none to the common eye—have been defended on the very deep and wide ground, that so great a painter must know what he is about better than any of his critics, and is a far more competent judge both what Nature is and how she ought to be put into a picture, than men who have not spent their lives in studying her and drawing her portrait. 'This is a sort of apology which Homer and Shakspeare, Raphael and Correggio have never needed. We cannot help thinking that there must be some common ground on which cultivated minds in general and the mind of the painter and the poet can meet, and that this is the true ground of art; though doubtless there is some difficulty in ascertaining what it is, and what cultivation qualifies those who are not themselves painters and poets to judge well of painting and of poetry. Be that as it may, the vision of the world in 'Lockesley Hall' is worthy of Turner in his wildest mood of lavish gorgeousness—more especially 'the argosies of magic sails, pilots of the *purple twilight*, dropping down with costly bales,' and the '*ghostly dew*' that 'rains from the airy navies grappling in the central blue,' together with 'the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorm.' We cannot but think that such a passage as this occurring in an ancient author would become a *locus vexatissimus*; and, after giving rise to a crowd of conjectures, would be dropped as hopelessly corrupt, with sighs of regret to think how fine it would be if it were but intelligible. For it would be gravely observed that 'pilots of the purple twilight' could not 'drop down with costly bales,' or stand in apposition to argosies with magic or any other kind of sails; that navies engaged in conflict do not 'rain dew;' that the south wind can never be 'a world-wide whisper;' and that all this commotion of the elements, though it might be used metaphorically to represent great changes in the social machinery of the world, produces utter confusion when thus huddled in by the side of them, as if the two were homogeneous.* Both

* We cannot forbear adding a few words in connexion with the subject of moral poetry

Both parties of his admirers alike have been looking with lively interest for the appearance of a new publication; but if there are any who have expected to see his poetry condense into the philosophic or expand into the epic style, to them the present performance must be at first a disappointment, although it is such a work as none but a man of genius would have wrought, and worth far more than most philosophies and religions in verse with which the world has been edified. In the extravagance of the plan, in the cast of some of the characters, and sometimes in the flow of the verse, it resembles Beaumont and Fletcher's plays more than any other productions. Those plays, seen in skeleton, would seem incapable of assuming an aspect of beauty; yet by the filling up they become, if not regular beauties, yet very fascinating irregular ones.

'The Princess,' however, is not a drama, nor is it a fairy tale in verse, but a fantastic metrical romance. It commences with a prologue. Sir Walter Vivian gives an entertainment to the people on a summer's day in his grounds. The sports and spectacles denote the advance of science and the taste of the wealthy giver of the feast, 'a great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman—a lord of fat prize oxen and of sheep.' While the festivities are going on, his son and daughter have a playful dispute concerning the rights and duties of nature's 'noblest work, the lasses O,' and the latter declares that if she were a great princess she would found, far off from men, a college for ladies, and teach them all things. In pursuance of this thought the author tells the tale of 'The Princess'—tales being told for pastime—and makes himself the hero—an Adonis of course:—

'A Prince I was, blue-eyed and fair of face,
With lengths of yellow ringlet like a girl,' &c. &c.

The story is composed of such small and numerous parts that a close analysis of it would be tedious; it would be as if one were to display the lacy vein-work of a leaf apart from the cellular tissue, or the anatomy of a butterfly's wing from which all the fine fairy plumage has been brushed away. The Crown-Prince of a country somewhere in the north is betrothed in childhood to the Princess Royal of a country somewhere in the south. Arrived at marriageable years, the damsel, instead of being ready to fulfil her engagement, flies off to a summer palace, granted to

poetry on the Spenserian spirit of a poem by Mr. Milnes, 'The Northern Knight in Italy.' In this production, a subject which Titian might have chosen is treated almost with the tenderness and piety of Perugino or Fra Angelico. It has not the affluence of Spenser, but is remarkable for that interfusion of a Christian spirit with the materials out of which a gay and graceful Polytheism carved a semi-divine system of religion, which is conspicuous in the 'Faery Queen.'

her with some reluctance by her father, King Gama, and there founds an university, in company with two widows (both mothers, too), who have promoted her enthusiasm, and volunteered an active part in bringing it to bear—to wit, the lovely and blooming Lady Psyche, and the Lady Blanche, who has outlasted her natural bloom.

The Prince and his two friends, Florian and Cyril, visit this new university, disguised as women. They are introduced to Ida, *The Princess*, who remarks on their height, but takes them for what they pretend to be ; afterwards Florian is recognised by the Lady Psyche—her ladyship happening to be his sister—and the whole plot of the visitors becomes known not only to her, but also to the pretty daughter of Lady Blanche, by name Melissa, and by and bye to her mother ; but these ladies, from different motives, conceal the fact from their Head, in violation of the rules of the institution, and in disregard of the inscription on the gate, ‘*Let no man enter in on pain of death.*’ Descriptions are given of the college, and some lecturing of one of the professoresses is reported. The strangers accompany the Head and her train on a scientific excursion, to take the dip of certain strata, during which the love of the Prince is converted from a dream into a waking reality, but receives no encouragement from the lofty discourse of the Buckland in petticoats. The whole company enter a satin-domed tent, most elegant and luxurious, and there the adventurers betray themselves in consequence of a brawl between the Prince and Cyril, when the latter gentleman, being affected by the contents of the flask, and at all times ‘given to bursts and starts of revel,’ begins to troll a careless tavern catch, unmeet for ladies. The Princess hastily takes to horse with her maidens, and in flying away falls into a river, whence she is rescued, in accordance with several orthodox precedents, by her lover. Cyril makes his escape ; after a while the Prince and Florian are pursued, seized, and dragged before the princess. Lady Psyche has fled ; Lady Blanche, in spite of a bitter exculpatory harangue, is dismissed ; Melissa remains in the college, by her own wish and her mother’s permission ; and Psyche’s babe is retained by their offended mistress, for her own gratification and the unhappy mother’s punishment.

Next come letters to Ida, one from the good easy little man Gama, informing her that he has fallen into the hands of the prince’s father, by whom he is kept hostage for his son ; another from that stern old gentleman himself, denouncing war. Ida dismisses the prince and his friend with high disdain, causing them to be pushed out of doors by her body-guard. The Prince’s father,

father, on regaining his fair son, releases Gama. Psyche is in despair at being separated from her babe Aglaia, spite of attempts at consolation on the part of Florian and of Cyril:—

‘She veil’d her brows, and prone she sank, and so,
Like tender things that being caught feign death,
Spoke not, nor stirr’d.’—p. 99.

Arac, the stalwart brother of Ida, takes up his sister’s cause, and after some parley and consultation it is agreed that the two parties, that for the Prince and that for the Princess, shall determine the matter by tourney-fight. The lists are prepared and the combatants meet, fifty on either side. Arac and his men prove victorious. The Prince falls grievously wounded in a close encounter, and is left for dead on the field: Cyril and Florian are also among the wounded, and lie in evil case not far from him.

Ida, who has beheld the battle from on high with Psyche’s babe in her arms, is overcome by pity at beholding her lover’s woful plight:—

‘Her iron will was broken in her mind;
Her noble heart was molten in her breast.’—p. 126.

On Cyril’s interference she restores Aglaia to her deeply-distressed mamma. After a warm remonstrance from her own father, who tells her that she has no heart at all, or such

‘As fancies, like the vermin in a nut,
Have fretted all to dust and bitterness,’—p. 134.

and some keen reproaches from the father of the Prince, she becomes reconciled to her once dear friend Psyche, admits her lover and his wounded companions into the college, and sends home till happier times the fair academicians, except a few ‘held sagest,’ who are kept to nurse the sufferers and to advise.

The last portion of the poem shows how Psyche tends Florian, and how Florian, who had been smitten before, obtains the hand and heart of Melissa, who is often present at the nursing; how Cyril, after due difficulty and delay, prospers in his suit with Psyche; how Ida watches over the Prince in his desperate prostration, while he ‘lies silent in the muffled cage of life;’ how sadness falls on her soul at the frustration of her high plans, and how she ‘finds fair peace once more among the sick;’ how, in this critical conjuncture of events and circumstances, she undergoes a change of thoughts, feelings, and purposes; discovers that it is best for women to play a feminine part in the drama of life, and learns to return love for love. In the end she renews her plighted faith, and with a colloquy between the re-affianced pair on the diversity of man and woman, and of their walk in this world, the tale of ‘The Princess’ comes to an end. The subject
of

of the prologue is resumed with spirit and finished in a brief conclusion.

The moral of this poetical history has already been intimated ; it is a truth which has been known and acted on ever since Adam received a helpmate, not to do his work, but other work which he could not do ; the simple truth that woman, in soul as in body, is no duplicate of man, but the complement of his being ; that her sphere of action is not commensurate or parallel with his, but lies within it, sending its soft influence throughout his wider range, so that the two have an undivided interest in the whole. Woman is to man not as one side of a building to the opposite side, but as the lightsome interior of a fabric to the solid and supporting exterior, or as the silken inner vest to the outer tunic of strong cloth. But hear how the Prince gives the lesson himself :—

• For woman is not undevelop't man,
But diverse : could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow—
The man be more of woman, she of man ;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care :
More as the double-natured Poet each—
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.—p. 156.

If any shade of doubt has ever rested on such plain truths as these (and would that Mr. Tennyson always expressed the truths he has to tell with the same perspicuity), it is not merely because we cannot see the soul or measure the intellect, as we can discern the comparative smallness of woman's head or the delicate proportions of her cylindrical arm, but because men have not clearly distinguished between that part of our complex being which is conformed to a mere earthly existence, and that higher portion, the reasonable and moral mind, which is to fit us for a state where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage—that heaven of the soul, spread like a deep blue sky above its earthly part, in which men and women are on an equality. There are two lines of the gentle poet Spenser which are most unchivalrous :—

‘ Of work divine
Those two the first and last proportions are ;
The one imperfect, mortal, feminine,
The other immortal, perfect, masculine.’

Women might say to poets, who speak thus, what the lion said
to

to the statuary; but we beg pardon—modern lionesses have it all their own way in many a man-shaming novel.

The conception of the Princess Ida seems to be derived from the ancient Goddess of the Chace. She is a modified, civilised Diana, who has not quite the heart to slay Actæon outright, but hunts him a little way, and after he has undergone a proper quantity of mangling, takes him into favour, through pure compassion passing off (*ut mos est*) into love. This august damsel is not very interesting to the heart; a goddess may act with boundless severity because she avenges offended godhead; but a mortal maid who deprives a mother of her babe because she has evaded the duty of 'giving three gallant gentlemen to death,' one of them her own brother, all for a capital crime of the lady potentate's own creation, must seem 'a kind of monster' to all the world, let a poet varnish her as he may. For poetry covers a multitude of transgressions; offences against history, chronology, geography, astronomy, zoology, with defiance of probability to an indefinite extent; but a violation of the laws of the heart it never can sanction or illustrate; it never can make fanaticism and inhumanity 'beautiful and fair.' The Princess is too soft to be terrible, and much too hard to be loveable; her talk is a strain of pompous pedantry; but from the haughtiness of her mind and corresponding loftiness of her person she forms a picturesque central object of the group. In the following description she reminds us of Dannecker's Ariadne:—

‘She stood
Among her maidens, higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one
Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he roll’d
And paw’d about her sandal.’—p. 35.

This is a picture of her as seated to judge the intruders:—

‘They baled us to the Princess where she sat
High in the hall: above her droop’d a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,
Prophet of storm: a handmaid on each side
Bow’d toward her, combing out her long black hair
Damp from the river; and close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women blowz’d with health, and wind, and rain,
And labour.’—p. 78.

Behold her again as she watches the combat:—

‘I glanced to the left, and saw the palace-front
Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies’ eyes,
And highest among the statues, statuelike,
Between a cymbal’d Miriam and a Jacl,

With

With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us—
 A single band of gold about her hair,
 Like a Saint's glory up in heaven : but she
 No saint—inexorable—no tenderness—
 Too hard—too cruel.'—p. 118.

It will be a relief to turn to Psyche and her child :—

' Back again we crost the court
 To Lady Psyche's : as we enter'd in,
 There sat along the forms, like morning doves
 That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
 A patient range of pupils ; she herself
 Erect behind a desk of satin-wood,
 A quick brunette, well moulded, falcon-eyed,
 And on the hither side, or so she look'd,
 Of twenty summers. At her left, a child,
 In shining draperies, headed like a star,
 Her maiden babe, a double April old,
 Aglaia slept.'—p. 28.

It was a sweet thought to show the babe sleeping amid the pomp and glory of the scene, and all the high-toned lecturing and recitation,—the elegies and odes—

' With scraps of thund'rous Epic lilted out
 By violet-hooded Doctors.'—p. 42.

Around this bright and gentle-hearted Lady Psyche hangs the chief interest of the piece, and all the most touching situations are those in which she is concerned. Her lecture is a pretty mockery of feminine pretensions to learning and argument : her interview with Florian is a pleasing mixture of the sportive and the tender ; and her maternal emotions on losing and on regaining her babe are among those deeper passages of the poem which excite a regret that the whole is not more serious. The match made up between her and that wild youth Cyril is of doubtful propriety. Widows, however young, ought not to marry in romances :—but romances are mortal and fallible things, and we must take their beauties and their faults together and be thankful.

The Senior Tutoress is described in some lines which we must call violent :—

' How might a man not wander from his wits
 Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept mine own
 Intent upon the Princess, where she sat
 Among her grave Professors, scattering gems
 Of Art and Science : only Lady Blanche,
 A double-rouged and treble-wrinkled Dame,
 With all her faded Autumns falsely brown,
 Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat
 In act to spring.'—p. 45.

How should this painted mummy contrive to be the mother of the budding charmer thus sketched?—

‘Back started she, and turning round we saw
The Lady Blanche’s daughter where she stood,
Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown
That clad her like an April daffodilly
(Her mother’s colour), with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
As bottom agates seem to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.’—p. 39.

What a pity to break this pretty picture by that harsh stroke about the mother’s faded hue!—and daffodils are not April guests, but ‘take the winds of *March* with beauty.’

The three gallant gentlemen we rather hear than see in the course of the poem: there is the enamoured Prince, who pleads eloquently for himself in his own supposed absence; the fraternal Florian, the Prince’s ‘shadow and half-self;’ and Cyril, a gentleman ‘of broken means (his father’s fault),’ who finds in the younger dowager one ‘dear to his heart,’ and, in the three castles her ladyship is possessed of, what is ‘dear to his wants.’ This youth is a sample of the modern school of breeding, which abounds more in admiration than in reverence. After hearing the college lecture, instead of being filled with awe and wonder, he breaks out thus to Florian:—

‘And much I might have said, but that my zone
Unmann’d me: then the Doctors! O to hear
The Doctors! O to watch the thirsty plants
Imbibing! Once or twice I thought to roar,
To break my chain, to shake my mane.’ &c.—p. 44.

‘They hunt old trails,’ said Cyril, ‘very well.—But when did woman ever yet invent?’ His friend, the Prince, says of *him*, apologizing for his frolicsome song,

‘These flashes on the surface are not he.
He has a solid base of temperament:
But as the waterlily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho’ anchor’d to the bottom, such is he.’—p. 77.

The second title of this lively performance points out its principal defect; it is a *medley*, and, we must think, a somewhat incongruous one. The fearless intermixture of the modes and phrases of all ages, past and present, is a resource better fitted for a brief *jeu d’esprit* than for a work of this compass—but that is not the worst. The main web of the tale is a gossamer fabric, and can ill

ill sustain the heavy embroidery raised upon it: the low key at which it is pitched indisposes the mind for the higher strains to which the piece changes. A hero, 'blue-eyed and fair of face, with lengths of yellow ringlet like a girl,' who when he has 'tweezered out the slender blossom of manhood that lives on his lip and cheek,' passes well for a tall young lady, can hardly grow in the course of a few moons into a fitting mate for a magnificent Princess—

'Liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than this man's earth.'

Then he is so 'huffed and cuffed and disrespeckit,' so contumeliously treated and 'disprinc'd from head to heel,' that he never gains the dignity of a hero in the eyes of the reader. Again, the trifling and mockery of the earlier parts of the poem seem out of keeping with a triumphal hymn, in imitation of the Song of Deborah, 'Our enemies are fallen, are fallen,' and so on, after the style of the 'great dame of Lapidoth.' Perhaps no man has harmonized discordant elements, and brought matter for a smile into close connexion with matter of the heart, so successfully as Ariosto; but he was successful because these diverse materials were in some sort harmonized in his own mind from the first; he does not bring the tragic into collision with the comic, but fuses the two together, by an art fetched from the depths of his own individual nature. In his varied strain, Death wears light grey instead of sable robes; and Love, as you look on him, seems ever ready to turn into a gamesome Mercury: his torch flames fiercely, but it burns in the open air, and Mirth cools the atmosphere around by the fanning of his soft gauzy pinions. A strong unicorn is better than a feeble lion, and his poem, though Tasso declares him to have formed it *quasi animal d'incerta natura*, is by many (or most) preferred to the more regular 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

Another general remark we must venture to make;—we question whether in a tale so fanciful and impossible as 'The Princess,' a mixture of the supernatural is not almost required, not merely from our habits of association, because fairy and witchery have usually entered into the composition of stories of this cast, but because when we are taken out of the world we know and see about us, the mind looks for some intimation that we are carried into another, which has so far truth and reality, that it is a real product of the collective imagination of man, and has at least a subjective catholicity; without this we have an uncomfortable sensation, on entering the story, as if we were in no place and time at all, and had but a flooring of air to stand

stand upon. If it be alleged that the world is weary of these fictions, this would be a reason for writing more soberly, and with a closer regard to the actual and the possible.

At the risk of being condemned as obtuse by some, and hypercritical by others, we shall proceed to point out a few minor defects which we seem to ourselves to perceive, not only in the present poem, but in the author's productions at large. The first we shall mention is an occasional absence of refinement, and failure of dignity and decorum. This does not amount to a moral fault, but we think it is a poetical one in performances of such a character as his, romantic and elevated, or gay and fanciful; for the grosser material, to the spectator's eye, passes into the other colours of the piece, and takes from that clear, bright, ærial effect, which it should be the writer's aim to produce. Instances of this we are not called upon to multiply. Let it suffice to hear the host of a wayside inn near Ida College tell the Prince and his companions, when anxious to proceed on their invading expedition—

'No doubt that we might make it worth his while—
For him, he revered his liege-lady there;
He always made a point to post with mares;
His daughter and his housemaid were the boys.
The land, he understood, for miles about
Was till'd by women:—all the swine were sows,
And all the dogs'—p. 21.

The second defect is an occasional want of clearness. His meaning is not always transparent through his diction as 'bottom agates through the crystal currents of clear morning seas.' We adduce, in proof of our own stupidity, possibly—the lines which describe the critical moment when Ida's heart is won to her prostrate lover:—

'She turn'd; she paused;
She stoop'd; and with a *great shock of the heart*
Our mouths met: out of languor leapt a cry,
Crown'd Passion from the brinks of death, and up
Along the shuddering senses struck the soul,
And closed on fire with Ida's at the lips.'—p. 149.

The *shock* of this meeting is communicated to the nerves of the reader, and not pleasantly. The last three lines are as obscure as the others are inharmonious: the passage is continued beautifully; it tells how—

'All
Her falsèr self slipt from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love,

And

And down the streaming crystal dropt, and she
Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces, where they deck'd her out
For worship without end.'—p. 150.

We could quote not a few other passages the meaning of which eludes the grasp when we seek to lay hold of it, like those insects which are provided with slippery cases by way of protection.

The third defect we heretics discern is akin to the last; it is an occasional want of truth in imagery and diction. Mr. Tennyson's similes and metaphors for the most part are just and beautiful, and show the fine microscopic eye which every true poet has conjoined with wide and deep vision: as, for instance, that contained in the line, 'more crumpled than a poppy from the sheath.' No flower conveys such an image of disorder as does the poppy, from the number and looseness of its petals; and this observation is as delicate as that of Shakspeare in his 'cinque-spotted cowslip,' and Milton's 'pansy freaked with jet.' But now and then Mr. Tennyson presents us with a similitude in which the likeness is at best very latent. For example,

'I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,
Vague brightness.'—p. 86.

No brightness can be more distinct than that of the moon. Perhaps there is not an object in nature which it is less allowable to take liberties with than this luminary.

We cannot forbear from noticing a fancy which Mr. Tennyson adopted from Shelley, and which we dare to pronounce a falsetto. 'Hast thou heard,' says he to his 'shadowy, dreaming Adeline,'

'With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or, when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell *rings*
To the mosses underneath?'

How dissonant is this notion of *ringing* (a mere play upon words) from the *spirit* and *genius* of the flowery people!—how alien from the soft, silent, succulent realm of flowers! Does it not seem, when the rainbow shines out after the storm, a sign of elemental peace restored, as if the *stillness* of that gleamy kingdom, along with its gay colours, had stolen into the sky? Well has it been said of those voiceless, noiseless fair ones, that

'They thread the earth in silence, in silence build their bowers,

And leaf by leaf in silence show, till they laugh atop, sweet flowers!'

In this same poem we read of the '*language* wherewith Spring
1-14. cowslips on the hill.' Cowslips are not hill flowers; and if

on the score of their few spots, so precisely stated by Shakspeare, they are to be accounted *literary* characters, what a fund of mysterious literature must we ascribe to the foxglove, richly speckled as it is, like the lark's breast, on the inside of its bulging blossom! Our poet, too, persists in comparing a merry fair one's laugh to the screaming of jays and woodpeckers, which is no compliment to the ladies. Sir Walter Scott did not *mean* to compliment them when he described

'—the cry of women, shrill
As gosshawk's whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill.'

It is said, indeed, that, at one season, the woodpecker utters sounds resembling boisterous laughter; but at all times his voice appears to issue from a wooden throat, and his wild cry is in general so dolorously plaintive, that, in troubling the silence of the woods, it seems to express his efforts and his sufferings, and even to confirm whatever the sentimental zoologist, Buffon, has imagined concerning the mean and slavish misery—all work and no play—of woodpecker existence!

The pensiveness of cowslips and joyousness of larks has a kind of *objective reality*—not so the merriment of bluebells and mirth of woodpeckers. To write thus is not to 'pick Nature's pocket,' but to fill it with false coin. The best apology for Mr. Tennyson is to say, as we truly can, that these unrealities of description, so common in modern poetry, are not common, though too frequent, in his.*

Again, Mr. Tennyson is most audacious in the manufacture and perversion of vocables. He turns adjectives into substantives *ad libitum*, and creates more new adverbs than the Whigs, to carry a point, have ever made peerages. Dante and Milton used a similar licence of coining words; it is said, indeed, that the former had

* We do not encounter in classic authors, ancient or modern, these chance kaleidoscope combinations; but the more closely we examine their miniature portraits of natural objects the more faithful we find them. There can be little doubt that, could the ancient hyacinth be resuscitated, a true A I would be found upon its leaves, or at least a nearer resemblance to those letters than can be discerned in the brown warts of the tiger-lily, with which Professor Martin identifies that famous flower. The hyacinth must certainly have been a kind of turn-cap lily with a bulbous root; but probably the species has perished, for the inscription is said to have been formed by *veins*; the tiger-lily has no veins on its petal, and is surely too coarse a flower to have been distinguished by poets, as was the hyacinth. Perhaps the learned Professor did not bear in mind how much those floral accidents, spots, veins, colour, size and number of petals, depend on soil and culture and the florist's art. The little wild flowers remain the same from age to age, while the larger and more showy products of the garden are always varying. Much more happy is the Professor in his suggestion respecting the *ligustrum*—that it is not the privet, which is neither very white nor specially perishable, but the bindweed or large wild convolvulus, which hangs its snowy drapery over the hedges, and soon folds it up into discoloured scrolls—the very emblem of fairness and caducity. 'Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.'

to form the language in which he wrote; still, from the exigencies of his triple-rhymed metre he seems to have used words in a peculiar sense, a sense never generally adopted. Neither did Milton succeed in bringing all his latinisms into general use. But these writers were great enough to consecrate all their novelties and idiosyncrasies; whereas coined words in poems of less weight and reach give them an air of weakness and eccentricity rather than of originality and strength. The only 'touchstone of desert' in such enterprises as these is 'success.' Mr. Tennyson speaks of a tent as being 'lamp-lit from the *inner*.' This is not English, unless he can make it so. His liberties of speech, however, are not so numerous in the present work as in his earlier performances.

A very prevalent fault of style in the present day is one which is sometimes censured under the name of diffuseness, but which may be more properly termed profuseness, and seems to arise, not from rapidity in composing, but from haste in finishing—a foe to real completeness—with the desire to be ever producing an effect, and to hear the shout of applause at every utterance of the Muse, as the mountains re-echo the voice that loudly salutes them. When models of literary excellence were produced in former ages, a writer probably contemplated his work as a whole while he was executing it in detail, and thus kept the detail in order, compressing his matter within a certain sphere to the exclusion or preclusion of much that might be good in itself; whereas now-a-days men pour out sentence after sentence, scene after scene, and think there can be no diffuseness where no idle words are used in the expression of each thought. Poetry, from its nature, is less liable to this defect than prose, and to say that it *characterizes* the compositions of Mr. Tennyson would be unjust—but they are not free from the fault of nimidity. Can the uninspired critic know better than the inspired poet what suits the spirit of his strain? Sometimes, and to some extent, we think, he can; and for this reason, that he has but to be passive and receive the impression, whereas the poet's task is twofold; he has to feel and to express, and in some cases the active part of his business may interfere with the passive part; especially when he resumes a poetic work after the hour of original inspiration is past.

'The Princess' could supply us with but too many instances of apparently elaborate exaggeration. Thus—after the lines already quoted in description of the eight 'daughters of the plough' that stood behind Ida's judgment seat, we read that each of them was

'————— like a spire of land that stands apart,
Cleft from the main, and clang'd about with mews.'

Again—

Again—when the Lady Blanche stoops to ‘updrag Melissa :’—

‘She, half on her mother propt,
Half-drooping from her, turn’d her face, and cast
A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer,
Which melted Florian’s fancy as she hung,
A *Niobëan daughter*, one arm out,
Appealing to the bolts of Heaven!’—p. 83.

Although the versification of ‘The Princess’ is upon the whole agreeable to the ear, yet we regret that it was not rendered smoother and richer throughout. Doubtless it is more difficult to avoid weak and rough lines in a narrative which must comprehend matter not in itself poetic, circumstances and details that are to be succinctly told, than in a composition more limited in its plan; and this may be the sole reason why more of these occur within a given space in ‘The Princess’ than in ‘*Cenone*’ and ‘The Gardener’s Daughter;’ for in some passages the blank verse of the ‘Medley’ is not inferior to any that he has published.

The faults of the poem are soon numbered and ticketed: it is more difficult to do justice to its beauties, for beauty, like happiness, consists of many small parts, and is diffused,—is to be felt more than expressed; while defects, like sorrows and misfortunes, are easily defined. We may describe the characteristic merits of ‘The Princess,’ however, by saying that it unites abundance of lovely imagery with dramatic power. The actors of the piece are all alive; their characters are well delineated by a few strokes, and their emotions are expressed with energy and animation. The early and concluding portions are the happiest; the former in a sportive, the latter in a more serious vein. We must quote a description of undergraduate relaxation in the gardens of Ida’s college:—

‘At last a solemn grace
Concluded, and we sought the gardens: there
One walk’d reciting by herself, and one
In this hand held a volume as to read,
And smoothed a petted peacock down with that:
Some to a low song oar’d a shallop by,
Or under arches of the marble bridge
Hung, shadow’d from the heat: some hid and sought
In the orange thickets: others tost a ball
Above the fountain-jets, and back again
With laughter: others lay about the lawns,
Of the older sort, and murmur’d that their May
Was passing: what was learning unto them?

They

They wish'd to marry ; they could rule a house ;
 Men hated learned women : and to us came
 Melissa, hitting all we saw with shafts
 Of gentle satire, kin to charity,
 That harm'd not.'—pp. 45, 46.

The account of the tourney-fight is extremely spirited, and the first of two songs sung in the tent, where Ida and her company rest after the excursion, is very beautiful to read, though scarcely fit for a harp accompaniment. It runs thus:—

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
 On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more.' — p. 66.

In narrative and dramatic poems each part depends greatly for its full effect on what goes before and what follows after. Neither the gay variety of the tale in its earlier stages, nor the deeper passion of the later ones, can be appreciated in fragments ; and the beauties of this poem approve themselves more on a second perusal, when we read for the sake of the beauties only, and the sense of incongruity is merged in the effect of the whole, than on a first one. It is not without reluctance, therefore, that we detach from the context a part of the description of *Psyche's* reunion with her child:—

' — *Psyche* ever stole
 A little nearer, till the babe that by us,
 Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden brede,
 Lay like a new-fall'n meteor on the grass,
 Uncared for, spied its mother and began

A blind

A blind and babbling laughter, and to dance
 Its body, and reach its falling innocent arms
 And lazy lingering fingers. She the appeal
 Brook'd not, but clamouring out "Mine—mine—not yours,
 It is not yours, but mine : give me the child,"
 Ceased all on tremble : piteous was the cry.
 So stood the unhappy mother open-mouth'd,
 And turn'd each face her way : wan was her cheek
 With hollow watch, her blooming mantle torn,
 Red grief and mother's hunger in her eye,
 And down dead-heavy sank her curls, and half
 The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst
 The laces toward her babe ; but she nor cared
 Nor knew it, clamouring on, till Ida heard,
 Look'd up, and rising slowly from me, stood
 Erect and silent, striking with her glance
 The mother, me, the child.'—p. 123.

We conclude with some lines of an Idyll, which the Princess is reading 'to herself, all in low tones,' beside her lover's couch, when he awakes, 'deep in the night,' after having slept, 'filled thro' and thro' with love, a happy sleep :—

'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height :
 What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
 In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?
 But cease to move so near the Heavens, and come,
 For Love is of the valley, come thou down
 And find him
 azure pillars of the hearth
 Arise to thee ; the children call, and I
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound—
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.'—p. 151.

ART. V.—1. *Estimates for the Effective and Non-Effective Army Services, from 1st of April, 1848, to 31st of March, 1849.*

2. *Ordnance Estimates for the same Year.*

OUR readers will pardon us for declining a minute commentary on some late ministerial and parliamentary proceedings connected with the state of our National Defences. Enough to know that estimates prepared with the utmost solicitude, and offered as the lowest on which the executive could undertake to conduct the business of the country, are subjected

to the investigation of a Select Committee—that the attention of the Committee is especially called to the items of expenditure on our military establishments—and that to the House of Commons has been delegated a trust which the Crown, up to February, 1848, had never permitted to pass out of the hands of its confidential servants. What the immediate effect may be, it is hard to say; how the constitution of our monarchy must eventually suffer from such surgery, there needs no gift of prophecy to foretell. However, out of much evil comes some good. The Committee which examines into the cost of the army and navy can hardly turn away from an inquiry into their fitness for their purposes: and in the hope of contributing our share towards a right understanding of the subject, we now crave attention to the results of some reading and more thought in regard to the constitution of the former body, and its adaptation to the extent and legitimate wants of the empire.

The point at which England ought to aim in the arrangement of her military establishments we take to be this,—that she shall have at all times on foot, and in a state of perfect efficiency, such an amount of force as shall give confidence to her Government in its negotiations with foreign powers, and ensure both the mother country and our innumerable dependencies from the hazard of sustaining loss by a *coup-de-main*. To go further during a season of peace—to recruit our army till it should vie in numbers with those of the Continent—far more to put arms into the hands of our entire male population, because France maintains its National Guard, and Prussia its Landwehr, would, in our opinion, be consummate folly. When states are circumscribed by lines of frontier more imaginary than real, they must always stand towards their neighbours on every side in an attitude more or less of distrust;—the safety of each depends upon its readiness to enter at any moment upon a campaign; and a campaign once opened, no matter on which side or for what cause, must be accepted as the first of a series of movements in a war of conquest. But a war of conquest, or even of aggression, is a sort of game which England will never play again till her rulers shall have lost their senses. There is no conceivable inducement of interest—there is no motive of ambition or vain glory, to lead us into such a blunder. It may be a point of honour with us, and, to a certain extent, of interest too, to keep what we have, no matter how intrinsically worthless many of our foreign possessions may be; but every addition to their number can only increase our difficulties. Our hands are already stretched over a wider extent of the globe's surface than they can conveniently cover.

Our preparations in time of peace should be purely defensive;

ensive; and one glance at the map clearly indicates that our first and chief reliance against sudden danger must always be the navy. Take away from her an absolute supremacy at sea, and England becomes vulnerable at every pore. For if she be involved in a quarrel, and her enemy prove too feeble or timid to risk a descent on Sussex or Hampshire—Malta, the Ionian Islands, Gibraltar, the Mauritius, all offer points of attack; and the loss of the least of these would give a terrible blow to her greatness. Yet, there never was a time, even ere ships could go in the face of adverse winds—or railroads were dreamt of—when, in the judgment of any statesman, it would have been prudent to trust to our navy alone. It supplies to these islands the place of that line of frontier fortresses with which France has covered herself towards Italy and the Low Countries—while it operates towards the colonies as moveable columns do in a country half subdued, by keeping the highway of nations clear, and hindering the communications between head-quarters and posts at a distance from being closed; but more than this it never can effect. No power on earth could carry a British fleet to Paris, to Vienna, to Berlin, or probably to St. Petersburg. The nation which has the command of the sea can harass all the other nations of the world. She can stop or cripple their trade, and devastate any given extent of sea coast; but, assuming her enemy to be both resolute and strong, she may be just as far from arriving at an honourable peace after she shall have had her fill of such operations as she was before they were begun. But more than this—a fleet—a British fleet—may be evaded, even in the Channel. Such things occurred more than once in the course of the late war, when both parties were dependent for the success of their manœuvres on wind and tide and the skill of the seamen. They are at least as likely to occur now: and we would be sorry to answer for the consequences, were England denuded of troops, or were thirty thousand French bayonets at the mouth of the Shannon. England, in short, is bound to keep at all times such an army as shall suffice to garrison effectively and relieve at moderate intervals the whole of her home and foreign possessions; and the description of force which shall best answer these ends, and offer at the same time facilities of expansion and enlargement with the least possible delay, is that which her authorities ought to provide.

A country comparatively safe from sudden attack, and averse from schemes of foreign conquest, may be satisfied with a standing army on a scale very different from what others find necessary. We, on the whole, can afford to sleep soundly in our beds. So long as France shall maintain her four hundred thousand regular troops, Prussia must keep together her two

hundred thousand, and Austria her three hundred and fifty thousand; and of these enormous masses the distribution must always be such as shall enable them, either entire or in portions, to take the field and enter upon a campaign at an hour's notice. Now an army in the field consists of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in just proportions; with engineers, artificers, pontooneers, corps of guides, and we know not how many supplemental bodies more; and it is still incomplete if there be not attached to it as many waggons, horses, and other means of transport as the hazards of service might require. Again, armies, to be effective, must have magazines within reach, to yield supplies of everything whereof the wear and tear in a campaign are incessant, and the want of which renders useless both the skill of a commander and the courage of his troops. Accordingly, the armies of France, Austria, and Prussia are organized in time of peace into separate corps, under their separate leaders; each corps has its distinct portion of the empire to guard; each consists of so many battalions of infantry, so many squadrons of cavalry, so many batteries of cannon, and so many brigades of transport and pontage; these are fully equipped, disciplined, horsed, and supplied; and all have their respective alarm-posts or points of concentration named, to which a day or two would bring in the most remote of their detachments, and from which less than a week would find them ready to open a campaign either of defence or aggression.

This is a very different sort of organization from that which we adopt—whether in Great Britain or in Ireland; and the reason is obvious. The continental governments distribute their armies for purposes of war. We scatter ours over the face of the United Kingdom for purposes of police. They place at the disposal of their commandants everything they could need on a sudden announcement of war. We fill the pouches of our infantry with sixty rounds of ball-cartridges per man—give our cavalry soldier thirty—attach twenty or thirty rounds to each gun—and leave all beyond—magazines, means of transport, &c. &c.—to that future on the coming of which we seldom take the trouble to count. Again, there is a perfect unity of will in the power that controls a foreign army. The sovereigns give order directly to their generals commanding corps, which are directly obeyed. We have, intermediate between the Crown and our generals of districts, a commander-in-chief who is supposed to represent the Crown in his dealings with the whole army; but, besides that he is checked and controlled in everything by the Crown's civil ministers, his authority in matters of detail is not recognized by a large and important branch of the military service

service itself. The Duke of Wellington has no more right to give orders for the march of a battery of cannon across Woolwich Common, or the removal of an engineer officer from Portsmouth to London, than we have: and if there were in existence, which there really is not, a pontoon or waggon train worthy of the name, it would be quite beyond his Grace's province. Nor is the severance of its right hand and both its feet from the body of the British army sanctioned exclusively within the United Kingdom. In our foreign settlements the same rule holds—to the great inconvenience of the service even in quiet times—at seasons of trouble, and amid the pressure of war, to something more than its inconvenience. In like manner, if the selection of towns or districts for barracks at home and abroad rest with the Commander-in-chief—he has not the choosing of the exact site, nor has he a word to say to the plan on which the barracks shall be constructed or fitted up. More extraordinary still, he has no control over spare arms, accoutrements, and ammunition in store: he cannot, therefore, at his own pleasure, direct a battalion or squadron to be supplied, no matter how urgent the occasion. All these various points, the distribution of the regiments of artillery and engineers, the camp equipage, such as it is, of the whole army, the soldiers' quarters, the furniture of the same, their cooking-utensils, straw, forage, and means of common cleanliness, the ghosts of the old waggon and pontoon-trains of the last war, such stores of arms, ammunition, and saddlery as exist—everything, in short, which is required to render an army respectable in peace and effective in war, is at the absolute disposal of a separate Board. That the expenditure from the military chest should be checked and controlled by a minister who, as a civil servant of the Crown, is answerable to Parliament for his proceedings, seems to be in accordance with the general working of our constitution. But that there should be a Board of Ordnance distinct both from the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary-at-War, exercising conjoint authority with them, and mixing itself up with the administration of the navy likewise, is surely a remnant of less energetic days, which deserves to have its utility tested.

We are not upon the whole prepared to object to the manner in which, during peace, the infantry and cavalry are scattered through the provinces of the United Kingdom. Taking into account the numerical strength of these forces, and the variety of the demands to which they are liable, we really do not see how a different arrangement could be made;—for you cannot construct *corps d'armée* out of three or four skeleton companies; and, though occasional camps of instruction might do good, it

is no easy matter to suggest a ready means of forming them. Let us never forget, moreover, that these skeleton companies and troops have in this country specific duties to perform, and that they perform them admirably. It is his reliance upon the Captain's or Subaltern's detachment in his neighbourhood which encourages the county magistrate to dispense justice with an even hand: it is the depôt of riflemen or the couple of hundred horse quartered hard by which hold such towns as Bristol and Birmingham in order. To draw in these detachments and keep them together for any length of time, in order to instruct our officers by manœuvring on a large scale in the higher branches of their profession, might, and in a purely military point of view would, undoubtedly improve the *morale* of the army; but the peace of the country would be hazarded by the process; and not having any schemes of foreign conquest in contemplation, we are naturally unwilling to seek a remote and contingent benefit at the cost of a great and an immediate evil. Neither do we desire to see the army much increased. The finances of the country could not well bear that; and to add only some five or six thousand men could do no good at all. But, in fact, we are of opinion that, as far as regards infantry and cavalry, the home army is large enough. The estimates show that there are of this description of force in Great Britain and Ireland at the present moment within a fraction of fifty-six thousand men, and that there will come home, as the Indians say, in all June and July 9067 more. This will give sixty-five thousand men, which, with the marines serving on shore, of whom there are eight thousand, and fourteen thousand armed pensioners, shows a grand total of eighty-seven thousand muskets and sabres; and though it be true that of these you could not, even on the most pressing emergency, venture to concentrate more than a third at any given point, still thirty thousand good troops, well handled and fully appointed, would probably suffice to stop any amount of hostile force thrown ashore within three or four days' march of the capital. The question therefore is, not whether we have men enough under arms, but whether our army, as a whole, is so modelled and equipped as to give to it the fullest amount of efficiency.

Can any man doubt that the army of a nation thus circumstanced should be proportionably strongest in whatever branches demand the greatest care and length of time to perfect them in their discipline—and that nothing shall be wanting in the way of material or organization of which, in the event of a sudden outbreak, these branches especially may be exposed to feel the want? Now it is well known that the time required to turn out a tolerable
 artillerist

artillerist is twice, if not thrice, as long as that which will give you a perfect hussar, and six, if not nine times greater than is needed to metamorphose the ploughboy into a smart light bob or a steady grenadier. The time allowed by our regulations for bringing an infantry recruit into the ranks and rendering him fit to take his tour of general duty, is four months. Twelve will suffice to teach a dragoon the essential points of his *manège*, and to set him well on horseback. You cannot make a tolerable gunner under two years, or hope to render him master of the complicated arts in which he is expected to excel, much under three. It seems clear, then, that this country should be careful, while it maintains a good skeleton of horse and foot, to render its artillery more than a skeleton; that it should keep this latter corps far above the proportion which would be properly allotted to it during the progress of a campaign, and look well, not alone to the drilling and conduct of the men, but to the guns, the horses, the harness—to everything, in short, including the organization and internal economy of the corps itself, which shall in any way tend to make it generally useful in the meanwhile and available for service either in garrison or in the field at a moment's notice. It was on this principle that the United States of America acted from the conclusion of the war with England in 1815 up to the commencement of the Mexican job in 1845. Their small standing army consisted almost exclusively of artillery; and that the policy was a wise one has been proved first by the admirable conduct of this branch of their army in the late struggle, and next by the facility with which, when occasion required, infantry and cavalry enough to force their way to the capital of the Montezumas were gathered round it. The same course, though a good deal modified, is pursued by Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and most of the smaller German states. Aware of their inability to take the field single-handed against any first-rate power, these Governments rely for the means of maintaining themselves, till succoured from abroad, mainly upon their artillery, which bears in every instance a much larger proportion to the infantry and cavalry in their service than is ever contemplated in the arrangements of France, Prussia, Austria, or Russia.

If this policy be good as regards countries which have no remote dependencies, it must surely be at least as reasonable in our own case. Let the reader spread out a map, and he will see that the British empire abroad, apart from its province of Canada and its Indian possessions, is an empire of fortresses. In Europe we hold Gibraltar, on the coast of Spain; Malta and Corfu, Cephallonia and Zante, in the Mediterranean. In the Caribbean

Caribbean and Atlantic Seas we are masters of a dozen settlements, every one of which, with the exception of Jamaica and perhaps Barbadoes, is more of a redoubt than a colony. Africa has given us Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, St. Helena, Ascension, and so forth. In Asia our standard floats over Labuan and Hong Kong, in addition to the more extensive territories of Ceylon and the Southern Archipelago. All these, or by far the greater part, depend for protection much more upon their fortifications and batteries than upon any resistance which could be offered in the field by the dribblets from the army which hold the settlements themselves. How are they garrisoned? By strong detachments of artillery, supported by an adequate amount of infantry? No; but by infantry almost exclusively;—four battalions being stationed here—three there—two at another place—one somewhere else—half a battalion occupying one island—four companies taking charge of another. with just as many artillerymen added to each detachment as shall suffice to fire a royal salute, and to do the sort of work, certainly not soldierlike, which is imposed upon our gunners at foreign stations. In like manner our strongholds at home—the Channel Islands, though bristling with cannon—the great naval stations of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sheerness, Pembroke—the Castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, Fort George—the numberless forts which are supposed to bridle the Shannon, and keep the harbours of Dublin, Cork, Kinsale, Belfast, &c., clear—these and many more are to all intents and purposes left to shift for themselves. They may be more or less competently filled with soldiers of the line, or be garrisoned by detachments from the Royal Marines; but the best provided of the whole cannot show gunners enough to man any one of its faces, were it placed in siege to-morrow.

It was very well for amateur professors to talk of being able on an emergency to convert your infantry soldier into a gunner or a bombardier: but some vague dream of the sort appears to have reached of late certain of our military authorities; and we find, in consequence, that the great-gun exercise has become a portion of drill with which the infantry soldier is supposed to make himself acquainted. They who subject the recruit to this fresh manipulation, may depend upon it that, as far as regards practical usefulness in war, they are taking a great deal of pains to very little purpose. No doubt you may in six weeks' time teach any man, who is not deficient in common intellect, how to work, sponge, load, lay, and fire a garrison gun. But these operations, though individually and collectively of vast importance, do not make him an artillerist. The first accident that
occurs

occurs—the first shot that strikes his carriage or his rammer—renders him powerless. He could not fit on a new wheel, were you to hand it to him; he would not know how to make shift with any other tool or implement than that which his drill-master has taught him to handle. As to dealing with a touch-hole somewhat run, or throwing hot shot, or keeping his powder clear of sparks, his first attempt in either of these branches of art would probably end in such an explosion as must not only silence his gun but himself too, and many of his comrades. Observe that we do not apply this reasoning, at least in its extreme sense, to those portions of the Dockyard battalions which are drilled by order of the Government to act as artillery. The artisans in these establishments are, for the most part, men of much more intelligence than we find in the ranks either of the line or of the marines. It is comparatively easy to initiate them into mysteries which are just as mysterious to soldiers of the line after six weeks of explanation as they were at the beginning. Indeed, of the Dockyard artillerists very many being wheelwrights, block-makers, carpenters, and sail-makers by trade, possess the full amount of theoretical knowledge which is required to make good gunners before they take their places on the platform at all, and need no more than to be shown how to apply it to the implements before them. But in what way and degree would these battalions be found serviceable in case of need? They form an admirable protection to important posts against surprise. We may, now that they are well advanced in discipline, look upon our principal dockyards as placed beyond the risk of being taken by a *coup-de-main*. But if we count upon the support of these battalions for more than this, we must make up our minds to let our usual preparations stand still. You cannot have men employed at one and the same time in the arsenal as artificers and on the ramparts, and beside the great guns as soldiers. It is clear, then, that in the event of war, these volunteer corps will avail only at the outset—only against the first rush of that force which it is assumed that the enemy will be prepared, simultaneously with a declaration of war, to throw upon the coasts of Devon, Hampshire, and Kent. If the war continue a month, they must either return to their proper duties in the arsenals, or we must do our best to fight it out with whatever number of line-of-battle ships, and war steamers and frigates, may happen to be manned and afloat when hostilities begin.

Lord John Russell, in his late announcement of the defensive preparations actually completed, spoke of these Dockyard battalions as being moveable to any threatened point; and described them as being able to carry with them not fewer than 1080 guns.

Is his Lordship aware how many horses are needed for one gun?—how many carriages? how many drivers? Is he at all aware of the difficulty of acting as efficient drivers?—of the time and care that are required to teach an artillery soldier how to keep his distances on the march and in position? Has he reflected upon the pains that must be used before you can venture to harness horses to artillery, so that they may be able to bear, not only the noise of great guns, but the fall of innumerable projectiles about them, and the crashing of the machines which they may be in the very act of drawing? We are sure that his Lordship spoke in perfect sincerity of heart. He spoke as men only speak who believe that they are enunciating truths; and seeing that nobody took the trouble to set him right at the moment, we dare say he still regards the Dockyard artillery as offering a fair substitute for a regular force, in which he felt that we were deplorably deficient. But unless he be able to lay his finger upon eight thousand trained horses, and have all the necessary equipments of harness and tumbrils at command—unless he can further pick out three thousand artisans able to ride, and not only to ride but to drive in a soldierlike manner, each his pair of horses over broken ground and under fire, it is simple enough to talk of moving his Dockyard battalions from the points which they have been embodied to defend.

We hope we may take the liberty of suggesting to the Government that the great subject for their consideration at this moment, next to the care of the navy, is the condition of our artillery—without being at all suspected of undervaluing other branches of the service. We well know that the world cannot show an infantry superior to our own; and if the cavalry be comparatively less efficient, as we see them here in England, the conduct of the 4th, 9th, and 16th Light Dragoons in our late Indian campaigns sufficiently proves that this arm needs but recruiting to a war strength to render it all that could be desired. Nor are we of opinion that the strength of either the infantry or the cavalry could be seriously diminished with safety to the country. But on the question of the artillery there cannot, we conceive, be any difference of opinion among persons of experience and reflection. Even with the addition promised to it, and for which the process of recruiting is now going on, the artillery will still, we must think, be in point of numbers far below its proper mark; and its organization and equipment, as it seems to us, are from first to last entirely different from what they should be.

The Royal Regiment of Artillery consists at this moment of ten battalions of foot, mustering each eight companies of one hundred men, and of seven troops of horse artillery. As the companies

companies are seldom quite full, and there must always be absent from parade servants, bat-men, cooks, sick in hospitals, and idlers of different sorts, we can hardly take the strength of each, even if it show a hundred names on the muster-roll, at much more than ninety, which, when we carry it to a foreign station, generally dwindle down to eighty-five. The effective force of the foot-artillery we may therefore reckon at a little more than seven thousand men, or the whole, including the horse-brigade with its seven small troops, at eight thousand. In the course of a couple, or it may be three months, there will be added to the battalions of foot twenty more companies, that is two thousand recruits. But as an artillery recruit cannot, at the most rapid rate of going, be sent to his duty under eighteen months or two years, we should only deceive our readers if for the present we took this reinforcement into calculation. Here then we are—having appended to our organized force of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand infantry and cavalry only eight thousand artillery: a proportion far under that which would be admitted in an army operating in the field as a British army ought to operate; less by one half than that of which the Duke complained, though he fought with it, and won, the battle of Waterloo.

The duties of these eight thousand artillerists have embraced, up to the present moment, the formation of a great school or *dépôt* at Woolwich, in which recruits may be trained;—the manning of all our strong places at home and abroad;—the supply of field-batteries in England, Ireland, Canada—a battery at the Cape of Good Hope, and the formation of a fighting company or two in China, equipped we cannot tell in what manner. Of the extent to which these various wants have been supplied, the clearest notion may probably be formed by fixing attention on one or two isolated points.

In Gibraltar, Malta, Cephalonia, Zante, and Corfu, there are mounted, we believe, from twelve to fourteen hundred heavy pieces of ordnance, each of which requires five men at the least to work it. This is allotting to a garrison-gun a smaller amount of strength than the book of regulations would warrant, and takes little, if at all, into account the hands that would be required, in the event of a siege, to supply casualties and bring up ammunition. It might do, however, upon a pinch, and we are not going to ask for more than is absolutely necessary. Now—assuming that a fortress may be considered safe when one half of the mounted guns can be worked at the same time—it is clear that for these four places alone we ought to have three thousand artillery men; and that even these, when we supply them, will be competent to the full amount of the duties required

quired only so long as sickness or the accidents of war shall have made no serious impression on their numbers. What artillery force have we in this part of the world? Rather less than one-third of our minimum! At Gibraltar there are five companies; there ought to be eighteen. At Malta there are two; there ought to be nine. Corfu and its dependencies have three; the very least to place them in a respectable position is nine companies. Jersey and Guernsey, the two outposts of England, with their numerous Martello towers, are held by one company of artillery respectively. To put them in a decently defensible state, not less than an entire battalion ought to be distributed between them. Is it an act of common prudence to keep points of such vital importance so feeble, at a time when in every country in the civilized world except our own, the science of war, and more especially that department of it which deals with the attack of fortified places, is cultivated with the utmost assiduity? But perhaps we may be accused of arguing somewhat unfairly. Jersey, Guernsey, Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, besides being as strong as nature and art can make them, are objects to us of constant, and by no means of remote solicitude. The two former will of course be well watched from Portsmouth; the Mediterranean fleet will keep a good look out upon the latter; while all, if they escape capture at the outset by surprise, may be reinforced in good time, and then left in a measure to their own resources. Reinforced in good time!—Where are the reinforcements to come from? Out of the eighty companies which compose the whole regiment of artillery thirty-eight are scattered through our foreign possessions, and two, as has just been shown, have their quarters already in the Channel islands. This leaves exactly forty companies in Great Britain and Ireland, of which ten at the least, or a number of men competent to fill up ten, are little better than recruits. Now, assuming that, in case of need, even recruits might be used after a fashion, how can we, with Ireland to guard, and London to cover, and Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, Glasgow, and Newcastle to protect, with Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, Chatham, Sheerness more or less dependent upon us, because all giving full employment to their local battalions elsewhere than on the ramparts—how can we, out of forty companies, mustering in all four thousand men, undertake to spare a single gunner for reinforcing the garrisons of the Channel islands, or in the Mediterranean? The thing could not be done; for, take this along with you always, that if you be open to invasion on your own shores, your best, and indeed only chance of meeting the enemy on anything like equal terms lies in your being able to bring against him an overwhelming

overwhelming artillery—and where you are to get this artillery even now, far more after detaching strong reinforcements to places beyond the sea, it puzzles our imagination to guess.

But we must not look exclusively to Europe. A war in this quarter would in all probability be followed ere long by a war with the United States, and, whether so followed or not, would lay us open to the risk of being attacked wherever an enemy's squadron could reach us, or a belief in our inability to defend ourselves might induce the commander of a single vessel to hazard a descent. Look at Bermuda. It supplies us with a naval station intermediate between North America and the West Indies; it forms an admirable harbour of refuge; it contains a respectable dockyard, a large amount of naval stores, and has been fortified at an outlay of money of which we really do not care to specify the extent. How is it garrisoned? A place which, on the most moderate computation, mounts four hundred pieces of ordnance, is left to the protection of two battalions of infantry and a single company of artillery. Why, this does not allow one gunner for three guns. And when we look further abroad—to St. Helena, for example, and even to Ceylon, matters do not mend with us. The former station can boast of its single company, the latter of two companies in garrison; though the one mounts about two hundred guns, the other not fewer than three hundred, and on this latter force is imposed, over and above its garrison duties, the care of providing a field-battery for China whenever that shall be needed.

It is quite evident, then, that on the head of mere numbers, our artillery is under the proper ratio; that, instead of constituting our main strength in time of peace, it is the element in which we are weakest; and that, so far from being a nucleus round which, in the event of war, infantry and cavalry might be formed, we should be obliged to form it, as well as we could, upon our infantry and cavalry, and to send these arms into the field, as we have always done heretofore, most inefficiently supported by artillery. Indeed we may go further. Should hostilities break out during a continuance of the existing system, we shall be forced, in the hour of need, to use our infantry as gunners; a process from which, even in our foreign garrisons, nobody will suffer except ourselves. And as to attempting anything beyond operations of mere defence, we need not, be the urgency of the case what it may, take the project into our contemplation. We have neither men, nor guns, nor horses, nor waggons wherewith to equip, for European service, eight good batteries; and as we cannot denude Ireland of its field artillery, nor leave ourselves without a gun to send out, in case a second call were suddenly made, we must
not

not count on being able to muster more than sixteen, or at most twenty pieces of cannon for the operations of a campaign. No doubt we have our field artillery in Canada ; and its batteries are, we believe, though miserably under the mark as to their equipments, in high order. Another battery at the Cape, almost equally ill-found, has performed, as our artillery always does, excellent service ; and we know that the detachment in China has on every occasion well sustained the reputation of its corps. But for the purposes of action, in case an enemy gained footing here, or for reprisal on his coasts, we should be unable, were the demand made to-morrow, to muster five good field-batteries of three guns and a howitzer a-piece. No doubt the troops of horse artillery are in capital trim as far as they go. But besides that they are scattered, one troop at Limerick, one in Dublin, one at Newcastle, and one at Leeds, they carry about with them only two guns a-piece ; and are therefore in no condition to march from Woolwich, supposing you to put the whole disposable force *en route*, more than six light pieces ; while our field-batteries are so deficient in every article of indispensable equipment, that, except for a sudden brush, or the show manœuvres of a review, we cannot see how they could be used at all.

In this department, as in others, we are penny-wise, pound-foolish : we starve everything that has a tendency to be useful, and foster and pamper our drones. As a specimen of the starving process, take our system of training, organizing, and using the men whom we enlist into the Royal Regiment, and profess to regard as something like the *élite* of our army. In our service no distinction is made between what may be called garrison or heavy artillery, and light artillery, or artillery for the field. We enlist for the Regiment in the gross, and undertake by a course of education of the most discursive kind to qualify a recruit for the discharge of every sort of duty that may be required of him, and sometimes for more. Having passed a young man at Woolwich, we mark him down in our tablets as about to become a clever gun-server, an unerring marksman, a first-rate horseman, an expert driver, a good groom, an intelligent worker in pyrotechnics, a bridge-maker, a wheelwright, a carpenter, a harness-maker, a dealer with the lever in all its powers—in short a practically scientific member of a scientific corps—besides being versed in the more ordinary matters of goose-step, facings, marchings, wheelings, carbine-exercise, sword-exercise, sentry duties, and the packing of baggage and ammunition. We expect our recruit to acquire these many and varied accomplishments in the lump—and then to lay aside a large portion of them, while yet green in his memory, it may be for years—and then to take them up again, just

just as if they had begun to put out their tender branches yesterday. Let us examine a little more closely this economical plan of procedure.

When a lad joins at Woolwich, the first thing that we do with him is to aim at giving him a soldier-like carriage, while at the same time we encourage him to improve his mind by attending at spare hours in the regimental school. Having brought him to a state of tolerable proficiency in these matters, which we may count upon effecting in a space of three months, we carry him to gun-drill, to which we add the study of all manner of military machines, such as are used to mount and dismount cannon, to shift them from garrison to artillery carriages, to lift them over acclivities and let them down precipices, and to place them in position in the batteries. To acquire any thing like a competent knowledge of these points will occupy six long months; at the termination of which the recruit joins a field battery. Here he is supposed to employ himself, day after day, on the common: and at the end of a year is presumed to be in a state to go with his company, either on foreign service or to an out-station.* If the latter be his fate, as in the formation of new companies it invariably is, he proceeds to Berwick, or Fort George, Devonport, Portsmouth, or possibly to the Pigeon-house near Dublin, or to Spike Island in the mouth of Cork harbour. His sojourn there may extend on an average to two years; and his business all this while leads him to mount a barrack-guard when his turn comes round, to exercise, when not so engaged, for an hour daily—now with cannon, now with small arms, now with the sword, and now by moving about either in light or heavy marching order, as the case may be. To fatigue duties he is of course liable; and these are in many instances sufficiently harassing. But where there are no store-keepers' yards, the artilleryman has nothing to do with fatigues; and his duties, strictly military, comprising an average

* The space of time allotted to the gunner's drill has been of late seriously shortened:—and we suspect the efficiency of the corps will not be increased by the arrangement—which is as follows:—

| | Weeks. |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| Marching drill | 6 |
| Small arm | 3 |
| Gun drill (field) | 6 |
| Repository | 12 |
| Re-drilling | 2 |
| Battery exercise | 36 |
| Laboratory | 3 |
| Total | 68 |

total

total of five hours' drill in the week—cannot be said to oppress him. The truth is, that the life of a gunner at an out-station in the United Kingdom is almost always an easy one; and if he happen to be sent to one of the forts on the Shannon, or to any tower or castle where a non-commissioned officer is in charge, it passes from him as the smoke curls upwards from his pipe, without leaving any trace—at all events of usefulness—behind.

Our recruit's term of out-station duty being ended, he returns with his company to Woolwich, where, as a step preparatory to foreign service, he passes into the repository. There the outlines of bridge-making and pontooning are explained to him; and his memory is refreshed as to other subjects on which he is supposed, not without reason, to have grown rusty. Probably a month may suffice for this second course—perhaps, if there be more time disposable, he expends two months upon it. And now comes the day of embarkation. A government steamer is anchored off the arsenal, to which the band plays him and his comrades down; he steps on board, and, being conveyed as far as Chatham, he transfers himself the same afternoon with his kit and following, whatever that may be, to the deck of a transport.

All the quarters of the world are before him, and to none can he repair without finding a station where his presence is sorely needed; but as our desire is to give both to the individual and to the system the fullest measure of justice, we shall say Canada. Our gunner passes the Atlantic safely. He enters the glorious St. Lawrence; he lands at Quebec; and becomes a constituent portion of its garrison. For about a year he continues there, spending his days and weeks pretty much as he used to do at Devonport, or Spike Island; after which he is transferred to Kingston, and enters again into a field-battery. It is easy to see that neither he, nor the company to which he belongs, has been much accustomed to field-work. The horses, which are never moved, get out of condition in the hands of the new comers. The harness loses its polish, or breaks; the guns and waggons make a terrible hash of it when brought out for exercise, either with or without the infantry; finally, the men themselves grow slovenly—as soldiers invariably do when overworked, or put to tasks which they scarcely understand. It takes months, perhaps a year, to bring things round again; but when they are brought round, the field-battery at Kingston becomes, what it was previously to the last relief, perhaps the smartest and most efficient in the British service. That it is defective in many articles of equipment necessary to active operations must, we are afraid, be admitted. If there be forge carts and waggons enough in store, spare guns, shot, wheels, and

and shafts are wanting; and the horses and men that would be required to put the battery in proper trim for active service are not forthcoming. Whatever articles are liable to rot—traces, whips, girths, saddles, collars, &c.—almost always prove on trial to be rotten; and are patched up from time to time at a serious expense, without ever being rendered trustworthy. The horses, though well-bred and well-broke, are in many instances so old that a single severe march would put them *hors de combat*; for there is an unaccountable reluctance on the part of the Ordnance authorities to cast a horse after he has been once purchased. Indeed, we have ourselves seen an animal afflicted with staggers, drop time after time in the ranks, yet take his place as heretofore, till the driver well nigh refused to mount him, and always did mount with fear and trembling.

In spite of all these defects the battery-school in Canada is, perhaps, the best that we have; and as it continues on an average four years or upwards in operation, our gunner learns his field-duty well. He returns home with a bronzed cheek, a good seat on horseback, an accurate knowledge of his field movements, and from eight to ten years of honourable service. Is he kept to the mark by judicious management? We shall see. It is assumed that whatever his qualifications in battery may be, in other respects he has deteriorated; and a moment's reflection will show that this must be the case. Having had no opportunity of practising a single mechanical art since he quitted Woolwich, he has forgotten how to use a gin, knot a rope, construct a bridge, and lay a platform. He can work a garrison gun, and hit the target with fair precision; but the mysteries of slinging and moving heavy ordnance, of passing it up hill and down a declivity, and from one species of carriage to another, have become to him as dark as they ever were. It is determined to put him through a complete course of instruction over again; and the veteran of perhaps eleven years' standing has the satisfaction to resume his studies in the Repository, and to manœuvre from day to day on the common, till competent authority pronounces him perfect, or the cycle of duty calls him away to another out-station.

But our sketch must be taken to represent, not the ordinary life of the gunner, but its abstract perfection. Comparatively few of our recruits enjoy the advantages of a Canadian campaign. In nine cases out of ten the tour of duty carries them direct from Woolwich to Gibraltar, Malta, Bermuda, the Mauritius, or Ceylon, or to some other station far away, where from one year to another they never cross a horse, or do any other duty than that of a labourer in a storekeeper's yard. And here we cannot but protest

against the abuse, both at home and abroad, of horses and men brought into the Queen's service for military purposes. Will our readers believe that, inadequately appointed as the field-batteries are, their effective strength is cut down, even in Woolwich, by the habitual employment in the arsenal, on what is called fatigue-duty, of battery-nags, and the soldiers who are supposed to work with them in learning their profession? Let a stranger visit that place of order and bustle when he may, he will encounter at every turn an artillery-horse harnessed to some enormous load of stores, and a gunner leading him; and should he be tempted to look next day into the veterinary hospital, the chances are, that he will find half a dozen of these same valuable animals lamed from having picked up rusty nails in their frogs, or had their sinews strained in the attempt to drag weights that were too much for them. A battery drill on the common has more than once been stopped for want of horses enough to perform the evolutions, while the horses which ought to have been with the guns, or harnessed to the waggons, were busy carting dung. The life of a gunner at stations wherever storekeepers keep their yards on anything like a scale of magnitude, bears little or no resemblance to that of an artilleryman. He loads and unloads carts, leads and drives a team, carries out manure, spreads it on the glacis, if there be one, or wherever else it is needed—keeps somebody's garden in order—and discharges the obligations of his enlistment-oath by occasionally furbishing up an old gun and cleaning shot when it grows rusty. And thus years steal from him during which he eats the bread of idleness, so far at least as the business for which the Queen has taken him into her service is concerned; and comes back at the end of them much less fit for the field than he was when he took his first guard in Woolwich garrison.

We are not apprehensive that our minuteness of detail will offend any member of this noble service. We have no fault to find with the Royal Regiment as regards the general zeal and intelligence of the officers or the men; and being old enough to remember how their fathers bore themselves in the field, we are confident that, whenever the opportunity shall occur, they in like manner will make the most of it. But having censured the actual organization of the corps, we cannot scruple to support the correctness of our opinion, even though in so doing we blame by implication the authorities responsible. At the same time let us do justice to all parties. There is a branch of this arm, which, though it cannot boast of having at hand every minute article of equipment that would be required in case of war, may still sustain a comparison with any similar body in the world. Whatever
may

may be the neglect of the field-batteries, and the companies employed in garrison duty, the gentlemen at the Ordnance Office take care of the horse-artillery. But it unfortunately happens, that, except in the prosecution of an active campaign, a horse-artillery, in the proper sense of that term, is the sort of artillery which we can best do without. And it is still more unlucky that, in point of expense, it costs very nearly twice as much as any similar amount of men, guns, and horses in the service. Moreover, the details of its drill differ, at least in essentials, so little from those of the field-batteries, that by the simple process of giving to the latter mounted gunners and lighter guns you might convert each of them into a troop of horse-artillery in a day. We are constrained, therefore, while giving all praise to the beauty and efficiency of the horse-artillery, to express our opinion, that this country has no need, in peace, of any such costly concern; and that the sooner it is merged into the general body of the corps the better. And this brings us to our second point.

The estimates have made provision for twenty new companies of foot-artillery—and a small addition to the horse brigade; showing a total of 10,800 in the former corps, and 595 in the latter. But we believe the truth to be the British empire cannot safely do with less than 20,450 artillerymen; and we are equally satisfied that the British empire might increase its artillery to this effective strength without adding to the expense of its military establishments one farthing; or if a little more than this, certainly not so much as would induce Mr. Hume himself, who has his wits about him, and knows as well as most men what is necessary and what not, to hesitate about agreeing to it.

We beg leave to reiterate, first of all, that there should be raised no such distinct force *during peace* as a horse-artillery; but that the field-batteries should be put forthwith upon a proper footing—and all the men and officers so exercised with their guns, at their stables, and in every other respect, as that, in the hour of need, by a mere change of pieces, and a supply of horses wherewith to mount the gunners, the requisite number of batteries might be rendered fit to act with cavalry: in other words, to do the duty which is not done at all, though in case of need it certainly could be done by our seven troops of horse-artillery. We advise next, that instead of going out and coming in from distant stations at home and abroad by companies, the Regiment be as much as possible worked by battalions; and that its several battalions be so instructed, officered, and distributed, as that they shall be able, go where they may, to share the garrison duties with the troops of the line. All this implies an essential change of system; but see and consider how the present process operates.

Though the eighty companies which compose the Regiment of Royal Artillery be told off, for purposes of patronage and elemental instruction, into ten battalions, the roster for duty is kept at the Adjutant-General's Office by companies exclusively; by which means it not unfrequently comes to pass, that while the company doing duty, say in Corfu, is No. 4 of the 3rd battalion, the company under orders to relieve it may be No. 2 of the 4th battalion, or No. 8 of the 7th. Such an arrangement, while it compels the non-commissioned men to reside their full number of years at the place to which their company may be sent, admits of constant interchanges between *the officers of the whole corps*; and, by doing so, in a great measure prevents the men from forming their professional habits on those of their superiors, and entirely precludes the officers from acquiring more than a very superficial knowledge of the characters of their men. Besides, men disseminated over the globe's surface, and used as we use our gunners, cannot but lose, to a great extent, their military feelings. The artilleryman who smokes three or four years away on the ramparts of Dugannon Fort, and changes his life of *dolce far niente* there for a second spell of seven years' idleness in Ceylon, must, be his natural temperament what it may, dwindle down into a man-vegetable; and this, in a military point of view, is only one degree worse than that he should become the clown, which constant work in a storekeeper's yard, and an almost entire exemption from soldier's duty, necessarily renders him. Hence, though we have no distrust whatever of the spirit of our men, and know very well that the effects of their academical education are never wholly lost upon our artillery officers, we must say that, were it found necessary to equip field-batteries at Gibraltar or Malta to-morrow, we should entertain serious misgivings as to their capability of sustaining at the outset the high renown which their predecessors won in the Peninsula and crowned at Waterloo.

Our plan would be to distribute the Regiment into two classes—one of which, in the absence of a better name, we should call the heavy artillery, the other the light or field-artillery. The heavy artillery we would form into nineteen battalions, of nine hundred and fifty men each. The light, comprising two thousand five hundred men, or thereabouts, should be permanently attached to the field-batteries. We do not mean to say that the eighteen thousand men comprising the heavy artillery might not, to a certain extent, be exercised in field movements with drag-ropes, as well as the others; far from it. Whenever time and opportunity offer to prepare our gunners for service in every shape, we should be anxious to make the most of it. But there is nothing in this to prevent us from so distributing our artillery, considered in a distinct

distinct point of view, as that there should be available everywhere an efficient force for the defence of our strongholds, as well as the nucleus of a corps at home, which would more than suffice for any call that might be made upon it in an emergency, and offer a ground-work on which, with comparatively little waste of time, a much larger field-force might be erected.

Our heavy artillery, so constructed, would be in a condition to send abroad ten battalions, denuded of one company each—and to leave in the United Kingdom nine full battalions, with a provisional battalion formed out of the *dépôt* companies of those on foreign service. Now ten battalions, of eight hundred and fifty-five men a-piece, would go a great way to supply the garrisons of all our fortresses, properly so called, whether they be insular or continental. Take Gibraltar, which, mounting six hundred guns at the least, is, we believe, garrisoned by five battalions of infantry and five companies of artillery. We would give it two service-battalions of artillery with three of infantry; we would increase the former force from less than five hundred to seventeen hundred men, and diminish the latter proportionably, as being in some sort wasted behind stone walls. Of course, we should have so to discipline our heavy artillery that they might be able to take all guards, outpost duty, patrols, sentry duty, and so forth, as effectively as the line: and then, were the place suddenly attacked, we think no man will doubt that its defence would be materially improved.

In the same view we would station one battalion at Malta, and another in Corfu and its dependencies. A fifth would go a great way to garrison Bermuda. A sixth would suffice for Canada, putting four companies into the citadel of Quebec, and distributing the remainder, as wanted, through the other fortresses. To a seventh we might commit in a great measure the care of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. An eighth, with the assistance of a regiment of negro artillery, would do for the whole of the West India islands; while the ninth might be stationed at the Cape, garrisoning the frontier redoubts, and giving detachments to the Mauritius and other posts on the African shore—the tenth in Ceylon, with three companies doing duty at Hong-Kong, and relieved from time to time as the Ceylon Rifle Corps relieves its wing, which is in like manner detached to the Chinese coast. For St. Helena (and other places similarly circumstanced) we would recommend a local artillery. We have already in that island a regiment of local infantry; add a half battalion of local artillery, and you will have put it out of all reach of danger. And with respect to Vancouver's island—to our settlements on the Columbia and in the Archipelagan cluster—we imagine that

that we shall have sufficiently provided for them, if we either use them as out-stations for Canada and Ceylon, or lend a couple of batteries for field-purposes till they shall have grown old enough to supply and pay for their own artillery.

Such an augmentation of the artillery force abroad would enable the government to withdraw, of infantry, two battalions from Gibraltar, one from Malta, one from the Ionian islands, and one from Bermuda. Canada might, we think, spare a battalion; and if we hesitate about a similar reduction in Ceylon, it is only because we fear that a second Chinese business cannot be very long deferred. Meanwhile our nine battalions set apart for home service need not be idle. The garrisons of all fortified places in the United Kingdom, we should as much as possible make up of artillerymen. Portsmouth and Plymouth would give quarters to one battalion each. A third might be distributed among Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney. A fourth, having its head-quarters in Dover, would supply the whole Kentish and Sussex coasts; and a fifth, in Edinburgh Castle, do a similar service to all Scotland. Ireland would probably require two battalions; thus leaving for Woolwich, the Thames, the Medway, and the east coast four battalions, including the provisional battalion which would always do duty at Woolwich itself. If to this we add the head-quarters of what may be called the brigade of field-batteries, we shall always have within an easy march of London moveable and good artillery adequate for any exigency.

There are two points which, in calculating the necessary strength of our field-batteries, we must keep in view—first, the exceeding utility of this description of force in the event of a hostile debarkation; and next, the extent and condition of the provinces in which we are liable so to be attacked, as that we shall be obliged to defend ourselves by taking the field in an orderly manner and entering upon a campaign. Of these there seem to us to be only two which deserve serious notice. You must always have a respectable field-artillery in North America; and recent events suggest that it will never be safe to withdraw your batteries entirely from the Cape. Perhaps, too, considering that China looks to Ceylon for its supply, it might be well, in addition to your heavy battalion, to keep a field-battery properly horsed and equipped there; but further we would not go. The islands of the Pacific will be better served for the present by detachments from the marine artillery than from the Royal Regiment. It will be time enough to think of stationing a battalion of the latter there when the harbours are better fortified, and redoubts have been erected in the interior to keep the natives in check. We shall thus have abroad six batteries; and as we propose

pose to keep on foot not fewer than thirty, there will be twenty-four for European demands and to furnish reliefs in the other three quarters of the world. Now, allowing for each battery three guns and a howitzer, four waggons, and one forge-cart, these will require on a strictly peace-establishment fifty horses at home and sixty abroad, with eighty men, non-commissioned officers and trumpeters included. The whole extent of our home force, therefore, assuming that no portion of it is on the way to relieve the batteries abroad, will be 1920 men, 1200 horses, 96 guns, 96 ammunition waggons, and 24 forge-carts. We say nothing at present of spare waggons, spare-wheel waggons, small-arm ammunition-waggons, and such like. The waggons themselves may always be kept in store; and as with good management the horses for them need hardly come under fire, there would be little difficulty in pressing from the omnibuses and stage-coaches in and near London enough to meet any sudden call.

We should, were this plan adopted, rise at once from 10,800 men and 1048 horses, to 20,150 men and 1560 horses; and the increase of expense, were we to adhere to our present system of organizing and officering, would be enormous. But we do not recommend a perseverance in the existing system—and though, after all is done, there must be some increase, we believe that we see our way to more than an equivalent in the reductions which might be advantageously made elsewhere. For example, our battalions of artillery are at present officered respectively by one colonel-commandant, who is always a general, two colonels, four lieutenant-colonels, ten first-captains, ten second-captains, twenty first-lieutenants, and, if fully appointed, ten second-lieutenants. It seldom happens, however—indeed it never has happened for the last twenty years—that the Regiment has been full; and the estimates accordingly provide for no more than five second-lieutenants to each battalion. We should propose, in time of peace, to substitute for these per battalion—one colonel-commandant, one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, ten captains, twenty first-lieutenants, and four second-lieutenants, if any. Leaving the second-lieutenants at the reduced scale, this will give us, according to the present estimate, per battalion 52 officers, independently of staff; according to the new, per battalion 38 officers, liable to a like addition. Observe that the reductions which we propose are in the ranks which receive the largest amount of pay; and that not one individual now in the service would suffer. On the contrary, the increased number of battalions will require for their supply on the reduced scale that three lieutenant-colonels be raised to the rank of colonel, and one first-captain to a lieutenant-colonelcy;

colonelcy; and that not fewer than thirty-seven lieutenants shall be promoted to the rank of captain.* Again, our thirty field-batteries undergo no other modification than is implied in the getting up for their use of a competent establishment of horses, waggons, and material. A battery of four pieces and eighty men cannot be efficiently worked without its two captains and two subalterns; increase it to six guns, and an additional subaltern becomes indispensable. For it is impossible for an officer to overlook, as he ought to do, the working of more than two guns in the field; and the whole battery requires, first, its commandant, and next, its staff officer to carry orders, which duty is discharged in a campaign by the second-captain. As our field-batteries on the present establishment muster only 100 men, and not one of these is ever complete, what we save in men or money in this branch of the service will be inconsiderable:—but take into account the suspension in time of peace of a distinct horse-artillery corps, and the balance in our favour rises again. Perhaps it might be our best plan to give in regular tables (Blue-Book fashion) the details of difference on every point between the existing establishment and the proposed establishment: but we are afraid of drawing too much on the patience of civilians; and must therefore content ourselves with stating that we have reduced all to the most exact calculation of which we are capable, and have every item now before us in tables that would, we have no doubt, pass muster. The result is that, the horse-artillery under the present system costing 37,219*l.* per annum, we should, by our alteration under that head, save 27,125*l.* per annum; that our project increases the artillery officers employed, all ranks included, by the number of 412; the men of that force by the number of 10,000; the horses by 512;—and that—allowing for the saving of 27,125*l.* per annum above stated—the whole of this increase in the strength of our artillery would cost us an increased expenditure to the extent (according to our minutest calculation) of some 353,800*l.* per annum. Let us say, in round numbers, here is a project calling for an additional 350,000*l.* a-year. The question is—are there any means of meeting this outlay by judicious economy elsewhere? We think there are—and shall now beg leave to state how and where.

The cavalry force of Great Britain, exclusive of the household brigade, consists of twenty-two regiments, of which five,

* As the necessary consequence of adopting this plan would be to check the promotion in the Regiment very seriously, we see no reason why the Artillery should not be put, as regards rank, on nearly the same footing with the Guards. We do not recommend any additional pay; but we think first-captains of Artillery should have the army-rank of lieutenant-colonel, and first-lieutenants of ten years' standing that of captain.

being employed in India and put upon an increased establishment, draw their pay and other allowances from the Company. The remaining seventeen are paid, clothed, mounted, and equipped at the expense of the mother country; and constitute, with the exception of the horse-brigade, by far the most costly arm which the mother country wields. For the establishment of each, as regards the men and horses available, is absurdly small; whereas the list of officers and non-commissioned officers is kept as full as if there were twice as many private soldiers to obey them. If we except the 1st Dragoon Guards, which can show 361 troop horses and 438 men; and the 7th Dragoon Guards, which for the use of its 411 men musters 281 horses; the strength in the other regiments is 271 horses and 328 men. Now the complement of officers and non-commissioned officers to each being exactly 59—(27 of the former, 32 of the latter)—we have our cavalry soldiers so admirably cared for, that whenever a dismounted parade takes place there is as nearly as possible one person in authority to look after five men; when the corps is called into the field, and all the horses chance to be effective, we have four troopers watched and kept together by an officer or a non-commissioned officer respectively. What we propose, is,—that you reduce the number of regiments on the home establishment from seventeen to twelve; that you transfer the men and horses of the corps about to be disbanded to those you keep on foot; and that, settling the strength of the latter at an average of 400 mounted men each, you retain quite as numerous and effective a force as you have now, at a considerable saving of expense in a pecuniary point of view. We do not mean to say that the saving will be very great. But we are confident that the tone of the cavalry cannot fail of being raised as soon as its members feel that the country is determined to treat them like soldiers; and this much of moral good would be worth seeking, even if it brought less than a saving of 11,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* to the Exchequer.

Another step might be to reduce every one of the reserve battalions which have become, in the course of the last three or four years, quietly engrafted upon the line. If fifteen of these be dispensed with, you lighten the army estimates of more than three thousand men. But a still more important retrenchment might be made by reducing as many regiments or second battalions, as it has been shown that, by the proposed increase to your artillery force, you could spare from your foreign garrisons. Thus the establishment of two service battalions of artillery at Gibraltar lets loose an equal number of line battalions from that place. A battalion by the same process may be spared from
Malta

Malta and one brought from Bermuda ; while at home we really do not see what you want with other troops in Dover, Sheerness, or Edinburgh Castle, after you shall have occupied each with the head-quarters of an artillery battalion. Now see what the effect of these changes will be. You have added to the artillery 10,000 men. You reduce of the infantry,—

| | |
|--------------------------------|------|
| 15 reserve battalions | 3000 |
| 7 battalions of 903 each . . . | 6321 |

9321

The entire addition to the numerical strength of the standing army would be under four hundred men. The extent of additional strength for defence, and the value of the preparation made for war, defy calculation. There must, however, be a balance still on the wrong side of the sheet, probably to the amount of 190,000*l*. For if we reckon the saving effected by our proposed reductions at 160,000*l*., we cannot take the increase of outlay in raising ten thousand eight hundred artillery to twenty thousand five hundred at much less than 350,000*l*. Are we without the means of reducing this 190,000*l*. to a much lower figure ?

In meeting that question, we must crave our reader's indulgence for recurring to a hint in a previous page of this paper. The Board of Ordnance is, we believe, in the opinion of most experienced men, an unhappy incubus upon the energies of this country. Its existence as a separate department, implying as it does the severance of two important military corps from the management of the Commander-in-Chief, and the removal of all right from the Secretary-at-War to control an enormous expenditure on what are generally called the civil branches of the army, is an anomaly for which we have never heard a rational excuse offered. Undoubtedly the Ordnance in its present palmy state has an immense amount of public property intrusted to its management. All the cannon, small arms, ammunition, and other implements of war, which are or are likely to be required both by the army and the navy, abide in its keeping. So do military stores of every description. So do all barracks, fortifications, garrison, chapels, school-rooms, and cantcens. Though it does not supply the troops of the line with their jackets, chakos, or trowsers, the care of providing them with great-coats is claimed. It issues or withholds at pleasure blankets, paliasses, straw, fuel, lights, every article necessary to render barrack-rooms habitable. All contracts for the supply of forage for the horses of the army—all arrangements for equipping the cavalry with saddles, bridles, surcingles, and rugs, are made at the office in Pall Mall. The Board

Board of Ordnance appoints all store-keepers and barrack-masters with their clerks and assistants—and we need only write down the words ‘barrack damages,’ in order to sicken every military reader with the memory of abuses innumerable. In a word, the Board of Ordnance stands between the Secretary-at-War on the one hand, and the Commander-in-Chief on the other, and the military force of this country; having the power, and not unfrequently using it too, to fetter them in the arrangement of their plans, and so damage the efficiency of the army.

The Board of Ordnance is at once the most costly and the clumsiest working of our establishments. . The charge for its two offices in Pall Mall and the Tower of London alone amounts to 91,136*l.* by estimate: but will generally be found to have exceeded this. Its manner of working is by departments; and these being perfectly independent one of another, appear at times to enter into a competition as to which shall do the greatest amount of business, and therefore cost the country the largest amount of money. To give one specimen of the results of this rivalry—whenever the necessity of providing a site for a new barrack has been decided on, it is the province of the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance to look out for such site, and to bargain for the purchase thereof, when found, after which the Board gives its sanction to the arrangement. The Surveyor-General, a few years ago, set about this necessary operation for Glasgow; and without calling upon any competent person to examine the locality, or even to estimate the real value of the land, he completed his bargain, and prevailed, as a matter of course, upon the Board to confirm it. It was to no purpose that the General commanding in Scotland now interfered. Both his report and that of the Chief Engineer arrived too late, and the consequence is that the country has been saddled with a proprietary right in a parcel of land which, because of its proximity to a huge vitriol-work, can never, we hear, be used as a site even for a pig-stye. But marvels similar to this might be exposed by the dozen, were we so inclined; for there is hardly a single new barrack in the empire of which the regimental commandants do not complain on some ground or another—and as to the old barracks, with their beastly canteens, and nuisances of every sort choking them up, they are a sheer disgrace.

Again, it is an inevitable result of working by departments and boards, that the Ordnance Office shall invariably be behind hand with all that it undertakes. The Home Secretary informs the Commander-in-Chief that troops will be permanently needed in an increasing manufacturing district; the Commander-in-Chief or the Secretary of State makes a like announcement to the War-Office; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer

quer agrees, on good cause shown, to provide a certain sum of money for the erection of barracks. Now comes the Board of Ordnance into play. Orders are given to prepare plans and estimates. These are examined and re-examined—not by military men, not by the Commander-in-Chief, his military Secretary, the Quartermaster-General, the Adjutant-General, or anybody else who really knows what troops need, and what they may do without—but by certain gentlemen in Pall Mall, who cut and carve at their own pleasure, and seem to pique themselves on going as much as possible counter to the wishes and the requirements of the military authorities. We have reason to believe that the new barracks now in progress at Sheerness have suffered much from this process; and we have no hope that the evil will ever be remedied either there or elsewhere, so long as the Pall Mall establishment shall be permitted to exist. Buildings of the first importance to the soldier's moral and physical comfort—ab-lution-rooms, cleaning-rooms, school-rooms, drill-sheds, are called for and granted. A whole year will probably elapse before the Board of Ordnance shall see fit to act on the Treasury minute; and when it does act, the chances are at least equal that the whole affair is spoiled. Moreover, they consider it necessary to build, not for a couple of centuries, but for eternity; and employing officers of the Royal Engineers to plan and execute whatever they undertake, the expense is on all occasions huge in proportion to the endless faults that may be discerned. We have great respect for the officers of the Royal Engineers, considered as members of a scientific military corps. We want no better men to plan redoubts, or fortify arsenals, or to attack those of our enemies: but not having been initiated into the mysteries of civil architecture, they make but indifferent house-builders. We are told, though we will not vouch for the truth of the story, that a handsome garrison-chapel just completed in the Royal Barracks at Dublin, is so ingeniously arranged that, except the band (in a gallery opposite to the pulpit) not a soul can hear one word of the sermon.

The expenditure upon storekeepers, their deputies, and clerks, and here and there even upon barrack-masters, seems to be out of all proportion with the pay and allowances granted to officers of rank and standing in the army. Take the case of Chatham, where there seem to be employed one storekeeper, one deputy, and four clerks. The salaries of these gentlemen, with payments on account of rates and taxes, and sums to cover travelling expenses, printing, advertisements, stamps, and other small disbursements, come to 2049*l.* per annum. Surely this is more than the nature of their duties and position would seem to require.

require. You have in Chatham, a colonel commanding the garrison, a lieutenant-colonel of the Provisional Battalion, two chief officers of engineers, a lieutenant-colonel commanding artillery, a brigade-major, and the clerks and people who work for them, and the combined pay of the whole does not exceed the expense of these six civilians by more than a trifle. But we are quite contented with the one simple fact, that out of the whole sum required by the Board for the ensuing year, namely 3,115,218*l.*, only 716,254*l.* are to be laid out upon the pay, allowances, and contingencies of the military ordnance corps.

Whatever benefits may arise from a division of labour in the prosecution of mechanical operations—however adverse to public liberty may be the system of centralization when applied to the administration of justice on a small scale, and to the management of a national police—it is very certain that the executive government of a great country becomes both feeble and costly, in proportion as it distributes its functions over a larger number of separate departments than are absolutely required to carry on the public service. What is to prevent the military part of the business of the Ordnance Office being transferred to the Horse Guards, and its civil functions to the War Office? In neither case can it be necessary to do more than add some clerks and accountants to the pen-and-ink staff of our chiefs of departments, and these you have in abundance at Pall-Mall and in the Tower. So also with regard to deputy adjutant-generals, surveyors-general of fortifications, majors of brigade, and so forth: these should remain exactly as they are, only that they ought to report to the Commander-in-Chief instead of reporting to the Master-General; while over our barrack-masters, storekeepers, and the host of civil functionaries doing duty under them, the Secretary-at-War would exercise the same vigilant control which he now does over the governors, wardens, &c. of the military prisons. In like manner, we would hand over to the Admiralty the undivided charge of every article of armament, equipment, and ammunition, likely to be required for Her Majesty's fleet. Why should there not be an adequate magazine at every dockyard in the United Kingdom, of which a naval storekeeper should have the charge, and from which he might issue guns, shot, shell, powder, &c., *ad libitum*? We cannot see the smallest necessity for a series of storekeepers beyond the naval storekeepers. And as to the building department, our conviction is that—dealing separately, of course, with the erection and repair of fortifications—the work would be better done, and done at one half the cost, were a respectable builder, such as Mr. Cubitt, employed to perform it, subject to the superintendence of a really skilful engineer.

Only

Only think of the charge for the ensuing year under the head of *works, buildings, and repairs*, exceeding the sum that is required for the pay and subsistence of the ordnance corps by very nearly 22,000*l.*

It will be noticed, perhaps, that, in this brief review of our defensive arrangements, no allusion has been made to the militia reserve, nor any suggestion offered as to the best means of raising and organising that most constitutional array. Our readers, however, need not fancy that we are among the wise amateurs who think themselves entitled to make light of any word coming from the Duke of Wellington. No great country can be safe while it lacks a regular and well-considered system for training its male population to the use of arms, and rendering their courage and numbers available in the hour of need. But there are under existing laws so many difficulties in the way of calling out the militia—of enrolling, drilling, and afterwards disposing of them—that we feel unable to consider the question at the tail of an article. One hint, however, we may venture to throw out—namely, that before anything is done with a view to a supplemental army of this kind, our authorities should examine carefully into the working of the plan on which the little kingdom of Holland acts. There every regiment of the line has so many dormant militia companies attached to it, for whom the government keeps in store a stock of clothing, arms, and appointments uniform with those worn by the regular troops; and who at intervals take their places in the same ranks with the old soldiers, and pick up in an incredibly short space of time both the spirit and the skill of such comrades. We do not see that there would be real prudence in more than this. We want no more permanent fortresses, either inland or on the sea-board: we desire to see no entrenched camp formed round London or near it. And as to a National Guard, the very term stinks in our nostrils. It is probable that if our political machine keeps the track into which it has of late years gotten, we may in the course of time find it impossible to avoid that portentous experiment; but let no Conservative suggest the anticipation of the evil day. As matters at present stand, give us what we ask—thirty thousand good infantry and cavalry, with fifty guns, and we shall have no sort of fear for the safety of London in case of any attempt in the line of invasion. Give us our artillery in fine order, and in half a year's time no fear but we should be in heart for repaying any visit of that sort.

The preceding paper was in type before the intelligence of the new French revolution reached us. We do not, however, see cause on that account to suppress it. It is true that some of the

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the suggestions above hazarded may seem less suitable to the altered circumstances under which that event has placed us and all Europe ; and indeed at this moment, so far from reducing one man of the line, we should not be surprised at a speedy call to convert every four-company dépôt into a second battalion 600 strong. Meantime it would be unwise surely to defer bringing all the defensive force we now muster into the best trim—and the more we think of it, the more we are persuaded that the plan of the *Dutch Militia* deserves to be taken into the most serious consideration. *Si vis pacem, para bellum.*

ART. VI.—1. *Récits de la Captivité de l'Empereur Napoléon à Sainte Hélène.* Par M. le Général Montholon, Compagnon de sa Captivité, et son premier Exécuteur Testamentaire. Paris, 1847. 8vo. 2 tomes.

2. *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at Saint Helena.* By General Count Montholon, the Emperor's Companion in Exile, and Testamentary Executor. London, 1846-7. 8vo. 4 vols.

WE thought we had seen the last of formal and avowed attempts to prove that the ministers of George IV., especially the late excellent Earl Bathurst, and the officers employed by them, especially Sir Hudson Lowe, were guilty of systematic barbarity in the treatment of Bonaparte: but here is one more—and, as we understand that it meets with favour at Paris, we think it our duty to give a brief notice of its merits. Indeed, having taken some pains to show the true character of, we believe, all the former works of the class, from the forgeries of Santini to the fictions of O'Meara, we could hardly receive in silence the elaborate performance, put forth after the lapse of six-and-twenty years by an officer of high rank in his profession, and also, as it now appears, in the eye of the Heralds. It was well known that M. Montholon was one of the generals who accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena—it was also known that this warrior assisted in the invasion of Boulogne, and partook in consequence of the detention at Ham—but we learn now for the first time, what would probably have astonished even Sir William Dugdale, that the Count is lineally sprung from a hero who saved the life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion at the siege of Ascalon in A.D. 1192, and was then created by that grateful monarch 'Baron O'Brion and Earl of Lee' (French Preface, p. lxxxii.). By the way, in case the Bonaparte countship must now be dropped, we hope there will

will be no objection in any quarter to the resumption of these ancient titles.

He ushers in his work by telling us that 'during six years he shared the captivity of the greatest man of modern times, and *relieved the agony of his martyrdom* by attentions which He denominated filial'—that he was employed in writing from dictation 'the commentaries of this second Cæsar'—that he 'watched the death-bed upon that political Golgotha of St. Helena'—and that '*everything which he states shall be verified by proof*.' Though extracts from his papers had appeared in different publications, the whole story is only now produced in a complete and satisfactory shape.—'*Jaloux de perfectionner son œuvre, désormais le plus grand intérêt de sa vie, l'auteur l'a enrichie de quantité de faits et de détails nouveaux, puisés dans ses notes et ses souvenirs.*' And all this is echoed by the authoritative critics of *La Presse*, who say:—

'Unexpected light will be diffused by the recital of General Montholon. Numbers of facts are for the first time made public in this work—numbers of false statements completely refuted. Sir Hudson Lowe is no longer on the scene; at this moment his *Mémoires* are in preparation for the press in London. *It behoves France to be careful that the history of this illustrious yet odious captivity be not TRAVESTIED.* It was time that the truth respecting the Emperor should be given to the world. General Montholon writes history—history, serious and authentic; *he brings in support of his assertions documents—proofs.* He had a right to be believed on his mere word—he asks to be judged only by the evidence he can produce.'

The English edition, as well as the French, comes out under M. Montholon's own orders: but the English version was done from a MS., and many passages which that MS. had contained are either suppressed or greatly altered in the Parisian text. The MS. had been rather an illegible one, it seems, for the proper names are sadly *travestied* in the English text: but we cannot compliment the translator on having always understood what he could spell: for example, in rendering '*officier d'ordonnance*' by '*officer of ordnance*,' instead of '*orderly officer*.' We are afraid, too, the English scribe must take some of the blame incurred by such occasional metamorphoses as that of Rear-Admiral Pamplin into '*Lord-Admiral Pamplin*,' &c. &c. On the whole the French edition is far the best of the two. Especially, it has more documents than the other, and more *dates*!—but we see good reason for keeping them both before us on the present occasion; and the reader will understand this by and bye.

After the removal of Count Las Cases in December, 1816, Count Montholon became Napoleon's amanuensis; and these volumes profess to give us the Emperor's own account of many

many events in his wonderful career. Upon these matters, however, it is not our present intention to touch. The value of any report depends upon the accuracy and good faith of the reporter, and this article will enable those who may consult the Count's recital of Bonaparte's narratives to judge of his pretensions to those essential attributes. The other part of his work relates to what he says occurred at St. Helena; and it is with this alone that we now mean to deal.

Of Bonaparte's life at St. Helena before Sir Hudson Lowe arrived, M. Montholon says—

'This kind of life, monotonous and melancholy though it was, without doubt was regarded as too endurable in the eye of the malicious genius which then presided over the destiny of Napoleon; for Sir Hudson Lowe arrived, and with him the outrages which were to kill the august victim delivered up to his ferocious hatred by the inconsiderate rancour of the Holy Alliance.'—Ed. Paris, vol. i. p. 197; ed. Lond. i. 178.

Though he admits that Sir Hudson 'possessed talents as an administrator,' that 'he was of extreme probity,' and 'had other good qualities, yet he tells us

'Sir Hudson Lowe doubtlessly yielded to those inspirations of savage hatred of which he received the first impressions while commanding the battalion of Corsican and Calabrese deserters in Sicily.'—Ed. Paris, i. 304. 'All his relations with Longwood were marked with the stamp of insatiable hatred, outrages, and useless vexations; and I should say, with a profound conviction of its truth, that *the death of the Emperor was his object*, had he not said to me on the 6th of May, 1821, with all the accent of truth, "His death is my ruin!"' (Ed. Lond. i. 183; ed. Paris, i. 246.)

We may remind our readers that Sir Hudson, a Major-General of 1814, held the *local* rank of Lieutenant-General at St. Helena; but, after Bonaparte's death in 1821, reverted to his former position, and did not again become a Lieutenant-General until 1830. We believe few need to be told that, except a temporary appointment at Ceylon, he never subsequently received any good thing whatever from the British Government: but we may add, that he died an exceedingly poor man—in fact, leaving his daughter as well as his son as bare as any brave old officer's children ever could have been left. But to proceed. M. Montholon represents Bonaparte to have spoken thus of Sir Hudson Lowe to Lord Amherst:—

'Tell the Prince Regent, tell the Parliament of which you are a principal member, that I await as a favour the axe of the executioner to put an end to the outrages of my gaoler. . . . Crime and hatred towards me are equally in this man's nature. It is necessary to him to torture

me; like the tiger, who tears with his claws the prey whose agonies he takes pleasure in prolonging.—Ed. Lond. ii. 495; ed. Paris, ii. 140.

Bonaparte may have spoken this to somebody—or he may not—but he certainly never so spoke to Lord Amherst.

In 1818 some of the restrictions were relaxed, and in the same year Dr. O'Meara was sent to England in consequence of gross misconduct. Of these transactions the Count says,

'Sir Hudson Lowe himself observed with a certain degree of alarm the effect of his restrictive measures. A struggle was evidently taking place in his mind between a vague fear of the terrible result which might be the consequence of the state of affairs, *and the vices of his character, which incessantly urged on his inclination to torture his captive.* His evil genius gained the supremacy. At length *he dared to lay hands on the physician of his victim*, not reflecting that this barbarous act would be the most striking testimony in support of the accusation which would brand his name, should the Emperor die at St. Helena.'—Ed. Lond. iii. 1. 2; ed. Paris, ii. 243-4.

Again:—

'He seemed to consider us as slaves under the whip.' (Ed. Paris, ii. 267.) 'This man's character was a very singular one; he required constant nourishment for the uneasy and restless workings of his imagination; and when this nourishment was not the natural result of the danger of his prisoner's escape, *he sought for it everywhere, as the bloodhound seeks for the track of the stag.*' (Ed. Lond. iii. 151; ed. Paris, ii. 478.) 'The *bad temper* of Sir Hudson Lowe increased continually, and at last became such that Bertrand and I did not know what means to use so that the Emperor might not hear of his outrages.'—Ed. Lond. ii. 354. 'During five years he transformed the office of Governor of St. Helena to the functions of the goather, or rather, *I may venture to say, to the functions of executioner*' (the English edition adds) '*of Napoleon.*'—Ed. Paris, i. 246; ed. Lond. i. 184.

It was the puff of M. Montholon already quoted from 'La Presse' which suggested to ourselves the propriety of applying for access to the Lowe papers, now at last nearly ready for publication. As these MSS. contain the evidence we shall make use of on the present occasion, we must begin with a brief description of them. They consist, then, mainly of the registration, in about twenty-five folio volumes, of every instruction, despatch, and other letter, which Sir Hudson Lowe, or Sir Thomas Reade, or any other of his staff, received or wrote, that in any way whatever related to his prisoner; and of copious notes of every conversation which he or they ever had with Bonaparte or with any of his followers, or with any other person, on any subject connected with Bonaparte—notes made at the time with extraordinary

dinary care by Major Gorrequer, the acting Military Secretary.* Many of these conversations are extremely dramatic, and such of them as were held with MM. Bertrand and Montholon, and with Bonaparte himself, afford very curious revelations of *his* sentiments, habits, and character. The letters from Bertrand and Montholon to Sir Hudson were in fact Bonaparte's own, as they avowedly wrote them from his dictation. But the richest particulars concerning Napoleon and his family at Longwood are contained in O'Meara's *unpublished* communications to Sir Hudson before their quarrel, and in a series of private letters to a London friend of the distinguished surgeon's. Sir Hudson had all along meant these records to be published. He very soon felt that nothing but a complete imprint of the contemporary documents could set the question of his own conduct entirely at rest; but was from time to time persuaded to wait, whether on representations of a political cast from people in power here, or by the advice of personal friends, we do not at present inquire. Shortly before his death he set to work in earnest, and had even put some pages into type. His plan was clearly indicated: it was that of a man strong in the sense of rectitude; and we are assured that Sir Harris Nicolas has undertaken to carry out that plan in its honest comprehensiveness—nothing, whether favourable to the governor or the reverse, is to be omitted or tampered with. From these papers, therefore, the world will at last learn, as it ought long ago to have learnt, the *truth and the whole truth* respecting the captivity of Napoleon. Justice will, consequently, at last be rendered to the fairness and generosity of this country; to the conscientious minister who presided over the War Department during the whole of the period; and to the memory—alas! that it can only be his memory—of one of the most able, zealous, and humane public servants that ever fell a sacrifice to slander and cowardice.

Before we put General Montholon formally into the box, our readers may like to learn something of the character which the witness bore *at the time when, and place where*, the transactions took place—especially, perhaps, what was the opinion which Bonaparte himself entertained of his *veracity*. The reporter whom we shall cite on these matters is Dr. O'Meara; and though *we* have no very exalted opinion of the Doctor's truthfulness, Count Montholon cannot well object to him; for, notwithstanding the most material part of what we are going to state was communicated to

* In the English edition of Count Montholon's work (i. 179), Major Gorrequer is described as one 'of whose conduct we had always occasion to speak in terms of the highest praise;' but the eulogy is omitted in the *French* edition.

him in February, 1823, yet a knowledge of Dr. O'Meara's imputations did not prevent the Count from making a declaration on the Doctor's behalf when prosecuted by Sir Hudson for his libels, and he always speaks of him in his present work as '*poor O'Meara*.' On that occasion, by the bye, the Count solemnly declared, 'in order to do homage to truth, upon his honour before God and man,' that he was 'firmly convinced' that Bonaparte's life was 'shortened by the moral assassination of which he was the victim, as much from the effect of the restrictions and administration of Sir Hudson Lowe as from the effect of the devouring climate of St. Helena;'—all this, we say, the Count solemnly declared—albeit, it is an undoubted fact that the same Count Montholon had been present at the autopsy of Napoleon's corpse on the 6th of May, 1821, and that on that very day he wrote a letter, in which he said—

'L'ouverture de son corps a eu lieu ce matin; elle a prouvé qu'il était mort de la même maladie que son père, un squirre ulcéreux à l'estomac, près du pylore: les 7-8^{mes} de la face de l'estomac étaient ulcérés. Il est probable que depuis 4 à 5 ans l'ulcère avait commencé. C'est dans notre malheur une grande consolation pour nous que d'avoir acquis la preuve que sa mort n'est, et n'a pu être, en aucune manière, le résultat de sa captivité, ni de la privation de tous les soins que peut-être l'Europe eût pu offrir à l'espérance.'

But we come back to the question of the Count's character at Longwood; and—as some old readers of our Review may perhaps remember*—the fact is, that, if O'Meara spoke the truth, Count Montholon had obtained from Napoleon and his countrymen a rather awkward sobriquet. In '*poor O'Meara's*' letters to Sir Thomas Reade and Major Gorrequer, Countess Montholon was frequently alluded to in a style which decency forbids us to exemplify: but we need not be over delicate about her husband. Now, on the 21st of June, 1816, Dr. O'Meara writes to Major Gorrequer (evidently repeating expressions he had heard Napoleon use, for he always marks them as quotations; and who else conversed with O'Meara in Italian on such subjects?)—'*Montholon, better known here by the appellation of "Il Bugiardo," says, &c. . . .* 'I explained to Montholon—who "*se non fosse poltrone e bugiardo, sarebbe bravissimo uomo, ma levategli solamente questi piccoli difetti è perfetto galantuomo*"†—that you were combining heaven and earth together to lodge him and his amiable consort in state, which he assented to with several hypocritical grimaces and professions of thanks.'

* 'Quart. Rev.,' No. LV. p. 243. February, 1823.

† 'If he were not a coward and a liar, he would be a fine fellow; and, bating these two little defects, he is a perfect gentleman.'

A few weeks later the Doctor states that some sheets, 'the produce of old Ireland,' had arrived for the use of Madame de Montholon; and, after one of his habitual indecencies, adds—

'I think if a little of a plant not very dissimilar was applied to the neck of her husband in order to hang him out in the sun to dry for just half an hour, it would not produce many moist eyes at Longwood.'

On the 13th of September Dr. O'Meara told Major Gorrequer, alluding to some copper stewpans, 'You had better take some steps to have them repaired, as he [Montholon] *is malicious enough* to assert that it was neglected on *purpose to poison them*, and very likely he has already done so.'

Writing to his private friend in England on the 16th of March, 1816, Dr. O'Meara said—

'Bonaparte has discovered that the Admiral's conduct has been most grossly and shamefully misrepresented and blackened to him. The people he is surrounded by give me some faint idea of what the court of St. Cloud must have been. *Everything even here is disguised and mutilated in the representation to him, particularly by Montholon.*'

After further remarks on the 'attempts made to conceal the truth from Bonaparte, and to give him false impressions concerning every occurrence,' Dr. O'Meara specifies, by way of example, a flagrant misrepresentation by Count Montholon respecting the cause why some sentinels were posted; and adds that, on the truth becoming known to Napoleon, he

'broke out into several invectives against Montholon, whom he called a "coglion," "imbecile," &c. &c., and only fit to go into the kitchen and look after the pots; adding, that he had worse blood in his veins than the black fellow he had sent off—alluding to a negro he had discharged for caterwauling! This has in a great manner opened his eyes to Montholon, as he scarcely spoke to him for several days; and on one occasion, when Montholon was going into the town for some business, Napoleon said to him, "Now, Montholon, do not bring me back any *lies* as news, as Marshal Bertrand is going to town to-morrow, and I will *then* hear the truth."

It would be easy to multiply extracts from Dr. O'Meara's letters in which the Count's character is similarly treated—but we must leave the rest to be studied in the St. Helena correspondence.

The only difficulty we find in dealing with his *magnum opus* is to pick out romances that can be exposed within a moderate space: for in general a grain of truth is so blended with a bushel of invention, that a long explanation of the facts would be necessary. We must try our hand.

Referring to the early part of the year 1817, Count Montholon
says,

says, 'The Emperor continued to get worse and worse,' and he attributes his illness to the moist atmosphere of St. Helena:—

'It was in the midst of these new apprehensions for the health of the Emperor that Sir Hudson Lowe presented himself before me to complain that we consumed too much fire-wood, and that it was unreasonable for the Emperor, under the tropics, to have a fire every day in his bedroom. He even asserted that this could only arise from a wish, on his part, to cause more expense to England. I recalled to his recollection that it was not long since the boards of the bedroom had sunk, and suddenly a gush of stagnant water sprang from a sort of marsh which extended along two-thirds of the room. "But," said he, "since I have had the boards repaired, and the water emptied out, it seems to me that there is no further occasion for a fire." "In that room, certainly," answered I: "but what do you say respecting the other, where the boards are rotten, and the walls covered with moisture?" And at the same time I pointed out to him with my finger proofs, of what I advanced.'—Ed. Lond. ii. 353.

What could more strongly show the heartlessness of the St. Helena *Jailer*, than that the fallen Emperor should not be allowed a fire in his bedroom—no, not even when he was ill? The facts on which this pathetic story is founded are these. Sir Hudson Lowe never 'presented himself before' Count Montholon, nor did he ever speak to him on the subject: but on the 8th of May, 1817, the Count having told O'Meara that the French had not fuel enough, the Doctor conveyed the information to Major Gorrequer; and the Major instantly directed wood and coals to be sent to Longwood; and as soon as Sir Hudson Lowe heard of the affair he ordered double the usual quantity of coals to be supplied in future.* Finally, O'Meara, in a subsequent report for the Governor's eye, observes, that the quantity of fuel previously fixed on, had at the time been pronounced 'sufficient by General Montholon.'

Another fuel incident, not noticed heretofore in print, very

* 'TO DR. O'MEARA.

'Plantation House, May 9, 1817.

'Dear Doctor,—The moment you left me yesterday I wrote to Mr. Fowler desiring he would despatch an additional supply of wood and coals to Longwood, as soon as he possibly could this morning. I have since received the Governor's instructions to order that the future quantity of coals shall be doubled, making ten bags a-day instead of five (the present quantity furnished), and the supply of wood to remain the same as now. This arrangement is made in consequence of the urgent necessity which exists to avoid as much as possible the destruction of wood in the island, an article so scarce here as to afford very little resource, and the use of which it is consequently most important to economise. At Plantation House (an establishment not less numerous than that of Longwood), where two kitchen-fires are constantly kept, and a laundry besides, which requires more fuel than the cooking, only five bags of coals are used daily, and no wood. The present arrangement would therefore appear to offer an ample supply—for, though warm baths are used at Longwood, there is no laundry. Believe me, &c.

'G. GORREQUER.'

well

well illustrates the magnanimity of the Emperor. In September there was again a temporary deficiency of fire-wood, and instead of his servants making the circumstance known to O'Meara, or to the orderly officer at Longwood, the great man directed his valet to break up a bedstead, and actually, himself, dictated two letters in the name of Cipriani, his maître-d'hôtel, saying that the establishment required three times as much as was supplied in consequence of the great humidity of the spot, and desiring Mr. Balcombe to send up three thousandweight of wood to be paid for by the French themselves. This reached the Governor's ears next day, and he immediately sent for O'Meara and requested an explanation, which O'Meara gave in the following remarkable statement—which statement the worthy Doctor took care to *suppress in his book*. In the memorandum of the next day we find these sentences :—

‘ Mr. O'Meara informed the Governor that the two notes sent from Cipriani the preceding day, one addressed to Mr. Balcombe, the other to Mr. Barker, applying for an additional quantity of wood for fuel, were neither of them the handwriting or composition of Cipriani: that *Cipriani told him that, had they been written by General Montholon, or anybody else, he would not have signed them; but when he found they were General Bonaparte's own words, written by his order, he could not refuse it.* Mr. O'Meara further declared *he had himself told General Bonaparte that a supply of wood had been sent by the Governor's orders the day before, as soon as he was informed of its being wanted, and that it was a pity an application was not made to the Governor for an increase.* General Bonaparte answered, he did not wish to have anything asked for when he could pay for it himself. The Governor observed, this was always the way—they never would tell what they required, and then complained of the want of it; that he had ever desired a list might be given in of what they wished for from England, but could not obtain it. Dr. O'Meara said he had himself asked General Bertrand for a list of what articles they would require from England—who answered “*qu'il ne se mêlait pas de ces choses-là!*” ’

Count Montholon's allusions to fire-wood remind us of an amusing passage in one of Dr. O'Meara's letters to Sir Thomas Reade :—

‘ Cipriani told Bonaparte that Montholon's house was more like a *court* than a private person's house; that it contained a magazine of furniture; and that *when he could not find anything else, so desirous was he of grabbing something, that he went out and laid hold of the wood for fuel and carried it with him into his store.* Bonaparte sent for Montholon immediately.’

If we could afford a whole Number to this book, we should still find it impossible to go over half the fictions of Count Montholon.

Montholon. What will our readers think of his giving (vol. i. p. 113) a melodramatic account of Bonaparte's sword having been demanded of him on board the Bellerophon by Lord Keith—'cette épée qu'un Anglais osait demander'—and of the veteran Admiral's shrinking abashed before the Emperor's 'superhuman look'—whereas no one ever thought of depriving him of his sword, and Count Las Cases expressly says Napoleon's sword was 'respected'? What of the Count's story (vol. i. p. 125) of Bonaparte's having invited the Master of the Northumberland to dine with the Admiral, and of the Master's saying that the Admiral would not allow a Master to sit at his table—whereas everybody knows that the Master of a ship of war always dines with the Captain or Admiral, in turn with the other officers? These are absurdities—let us turn to another department. Though he has printed many letters which were written by himself from the dictation of Napoleon, he has not ventured to publish the one stuffed with complaints and abuse which he wrote on the 21st of December, 1815, to Sir George Cockburn: and why? Is it suppressed because he, the Count, afterwards apologised to the Admiral for having written it—imputing its offensive expressions to Bonaparte's petulance—and adding that he (the Count) 'considered the party to be in point of fact *vastly well off*'? Moreover, the Count relates conversations between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe on the 9th of May,* again on the 29th of May, and again on the 17th of June, 1816, *on none of which days did the Governor speak to Bonaparte*. He describes the Emperor as '*abattu et profondément triste*' on the 28th of May, though Las Cases and O'Meara both state that on that day Bonaparte took a long ride with Count Las Cases, which they 'enjoyed very much,' and that, after he returned, he *played at skittles or ninepins* with his followers! He states (ii. 321-322) that, Bonaparte having been taken ill in the night of the *sixteenth* of June, 1819, General Bertrand wrote to Dr. Stokoe, on board the flag-ship in the Roads, desiring him to come immediately to Longwood; but, as he did not arrive, the Count wrote a second letter at nine o'clock in the evening; and it was not until the afternoon of the *nineteenth* that Dr. Stokoe appeared, and then only in consequence of a third summons, he having found difficulty in being allowed to leave the ship. The *truth*, however, is, that the Doctor reached Longwood *before seven o'clock* in the morning of the *seventeenth*, less than six hours after Bertrand's first letter was despatched; that he remained there nearly eight hours; that in the

* On this occasion he represents Bonaparte to have said that the badges on the colours of the 53rd Regiment ought to be changed for the words *assassinat de Napoléon*.

evening of that day *Count Montholon* went himself to the Governor to request that Dr. Stokoe might continue in attendance upon Napoleon; that the Doctor, returning to Longwood early on the *eighteenth*, stayed there the greater part of that day; and that he was again there on the 19th, the 20th, and the 21st. This feat of misrepresentation has been accomplished in Count Montholon's usual manner, namely, by suppressing one letter, omitting the date of another, and perverting the purport of a third. Let us gather a few more plums. He asserts that Sir Hudson Lowe often awoke in the middle of the night dreaming of the Emperor's flight, leapt out of bed, mounted his horse, and rode like a madman to Longwood, to assure himself that he was labouring under the influence of nightmare, 'instead of a providential instinct,' and that nothing satisfied him except 'the word of honour of the *French officers*' (!!!) that the Emperor was in his apartments, when there was an effusion of gratitude on his part, with apologies for having disturbed them! (ed. Paris, i. 246; ed. Lond., i. 184);—that the soldiers of the camp at Deadwood saluted Napoleon with hurrahs: and that the Governor forbade them (naturally enough, if it had ever occurred) from repeating such '*hommage*' upon pain of being flogged (ed. Paris, i. 289);—that Count Bertrand could not pass from his residence at Hutt's Gate to Longwood after six o'clock in the evening without a special permission from the orderly officer, 'and even then he would have to walk between two soldiers who held their bayonets pointed at him; the orders of Sir Hudson Lowe were that *the point of the bayonet should touch the breast of the person*' (ed. London, ii. 7);—that Admiral, Sir Pulteney Malcolm told Bonaparte that, during the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, thinking the day lost, and that he could at best hope to effect a decent retreat, sent him (Sir Pulteney Malcolm) orders to prepare for the re-embarkation of the English army! (ed. Paris, i. 320).

We have no desire to anticipate the full refutation which, from our perusal of Sir Hudson Lowe's Memoirs, we are confident that work will be allowed to afford in the cases of Count Las Cases and Dr. O'Meara, as well as of Count Montholon—clearly proving that their most formal statements in detraction of the Governor of St. Helena and of the British Ministry are absolutely untrue; that essential facts have been suppressed; that a false and malignant construction has been given even to the most necessary, nay, the kindest and most conciliatory parts of the Governor's procedure. We must, however, adduce two specimens of Count Montholon's notion of literary honesty, one of which is rather amusing.

amusing. Among the correspondence in both editions of the 'History' is a violent letter to Sir Hudson Lowe, which the Count says he wrote and sent on the 8th of April, 1819, 'by order of the Emperor.' To this letter (as printed in both the editions) a long postscript is affixed—and the letter itself, in the English edition, contains the following paragraphs:—

'Permit me, Sir, to cite to you another trait of what is done and practised in this island. A lady is in a dying condition: Drs. Weeling and Livingstone declared, in proper terms, on the 1st of April, in a special consultation, that it was necessary for her immediately to quit St. Helena, because she was attacked by the disease of the liver, endemic in this island; that she had no chance of recovery, except from the influence of the air of Europe. I immediately requested these physicians, addressing myself to Mr. Livingstone, to give me their opinion in writing: they consented to do so, but afterwards retracted their consent; alleging that a conclusion would be drawn from this, that, the Emperor Napoleon being attacked by the same disease, a change of climate was necessary for him. But can you then pretend to deny that disease of the liver is endemic in this country?—that individuals who are attacked by it ought to have a change of air, and to breathe that of northern climates? Is there one medical man among those who are or have been here who dares to lie to his conscience and deny that disease of the liver and inflammation of the bowels are diseases endemic in the island of St. Helena? Have not sailors and soldiers attacked by hepatitis been sent to Europe? Do not even creoles who have never before quitted the island receive advice from the physicians, when attacked by this disease, to go and seek recovery in England? What influence can the circumstance of the Countess Montholon's illness then have?—what motive can you have for opposing, either directly or indirectly, the giving of the physicians' opinion in writing?—a thing necessary to her satisfaction and to her honour: for the more horrible our sojourn in this island has become, through the treatment we receive from you, the more strongly does honour command us to withdraw ourselves from such treatment only by a recognised necessity.

'It now remains for me, Sir, to beg you to adopt one of the two following courses: either to conform in your correspondence to the forms so long in use, or to write no more to me; for I cannot receive letters without having liberty to answer them; and a soldier and a gentleman should not endure the affront of seeing all his letters returned to him. Put an end, then, to scenes but little worthy of the rank you occupy, or of my character. If you have any official or personal communications to make to me, make them in the terms which have been in established use for four years; do not make use of the intervention of your officers. With a stranger in the island, a French general officer, belonging in his own country to a distinguished family, it is against all rules of politeness not to communicate directly; and when these communications refer to the Emperor Napoleon, this incivility becomes
a madness,

a madness, which is in itself sufficient to characterize your administration in the eyes of Europe:

‘ I have the honour, &c. &c.

‘ GENERAL COUNT MONTHOLON.’

—Ed. Lond., vol. iii. pp. 83–86.

Now mark—first of all, the letter which the Count on the 8th of April, 1819, sent to Sir Hudson Lowe, drew from Sir Hudson a most distinct reply, paragraph by paragraph, which reply the Count has found it inexpedient to publish: but, secondly, the Count’s real letter *did not contain one single word of the above passages*. The autograph is before us. Thirdly, the real letter has no postscript: the postscript of the books forms, in the original MS., part of the letter itself, and immediately follows the part where the interpolation ‘Permit me,’ &c. &c., begins. Fourthly, on turning to the French book (vol. ii. pp. 341–343), we find a remarkable variation from the copy in the English book; for the paragraph about Countess Montholon’s illness, beginning ‘Permit me, Sir, to cite to you,’ &c., and ending with the words ‘recognised necessity,’ *does not occur*, while the *other interpolated paragraph and the postscript are retained*.

The Count proceeds to say, ‘from the 11th of April to the 18th of July, 1819, all correspondence relative to the Emperor between the Governor and ourselves ceased.’ But exactly within that period there occurred incidents of considerable moment as respects the relations between Count Montholon himself and the Governor; and on which we rather think the Count’s History ought not to have been wholly silent—more especially after favouring us with the foregoing lamentations over the hard usage of his Countess.

As early as April, 1819, it was found necessary for Madame Montholon to return to Europe on account of her health; and the Count, long before thoroughly weary of St. Helena, announced his wish to accompany her. His departure was, however, so strongly opposed by Bonaparte, to whom he was useful as an amanuensis, that he consented to remain; but he told the Governor that he would not continue there beyond six months after the departure of his Countess. On the 26th of May the Count made a written application to Sir Hudson Lowe for leave for Madame Montholon to proceed direct to England, instead of by the Cape of Good Hope, the prescribed route; adding, ‘*Mon intention est de la rejoindre aussitôt que j’aurais pu réconcilier mon départ avec les devoirs qui me retiennent à Longwood.*’ Both Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe had all along endeavoured to show Madame Montholon every civility in their power. She at last sailed early in July, and the Count wrote to
the

the Governor, desiring him to offer to Lady Lowe the ‘*hommage de tous ses remerciements pour son aimable obligeance à l’occasion du départ de Madame de Montholon.*’

In 1820 Count Montholon became extremely anxious to return to Europe. He frequently and urgently requested Sir Hudson Lowe to induce the British Government to send out some person in his place, and his applications continued to be made even so late as January, 1821—that is, *until within four months of Bonaparte’s death.* Now, of this determination to leave Napoleon there is not the slightest indication in any part of the Count’s work; and his wish to make it appear that he had resolved to remain with the ex-Emperor till the last has caused him to commit a little piece of *ruserie* which he flattered himself would never be found out, but which there is the more pleasure in exposing on account of his ungenerous conduct towards General Bertrand (the Emperor’s *Grand Marshal*), of whom he often speaks very slightly, and more than insinuates that he was deficient in attention to Napoleon. But, as if one trick necessarily involves another, Count Montholon has been guilty of a *second* bit of duplicity on this occasion, for the sole purpose of vilifying Sir Hudson Lowe—and the double offence meets most justly with a signal retribution.

Treating of July, 1820, Count Montholon writes thus in his ‘History:’—

‘Every vessel signalled as coming from Europe gave us a few hours of hope; but this first impression was always followed by more or less intense annoyance caused by the communications of Sir Hudson Lowe. Family letters, cases of books, or instructions from his Government—everything afforded him a pretext for paying a visit to Longwood. This time the pretext was the communication of a despatch received from Lord Bathurst relative to General Bertrand. *He insisted on my undertaking to communicate this despatch to the Emperor.* I obstinately refused, and endeavoured to convince him of the inutility of this communication, *since I was certain that Lord Bathurst had received false information concerning the projects of the Grand Marshal, who, I was perfectly convinced, had never thought of returning to Europe.* Sir Hudson Lowe departed, taking with him the despatch which I had refused to receive; and I believed I had thoroughly convinced him, but I was mistaken. Next day, July 7th, he wrote the following letter to the Abbé Buonavita:—“Sir,—The enclosed contains information which requires some delicacy and consideration in its communication to the person whom it concerns, and I hope you will excuse my taking the liberty of addressing it to you. I have, &c., H. LOWE.”’

The Count then gives the following as a copy of the ‘despatch relative to General Bertrand,’ which the Governor inclosed to Buonavita:—

‘London,

? ‘London, March 16th, 1820.

“Sir,— I have learned that it is the intention of the Countess and General Bertrand to demand permission to return to Europe; and, as in consequence of their departure the society of General Bonaparte at Longwood would be essentially diminished, you will take the first opportunity of informing him of his Majesty’s disposition to satisfy any desire which he may express with respect to any persons whose arrival at Longwood would be agreeable to the General. If General Bonaparte would prefer leaving the choice of such persons to Cardinal Fesch or the Princess Pauline Borghese, I will immediately make a communication to them to that effect. It is only necessary to add, that the persons who may be thus sent to Longwood would be required to conform to the established regulations; that is to say, would be subjected to the conditions subscribed to by the persons whose places they would supply, as well as to all restrictions which might afterwards be prescribed with reference to this island.

‘I have, &c.

‘BATHURST’

Count Montholon goes on to say:—

‘*The Abbé Buonavita hastened to bring me these letters; I entreated him not to say anything about them to the Emperor, but immediately to deliver them to the Grand Marshal, whom they greatly astonished. He could only find an explanation of them by attributing them to violation of the secrecy of the most private family communications. He had expressed, in a letter to his old father, his regret at finding himself totally unable to procure for his children the lessons of all kinds so absolutely necessary to their education, and had said some words about the necessity under which he should find himself of making a voyage to Europe, for the purpose of delivering them to his charge, unless events should speedily put an end to the Emperor’s captivity. Bertrand carried the whole affair to the Emperor: his natural and friendly explanations were fully understood, and the two letters were placed among the archives of Longwood. The Abbé Buonavita received orders to reply that he had communicated his letters, and was not charged with any answer. This incident had, however, some influence on the Emperor’s state.*’—Ed. Paris, ii. 409–412; ed Lond. iii. 125–128.

We begin with Count Montholon’s assertion that, on the 6th of July, he told Sir Hudson Lowe that he was perfectly convinced General Bertrand ‘*had never thought of returning to Europe.*’ Nothing was said on the subject on the 6th of July; but, on the 1st of that month, Count Montholon came to Plantation House, where he had a long and amicable conversation with Sir Hudson Lowe about some books which were wanted at Longwood, about supplying the place of a servant who had threatened to leave them, and on French politics. And then (we copy the minute of the day)—

‘Whilst the Governor was absent,’ writes Major Gorrequer, ‘to search for some books (which they had not, as it appeared, yet read at Longwood),

wood), Count Montholon repeated to me the anxiety he had before expressed in this conversation of hearing from Madame de Montholon. *He trusted the next letter would bring him some certain intelligence of his successor, "comme elle travaille depuis quelque tems à mon remplacement."* *He was the more anxious about it, for he found the Bertrands were determined to stay no longer here; they had been some time past talking about going away, but now seemed fully resolved upon it.* He had advised Count Bertrand to wait until something was known with regard to a successor coming out to relieve him (Count Montholon); but Count Bertrand had now however gone so far as to inform l'Empereur of his intention, and had told him *that he could not stay any longer at St. Helena. . . .* On remarking that it was, perhaps, only Madame Bertrand "*qui s'ennuyait,*" and wished to return home with her children, *Count Montholon said they appeared both equally bent on it,* but that of course Madame Bertrand was most anxious.'

It will not be doubted that the contemporary minute of Gorréquer is correct as to the date—and that the conversation ascribed by Montholon to the 6th took place really on the 1st, and was the only one about that time on the subject. How awkward, then, the production of this clear evidence that on the 1st of July, 1820, Count Montholon said, '*he found the Bertrands were determined to stay no longer,*' and that the Grand Marshal showed much anxiety about his own return; yet now states in his History that on the 6th of that month he told Sir Hudson Lowe that in his '*conviction intime le Grand Maréchal n'avait jamais pensé à retourner en Europe!*'

Next, as to Sir Hudson Lowe's letter to the Abbé Buonavita. From regard for the feelings of the French officers, whenever the newspapers contained intelligence of a painful nature relating to any of them or to their families, Sir Hudson always took means for breaking it to them in the most considerate manner. After the arrival of the Abbé Buonavita, the Governor employed him to communicate information of this description to the party whom it affected. This was done *in the instance of Count Montholon himself, on the death of one of his children in January of this very year;* and the Abbé's reply, in which he expressed himself warmly in praise of the Governor's attention and kindness, was, Sir Hudson said, '*the most civilly expressed thing he had ever received from Longwood.*' Well—on the 7th of July, 1820, a newspaper having arrived, containing a notice of the death of General Bertrand's father, Sir Hudson Lowe immediately forwarded the paper to the Abbé Buonavita *with the note which Count Montholon has printed.* The '*enclosed paper*' consequently *was not,* as Count Montholon states, '*a despatch from Earl Bathurst relative to General Bertrand,*'
which

which despatch he also states that he, Montholon, refused to receive—but a newspaper containing sorrowful intelligence for General Bertrand; and, instead of Montholon having advised the Abbé not to show the Governor's note and its enclosure to Napoleon, but to deliver them to Bertrand, the Abbé forthwith showed Napoleon the newspaper paragraph, and it was Napoleon himself who informed 'the Grand Marshal' of his loss.

But now as to Lord Bathurst's despatch of March 16, 1820, to Sir Hudson Lowe. That despatch, according to Count Montholon, as we have seen above, commenced in these words:—

'Sir,—I have learned that it is the intention of the *Comtesse* and *General Bertraud* to demand permission to return to Europe,' &c.

In the French edition (ii. 410):—

'Londres, 16 Mars, 1820.

'Monsieur,—Ayant appris que l'intention de la Comtesse et du Général Bertrand est de faire la demande de retourner en Europe,' &c.

The despatch itself is at this moment before us; and what ought to be the confusion of Count Montholon, when we produce the first lines of it? These are—

'Sir,—Having understood that it is the intention of Count MONTHOLON and General Bertrand to apply for leave to return to Europe,' &c.*

Thus the Historian, who '*asks to be judged only by the evidence he can produce*,' stands convicted of having falsified a despatch for the purpose of concealing from his countrymen that he, the Historian, had conveyed to the English Government by March 1820 his intention of quitting 'the illustrious captive of St. Helena.'

Further,—Count Montholon says, '*The Abbé Buonarita*

* To illustrate further the scrupulous neatness of Montholon's version, we annex a literal copy of Lord Bathurst's despatch *in extenso* :—

'TO LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HUDSON LOWE, K.C.B.

'Downing Street, March 16, 1816.

'Sir,—Having understood that it is the intention of Count Montholon and General Bertrand to apply for leave to return to Europe, and as in consequence of their departure General Bonaparte's society at Longwood will be essentially straitened, you will take a fit opportunity of conveying to him his Majesty's disposition to attend to any wish which the General may express in favour of any individual whose arrival at Longwood would be satisfactory to the General.

'If General Bonaparte should prefer leaving the selection either to the Cardinal Fesch, or to the Princess Pauline de Borghese, I will readily make a communication to that effect.

'It is only necessary to add, that the person who shall so go out must come within the established regulations, viz. he must be subject to the conditions to which the persons who last went out subscribed, and must not have been already in the island.

'I have, &c.

'BATHURST.'

hastened

hastened to bring me these letters ;' but by whom, for what purpose, and in what manner the despatch really was given to the Count is thus described by Sir Hudson Lowe in his letter of the 9th of July, 1820, to Earl Bathurst. After acknowledging the receipt of the despatch, and stating that, by the same opportunity, accounts had arrived of the death of General Bertrand's father, Sir Hudson says—

' I thought it proper, therefore, to lose no time in making known his Majesty's gracious disposition to attend to any desire he (Bonaparte) might have respecting a person *to replace Count Montholon or General Bertrand*; and, having drawn out a copy of your Lordship's letter, put it under a sealed envelope, marked on the back "Note of information from the Governor," and, proceeding to Longwood, sent the orderly officer to inquire for Count Montholon, and to say to him that I desired an opportunity of speaking to him. He was not in his room at the time I first sent to him, but arrived shortly afterwards, when, accompanied by the orderly officer, I called upon him, and delivered him the sealed paper, saying it was upon a point which might be interesting to Napoleon Bonaparte to be personally first informed of, and I begged he would deliver it to him. *Count Montholon accepted the paper, and said he would not fail to deliver it.*'

Again,—though Count Montholon now asserts that he, the Count, received Lord Bathurst's despatch of March 16, 1820, from the Abbé Buonavita on the 7th or 8th of July—and then perceived the *astonishment* of Bertrand at finding that his wish to leave St. Helena had transpired—yet, in September, two months afterwards, when Count Montholon entreated the Governor's good offices in hastening the nomination of his, the Count's, successor, that he might return to Europe, *he told Sir Hudson Lowe that 'he knew nothing whatever about it (viz., that despatch of Lord Bathurst's); that Bonaparte did not show it him,—il nous l'a caché, il ne nous en a pas dit un mot ;'* and, from his desire to avail himself of Lord Bathurst's consent to his quitting St. Helena, he asked if there were 'any means by which Sir Hudson could now inform him and General Bertrand officially of the receipt of that despatch.'

Such are the artifices by which 'the History of this illustrious Captivity' has been 'TRAVESTIED.'

We have given but a glimpse or two of the sort of light that may be expected from the Lowe MSS.—nor can we afford to extend this article, which must soon be followed by an ample one on those extraordinary papers. We cannot, however, conclude without drawing attention to the only really important statements in Count Montholon's work, and which, as they censure neither Sir Hudson Lowe nor Lord Bathurst, may be true, monstrous as is the charge which the Count has therein brought
against

against certain subordinate servants of the British Crown. The Count mentions no less than *six* plans which were formed and proposed for Buonaparte's escape from St. Helena. One of these propositions, he says, came from the commander of an East India-man; another scheme, 'the success of which was certain,' was projected by one of the officers of the garrison; and a third was tabled by a naval Captain on his return from India, who demanded no reward for himself, but a million of francs for his accomplices. The Count states, also, that notwithstanding all the Governor's precautions, the French had little difficulty in corresponding secretly with Europe—adding details which fully justify Sir Hudson Lowe's opinion of the intriguing spirit of at least one of the foreign commissioners, whose presence at St. Helena proved so mischievous, that two of the three were removed long before the Emperor's death.

In these facts, if facts they be, an answer will be found to all the magniloquent reclamations and lamentations touching the wanton and tyrannical rigour of Buonaparte's confinement; and we leave Count Montholon to reconcile as he best may his own distinct avowal in this book of his having had a perfect cognizance of six successive plots for his master's escape—plots formed even by British subjects, and one of them by an officer of the Governor's own garrison—with his, the same Count Montholon's, solemn declaration 'before God and man, and upon his honour,' in April, 1823, two years after the death of Napoleon, that 'he always considered the government of Sir Hudson Lowe as arbitrary, unjust, unnecessarily vexatious, and, in short, as that of a Governor bewildered by the vast extent of his responsibility, and *scayed by the chimeras of a restless imagination!*'

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline.* By John Lord Hervey. Edited, from the Original Manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1848.

IT has been known ever since Walpole published his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors in 1757, that John Lord Hervey, the *Sporus* of Pope, had left Memoirs of the Court of George II.; and it was stated by Bowles, in his edition of Pope, 1806, that Lord Hervey's dying injunction must prevent their appearance during the lifetime of George III. That injunction, however, was not Lord Hervey's, but contained in the will of his son Augustus, third Earl of Bristol, whose nephew, the first

Marquis, now at last, twenty-eight years after the death of George III., authorises the publication. Mr. Croker's fitness for the editorial task had no doubt been suggested by his edition of *Lady Hervey's Letters*, 1821. That lady (the famous Mary Lepell) survived her lord for many years, and several of her friends, among others probably Lord Hailes and Horace Walpole, had been allowed by her to peruse parts of the *Memoirs*; but Lord Hailes, who in 1778 justly described them as 'written with great freedom,' hinted that whenever they appeared the origin of the antipathy between George II. and his eldest son would be 'revealed to posterity,'—and that promise is not redeemed in the text now given to the world.

The explanation of this seems to be, that the Marquis, upon the expiring of the testamentary injunction, examined the MS. with a view to publication, and not only conceived that a still longer suppression would be expedient, but that some of its contents ought never to be revealed at all. His Lordship accordingly cut out and burnt various passages; and as he was careful to mark the place and extent of each laceration, the editor concludes from the context that they all bore reference to the feuds in the royal family. It is probable that we have thus lost a clue to what certainly is a very perplexing mystery; for it is evident that the alienation between Prince Frederick and not only his father, but his mother, was strong and decided while he was yet in his early youth—years before he ever saw England; and historical inquirers will now be more than ever puzzled, since Hervey's *Memoirs* show that the parental animosity did go so far as to contemplate, if possible, his actual disinheritation:—an extravagance alleged by Frederick himself, or at his suggestion, in the scandalous mock fairy-tale of *Prince Titi*, but not heretofore confirmed by any better authority.

It is to be wished that the noble owner of the MS. had consulted some experienced literary adviser before he made irremediable mutilations, some of them possibly of no ordinary importance. Mr. Croker tells us *he* has altered nothing of the text confided to him except words or phrases not compatible with modern notions of decorum—a liberty which every recent editor of old letters or journals has (or ought to have) exemplified. No man can be justified in publishing for the first time gross indecencies; and expressions that have this character to every modern eye abounded in the familiar intercourse, oral or epistolary, of the purest men and even women a hundred years ago—as well as in the most classical literature of their age. But Mr. Croker felt that this is a very nice and difficult part of an editor's task. To omit such things wholly and leave no indication
of

of them—is really to destroy historical evidence, both as to individual character and national manners. His rule has been ‘to suppress, but not to conceal.’ We are to take it for granted, then, that wherever we see *Editorial* asterisks or brackets there was heinous offensiveness—for the text, as we have it, is still ‘written with great freedom’ in every sense of that word. We doubt not Mr. Croker’s discretion; but there is no small risk, especially in these days of blue-stocking activity, that the scruples of delicacy may be indulged to the serious damage of historical testimony—and we venture to suggest that among all our book-clubs there might well be one to perpetuate un mutilated copies of private memoirs and correspondence.* The plan of limited impressions, kept exclusively for a small circle, might in this case be serviceable to purposes of real value.

These *Memoirs* extend over the first ten years of George the Second’s reign (1727—1737), during seven of which the author was domesticated in the palace. Of his personal history before they commence, and after their conclusion, we have even now rather slender information; but Mr. Croker has probably given us all that the world will ever have. He has certainly added a good deal to what we formerly possessed, and, we think, enough to prepare us very tolerably for the appreciation of Hervey’s posthumous narrative, as well as to render intelligible not a few hitherto dark allusions in the prose and the verse of his friend Lady Mary Wortley, and their common enemy, Pope.

John Hervey, the second son of the first Lord Bristol, was born in 1696. His father, the representative of an ancient and wealthy family, was one of the leading Whig commoners at the revolution, created a peer by Queen Anne in 1703 through the influence of Marlborough, and rewarded for his Hanoverian zeal by the earldom on the accession of George I.: a man of powerful talents, elegant accomplishments, and unspotted worth in every relation of life, but not without a harmless share in that hereditary eccentricity of character which suggested Lady Mary Wortley’s division of the human race into Men, Women, and Herveys. After his elevation in 1714 he appears to have lived constantly at his noble seat of Ickworth, in Suffolk, where he divided his active hours between his books, his farm, and his country sports, and solaced his leisure with eternal grumblings. The peerage—the earldom—sufficed not; he would fain have had political office, and since this was not tendered him, he would take no further share in the business of Parliament. His wife was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Caroline both as Princess of Wales and as Queen of England, and four of his sons, as they grew up, were provided for by royal favour, two of them with places in the household;

but still he grumbled ; and though the most distinguished of his progeny inherited few or none of his virtues, he imitated and exaggerated all the good man's foibles.

Lord Bristol's eldest son, Carr Lord Hervey, was early attached to the household of the Prince of Wales (George II.), and is said by Walpole to have been endowed with abilities even superior to those of his brother John. He died young and unmarried ; but his short life had been very profligate. According to Lady Louisa Stuart (in the Anecdotes prefixed to the late Lord Wharnclicffe's edition of Lady Mary Wortley's works), it was generally believed that Carr was the real father of Horace Walpole, and besides various circumstances stated by Lady Louisa in corroboration of that story, it derives new support from the sketches of Sir Robert Walpole's interior life in the *Memoirs* now before us, but still more, perhaps, from the literary execution of the *Memoirs* themselves, and the peculiar kind of talent, taste, and temper which they evince. If the virtuoso of Strawberry Hill was not entitled to a place in Lady Mary's third class, he at least bore a most striking resemblance to those of that class with whom she was best acquainted ; and certainly no man or woman—or Hervey—ever bore less likeness than he did, physically, morally, or intellectually, to the *pater quem nuptie demonstrabant*.

John Hervey, on leaving Cambridge in 1715, travelled for some little time on the Continent, and then, not immediately succeeding in his application for a commission in the Guards, attached himself to the 'young court' at Richmond, where the Prince and Princess had his mother and brother already in their household. Caroline was then a little turned of thirty, comely, high in health and spirits, and, besides the Chesterfields, Scarboroughs, Bathursts, the Howards, Bellendens, and Lepells of her proper circle, had also in her neighbourhood and confidence Pope and the minor literati of his little brotherhood. Lady Mary Wortley, too, occupied a villa at Twickenham. To all this brilliant society John Hervey found ready access, and he soon became one of its acknowledged lights ; his person was eminently handsome, though in too effeminate a style—his wit piquant—his literature, considering his station and opportunities, very remarkable—his rhymes above par—his ambition eager—his presumption and volubility boundless—his address and manners, however, most polished and captivating. He by and by stood very high in the favour of the Princess and, perhaps, for a season, in the fancy of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Pope received and cultivated him with most flattering attention, but in what bitter hostility that connexion ended is known to everybody—although it is not to this hour clear in how far the change in Pope's feelings towards

Hervey

Hervey was caused or quickened by a change in the relations between Lady Mary and

‘Tuneful Alexis, by the Thames’ fair side,
The ladies’ *plaything* and the Muses’ pride.’

In 1720 John Hervey married the flower of the maids of honour, Miss Lepell; and, Carr dying in 1723, they became Lord and Lady Hervey. In 1725 he was returned for Bury, and, following the lead of ‘the young court,’ joined Pulteney in the Opposition to Walpole. No early speeches are recorded, but it appears from a letter included in these *Memoirs*, that Sir Robert soon conceived a respect for his ability and a desire to convert him. In 1727 George I. died, and, the new king speedily adopting the minister whom he had as Prince abhorred, Lord Hervey naturally took a similar course. He received a pension of 1000*l.* a-year, deserted Pulteney, and supported Sir Robert in the House of Commons, but still more efficiently by a series of pamphlets against Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and the other wits of the ‘Craftsman:’ but his father not having been converted, the change in the son’s politics cost him fresh grumbings, and by-and-bye the son himself grumbled audibly. No difference in politics, nor in still more weighty matters, ever disturbed the affectionate confidence between them. Lord Hervey talked of giving up his pension unless Walpole would give him place. ‘Quite right,’ said the Earl of Bristol; and added generously, ‘whenever you choose to drop it I will give you an equivalent myself.’ However, the grumbling never took the shape of resignation, and at last, shortly after a foolish duel with Pulteney, Hervey received the key of Vice-Chamberlain, at which point (1730) the peculiar interest of these *Memoirs* begins.

That office in those days implied constant residence in the Palace, and, of course, as his wife had ceased on her marriage to have any post in the household, something very like a virtual separation *à mensû et thoro*. Such conditions would have seemed hard enough in 1720:

“For Venus had never seen bedded

So handsome a beau and a belle,

As when Hervey the handsome was wedded

To the beautiful Molly Lepell’—

and they were then as fond as graceful; but by 1730 there seems to have been no particular difficulty. Hervey indeed had spent the year 1729 in Italy *en garçon*—an excursion which left such traces in his tastes that several years later Lady Mary Wortley calls him, for shortness, ‘*Italy*.’ Lady Louisa Stuart (*Anecdotes*, p. 66) says, ‘that *dessous des cartes*, which Madame de Sévigné advises us to peep at, would have betrayed that Lord
and

and Lady Hervey lived together on very amicable terms—as *well-bred as if not married at all*, according to the demands of Mrs. Millamant in the play; but without any strong sympathies, and more like a French couple than an English one.’ On this Mr. Croker says:—

‘As Lady Hervey was going out of the world as Lady Louisa came into it, she could not have spoken from any personal knowledge; and one or two slight touches of her grandmother’s satirical gossiping pen are too slight to affect a character so generally respected as Lady Hervey’s.’—vol. i. p. xvii.

But in this instance, as in several others, our editor is perhaps too ingenious. It is true that Lady Mary died in 1762, when Lady Louisa was in the nursery; but Lady Mary’s daughter, the Countess of Bute, survived till 1794—and who can doubt that it was to her mother and her mother’s coeval friends that Lady Louisa Stuart owed her peeps at the *dessous des cartes* of the Court of George II.? Mr. Croker proceeds to say:—

‘On the other hand, it is only too clear from some passages in the following *Memoirs*, that the gentleman’s conjugal principles and practice were very loose, and that his lady, if she had not had an innate sense of propriety, might have pleaded the example and the provocation of her husband’s infidelity. And here it may be as well to state that this laxity of morals was accompanied, if not originally produced, by his worse than *scepticism*. How a son so dutiful and affectionate, and resembling a singularly pious father in so many other points, was led into such opposite courses both in morals and religion, we have no distinct trace; but about the time that he exchanged the paternal converse of Ickworth for the society of London and the free-thinking Court of the Prince, Tindal, Toland, and Woolston were in high vogue, and it is too certain that Lord Hervey adopted all their anti-Christian opinions, and, by a natural consequence, a peculiar antipathy to the Church and Churchmen.’—p. xviii.

All this is very true; but we are sorry to say we think it is quite as plain, from Lady Hervey’s *Letters to the Rev. Mr. Morris*, that, if she never had any occasion to plead ‘the example and provocation of her husband’s infidelity,’ her ‘innate sense of propriety’ could have derived little support from religious principle. (See *Letters*, pp. 98 and 251.)

Lady Louisa says:—

‘By the attractions she retained in age she must have been singularly captivating when young, gay, and handsome, and never was there so perfect a model of the finely polished, highly bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge which some called affected, but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether exquisitely pleasing.’—*Anecdotes*, p. 66.

The Lepells were proprietors of the Island of Sark, where the people

people are more than half French, and her partiality for French society and manners was such that she seems never in her later days to have been so happy as in Paris; nay, her correspondents, whenever any battle has occurred between the nations, drop hints that she cannot be expected to sympathise heartily with the English side. We may add from Lady Louisa a singular circumstance, which Mr. Croker has overlooked or rejected. This maid of honour to Caroline, Princess of Wales—this wife of George II.'s Vice-Chamberlain, and mother of three servants of that government—was nevertheless through life in her private sentiments a warm partisan of the exiled Stuarts. We may also observe, though we are far from insinuating that Lady Hervey received Voltaire's personal flattery as readily as we are afraid she did his sceptical philosophy, that this French-English lady had the rare distinction of being the subject of English verses by the author of *Zaire* :—

' Hervey! would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast,
'Trilling is the inclination
That by words can be express'd ;

' In my silence see the lover—
'True love is by silence known ;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the powers of your own.'

Lady Hervey was a woman of both solid and brilliant talents (we think the editor of her Letters speaks less highly of them than they deserve), and no one doubts that she had many most amiable qualities. She was an excellent mother to a large and troublesome family, and the correspondence of her widowhood expresses both respect and tenderness for her husband's memory. To all these circumstances Mr. Croker will naturally point in support of himself against Lady Louisa's *dessous des cartes*. We have no wish to prolong the controversy—but she and her lord certainly lived together on a footing of confidence 'more French than English.' To her he left the care of these Memoirs. In them he expatiates on some infidelities of his own, earlier and later, interrupted and renewed, with a perfect tranquillity of self-satisfaction; and he quite as coolly recites that both Pulteney and Walpole had made love to his wife, explaining in a tone of the most serene indifference that, though she admired their talents, she did not like either of their persons, and that they were both unsuccessful; and clearly implying, which indeed the course of his history rendered superfluous, that such liberties never at all disturbed his cordiality of intercourse with either the first or the second of his political captains.

Pope,

Pope, who had often addressed the maid of honour in a style only less impudent than that of Voltaire's stanzas to the married woman, either retained a kindness for her, or fancied that her praise would annoy her husband—for in most of his attacks on Hervey he was careful to introduce her as a contrast. We need not add, that the whole strain of his invective was expressly designed to represent Lord Hervey as one who must be to every woman an object of contempt and disgust.

Whatever the original offence had been, it was Pope who threw the first stone in the eye of the world. The acquaintance appears to have dropped about 1725. In the *Miscellanies* of 1727, and again in the first *Dunciad* of 1728, Hervey was sneered at as a poetaster. In 1732 came out the satire with the contemptuous lines on *Lord Fanny*, and the unquotable couplet on *Sappho*. Upon this, Hervey and Lady Mary laid their heads together in the 'Lines to the Imitator of Horace' (Lady M. Wortley's Works, vol. iii.), and Hervey penned the prose philippic against Pope, entitled 'Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity;' both these appeared in 1733. To the Letter Pope replied in prose—and that production, which Johnson treats very slightly, was estimated far differently by Warburton and by Warton, in whose opinion Mr. Croker concurs as to the brilliant execution of the piece, though he adds that its substance was borrowed from a preceding libel by Pulteney, and repeats Dal-laway's just animadversion on the baseness of Pope's denying that by Lord Fanny and Sappho he had meant Hervey and Lady Mary. Whether Warburton is right in saying that this, certainly the best specimen of Pope's prose, was printed as well as written in 1733—or Mr. Croker in deciding that it was never printed till after Pope's death—is a question that will not greatly interest our readers; though probably most of them will incline to think that Pope's own friend, executor, and first editor could hardly have been deceived as to such a matter, and that when Johnson says 'the letter was never sent,' the Doctor means merely that it never reached Hervey except in the shape of a pamphlet—that it was a letter, not for the post, but for the press. However, in the following year Pope administered a finishing flagellation. We doubt if in the whole literature of *modern* Europe there is anything to match that awful infliction—on which all the malignity and all the wit of a dozen demons might seem to have been concentrated—the character of *Sporus* in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* (1734).

Every syllable, no doubt, did its work at the time; but the reader of the *Memoirs* now before us, and of Mr. Croker's very piquant preface, will understand it far better than has been possible for those who had no clue to its minuter allusions, except what they

might

might find in the notes of Pope's successive commentators. Pope remains the worst-edited of our first-rate authors. Lord Hervey, in 1734, was still only Vice-Chamberlain; but he was, in fact, of more importance to the government than any member of the cabinet, except the Premier, and an attack like this upon him was calculated to give more deadly offence to the real moving power of the State than any possible castigation of any other British subject whomsoever. Sir Robert Walpole only governed George II. by governing Queen Caroline, and he mainly governed her through the influence of our Vice-Chamberlain—the only gentleman of the household whose duties fixed him from January to December under the same roof with the Queen. A favourite before she was Queen, he had not occupied this post long before he had no rival in her confidence. There was not the least scandal; but, as her Majesty pleasantly remarked, she owed that escape only to her years. When he received his key in 1730 she was forty-seven—he but thirty-four; and so youthful was his appearance years later, that she still used to call him ‘this boy.’ He, to be sure, was made for a carpet-knight: he abhorred all rough out-of-doors work—seldom even mounted a horse—but, the Queen always following the King when he hunted at Richmond, in her open chaise, the Vice-Chamberlain attended her Majesty in that vehicle—to which opportunities of confidential talk we owe much. In 1734 he says:—

‘Lord Hervey was this summer in greater favour with the Queen, and consequently with the King, than ever; they told him everything, and talked of everything before him. The Queen sent for him every morning as soon as the King went from her, and kept him, while she breakfasted, till the King returned, which was generally an hour and a half at least. She called him always her “child, her pupil, and her charge;” used to tell him perpetually that his being so impertinent and daring to contradict her so continually, was owing to his knowing she could not live without him; and often said, “It is well I am so old, or I should be talked of for this creature.” Lord Hervey made prodigious court to her, and really loved and admired her.’—vol. i. p. 382.

However flattering her favour, and sincerely and affectionately attached to her as Hervey really seems to have been from the beginning, full of admiration as he certainly was for her talents, partaking most of her opinions, and very heartily sympathizing in all her dislikes—it is easy to understand, nevertheless, that he should have by and by considered his fixture in the Vice-Chamberlainship as a legitimate grievance. His generous father, it is evident, continually made such suggestions to him, and we must infer, from conversations reported and letters inserted in his *Memoirs*, that he himself laid his complaints before Sir Robert Walpole, who evaded them as well as he could by strong expressions

sions of his own personal anxiety for his friend's advancement, coupled with significant hints that the difficulty lay with the King;—a stroke of art on which Walpole must have hugged himself, for the bellicose and uxorious monarch had, in the earlier period, a considerable distaste for the slim chaise-hunter and his Italian cosmetics—and his Majesty was not addicted to conceal his prejudices—and no one knew so well as Hervey that a prejudice of his could never be assailed with the least chance of success except through the Queen—and Walpole felt quite sure that Hervey would never attempt to bring that engine to bear upon that particular prejudice, because to tell the Queen that it was hard the King stood between him and promotion would have been telling her that there were things in the world which seemed to 'her child and charge' more desirable than the hourly enjoyment of her society. The *tone* of the *Memoirs* leaves little doubt that Hervey was never quite satisfied with Walpole's apologies—but it must have puzzled him to answer them. We have no repetition of the complaints after an early chapter—and thenceforth, though Walpole is occasionally criticised pretty smartly, the King is kept before the reader, page after page, present or absent, as the one great object of spleen and abuse. The narrative stops with the Queen's death in 1737; but Lord Hervey must have understood the *dessous des cartes* of his own case in the sequel. Queen Caroline once gone, Walpole soon proposed him for a Cabinet office—and the King made no sort of objection. It must have been evident then, that Walpole had kept him in the Household for so many years, merely because he was the most convenient instrument he could have had for the most delicate task of his administration—the best sentinel for the *ruelle*—the adroitest of lay-confessors for the true sovereign.

But there is a subject of still greater delicacy connected with Hervey's continued toleration of the Vice-Chamberlainship. Horace Walpole, both in his *Reminiscences* and in his *Memoirs*, mentions as a fact of perfect notoriety that George II.'s youngest daughter, the Princess Caroline,* her mother's favourite child, who was at the date of the appointment a pretty girl of seventeen, 'conceived an *unconquerable passion* for Lord Hervey'—that his death was the cause and the signal for her retirement from the world—

* Under the Stuart, as all preceding reigns, the daughters of Royalty were styled the *Lady Mary*, the *Lady Anne*, and so on; nor was the German innovation of Princess quite fixed in the usage of the time of George II. That King and Queen Caroline were themselves strenuous for the German fashion; their son, the Prince of Wales, on the contrary, among other attempts at popularity, declared himself for the old English *Lady*, and, if he had lived to be King, it would no doubt have been re-established. Horace Walpole, perhaps in part from his antiquarian feelings—though he hated all Germanisms except Albert Durer and Dresden china—adheres usually to the *Lady Emily*, the *Lady Caroline*, &c. Lord Hervey, of course, takes his cue from Queen Caroline—with him it is always *Princess*.

that

that after that to her fatal event she never appeared at Court or in society, devoting her time to pious meditation, and most of her income to offices of charity, which were never traced until her own death suspended them. Hervey's *Memoirs* have many passages which imply not only his perfect cognizance of the Princess's partiality—but, strange to say, a clear cognizance of it on the part of the Queen. But Horace Walpole, no friend to Hervey, and not over squeamish on the subject of unmarried Princesses (for he very distinctly intimates that another of the sisters gave ample indulgence to her passion for the Duke of Grafton—which story is also told by Hervey in this book)—Walpole always guards the reputation of the Lady Caroline—he carefully distinguishes her case from that of her elder sister (who by the way was a friend of his own in after days), styling her carefully 'the *virtuous* Princess Caroline;' and *perhaps* there is nothing in Hervey's *Memoirs*, as given to the world, that may not be reconciled with Walpole's epithet as he meant it. The question, at best a painful one, is treated very briefly by Mr. Croker—who is no great admirer of romance. He observes that the Princess's retirement from the world was to be accounted for sufficiently by her grief at the death of her mother and her notorious dislike of her father; that she outlived Hervey by fourteen years; and that Hervey's widow, in her Letters to the Reverend Mr. Morris, alludes in terms of special kindness to the Princess Caroline, who is known to have, during her retirement, interfered on various occasions for the advancement of her Ladyship's sons. It is not those that have had the best opportunities for observation of the world, and used them with the best skill, who are the readiest to come to a decision on problems of this order. Mr. Croker, when he published the Suffolk Papers in 1824, used charitable or at least ambiguous language respecting the nature of the connexion between Lady Suffolk and George II. This, we own, appeared to us at the time rather odd—but we felt rebuked when, in the *Character of Lady Suffolk* written by Lord Chesterfield, and first published by Lord Mahon in 1845, we found the same subject treated much in the same manner. Although Hervey's *Memoirs* extinguish all doubts about Lady Suffolk, the caution of Chesterfield is a lesson of value; and we may add that in his *Character of the mother of George III.*, included in the same publication, there occurs a parallel but fuller passage concerning that Princess and Lord Bute, which for its thorough good sense deserves to be well weighed by every reader of Court gossip:—

'I will not nor cannot decide (says Lord Chesterfield). It is certain that there were many very strong indications of the tenderest connexion between them; but when one considers how deceitful appearances often are in those affairs—the capriciousness and inconsistency of women, which

which makes them often be unjustly suspected—and the impossibility of knowing exactly what passes in *tête-à-têtes*—one is reduced to mere conjecture. Those who have been conversant in that sort of business will be sensible of the truth of this reflection.'—*Mahon's Chesterfield*, vol. ii. p. 471.

We suspect that, if Lady Mary Wortley's *poems* were properly elucidated, several odd passages would turn out to have reference to Hervey and Princess Caroline. Whether Pope had the Princess in his eye as well as the Queen when he elaborated his Epistle to Arbuthnot, we cannot tell; but if he had, the venom was the more demoniacally brewed.

Hervey was subject to fits of epilepsy; and the ascetic regimen which the shrub-sipper of Twickenham holds up to such contempt, had been adopted and steadily persevered in by one fond of most pleasant things in this world, for the mitigation of that afflicting malady. The 'ass's milk' was his strongest beverage: and Lady Louisa Stuart reports a story, that when some stranger one day at dinner asked Lord Hervey, with a look of surprise, if he never ate beef, the answer was—'No, Sir—neither beef, nor horse, nor anything of that kind:' a story probably as authentic as that of Beau Brummell and 'a pea.' Even in the works of Lady Mary there occur some Eclogues on Hervey which indicate a sort of dandy not likely, one should have thought, ever to obtain much tolerance with such a critic as her ladyship. Old Sarah of Marlborough describes him as 'certainly having parts and wit, but the most wretched profligate man that ever lived—besides ridiculous—a *painted face*;' and Lord Hailes, in his note on the Duchess's page, remarks, that Pope's allusion to these cosmetics in the 'painted child of dirt' was ungenerous, because Pope must have known that art was resorted to only to soften 'the ghastly appearance produced by either the disease or the abstemious diet.' We do not see that Lord Hailes's explanation removes the ridicule—the far worse than ridiculousness of what Mr. Croker mildly calls 'one of Lord Hervey's fopperies.' But let us now look at Pope's portrait with our editor's framing:—

'P. Let Sporus tremble—

A. What! that thing of silk?

Sporus! that mere white curd of ass's milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,

This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings:

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,

Yet wit ne'er tastes and beauty ne'er enjoys;

As well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way :
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks ;
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad !
 Half froth half venom spits himself abroad,
 In pun or politics, or tales or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies :
 His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now *master* up, now *miss*,
 And he himself one vile antithesis.
 Amphibious thing ! that, acting either part,
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart—
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord !
 Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
 A cherub's face—a reptile all the rest :
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.'

' Though the substance and many of the sharpest points of this bitter invective as well as of the prose "Letter" were originally taken from Pulteney's libel, the brilliancy is all the poet's own ; and it is impossible not to admire, however we may condemn, the art by which *acknowledged* wit, beauty, and gentle manners—the Queen's favour—and even a valetudinary diet, are travestied into the most odious defects and offences. The only trait perhaps that is not either false or overcharged is Hervey's hereditary turn for *antithesis*, which, as the reader of the *Memoirs* will see, was habitual in both his writing and speaking. His speeches were, as Warton says, very far above "florid impotence ; but they were in favour of the Ministry, and that was sufficiently offensive to Pope." Smollett too, led a way, no doubt, by the satirist, calls his speeches "*pert and frivolous*." Those that have been preserved are surely of a very different character ; but pert speeches, if such they were, and even the foppery and affectation of a young man of fashion, are very subordinate offences, while that more serious defect which might have been really charged upon him, and which was strongly hinted at in the "Letter"—laxity of moral and religious principle—has here altogether—or nearly so—escaped the censure of the satirist. Was it too fashionable and too general—or in the eyes of the friend of Bolingbroke too venial—to be made an object of reproach?"—*Preface*.

On this commentary we shall not comment at much length. Mr. Croker, we should suppose, hardly expected Pope to dwell on the point of infidelity : and as to the 'laxity of moral principle all but escaping,' we may content ourselves with hoping that the very name *Sporus* (in the first draft *Paris*) constituted the foulest of calumnies as well as the most atrocious of insults.

With respect to Pope's copying of sharp points from Pulteney's 'Craftsman,' Mr. Croker seems not to have observed a refinement

ment of the executioner's art in borrowing some hints also from Hervey's own 'Lines to the Imitator of Horace.' (*Wortley*, vol. iii. p. 381.) Thus the butterfly-bug is developed from—

'Is this the *thing* to keep mankind in awe,
 To make those tremble who escape the law?
 Is this the *ridicule* to live so long,
 The deathless satire and immortal song?
 No: like the self-blown praise, thy scandal flies,
 And as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies.'

Again—nothing can surpass Pope's exquisite felicity in picturing Queen Caroline as Eve and Hervey as the fiend at her ear; but here, too, he had seized the suggestion from his victim:—

'When God created thee, one would believe,
 He said the same as to the snake of Eve,
 To human race antipathy declare,' &c. &c.

And since we quote this piece, let us give also its closing couplets, which, if not travestied by Pope, were more resented than all the rest. —

'Thou, as thou hatest, be hated by mankind—
 And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
 Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
 Wander, like him, accursed through the land.'

These verses, it must be confessed, afforded fair provocation for all but the main and pervading idea in the character of *Sporus*. Let us conclude with reminding our readers of the hereditary 'eccentricity' in the Hervey family: what that gentle term occasionally indicates is often found in connexion with the terrible disease by which this remarkable person was afflicted—and there was no lack of eccentricity in some of his progeny, for one son was the Augustus Hervey who married Miss Chudleigh (the Duchess of Kingston), and another was the fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry—the celebrated 'Comte-Evêque' of the Continent, and of Cumberland's entertaining Autobiography.

We have kept our readers too long from the *Memoirs* themselves—but their revelations are such that in fairness to the author it seemed necessary to give a clear idea of his position when he wrote them, and justice to the people he deals with no less demanded some scrutiny into the character of the witness.

The editor says:—

'Lord Hervey himself fairly admits that impartiality in such cases as his is not to be expected, and he justifies that confession to its fullest extent; but while he thus warns us of what we should have soon discovered without any warning—that his colouring may be capricious and exaggerated—no one can feel the least hesitation as to the substantial and, as

to mere facts, the minute accuracy of his narrative. He may, and I have no doubt too often does, impute a wrong motive to an act, or a wrong meaning to a speech; but we can have no doubt that the act or the speech themselves are related as he saw and heard them.

'I know of no such near and intimate picture of the interior of a court; no other memoirs that I have ever read bring us so immediately, so actually into not merely the presence, but the company of the personages of the royal circle.'—*Preface*.

We are not quite sure that the revelation is more close and intimate than that of the manners of two smaller courts, of nearly the same date, by the Margravine of Bareuth; or that of a far more splendid court, which we owe to St. Simon; but certainly we have no picture of the interior of English royalty at all to be compared with this; and the author having been not only a resident in the Palace, but also an active statesman, holding the most confidential intercourse with the minister, and taking a zealous part in parliamentary conflicts and intrigues, his work is enriched with a mixture of interests such as never could be at the command of any one penman under a continental despotism, whether great or small. Since our constitution assumed anything like its present form, it has been a very rare thing for a man of political eminence to be also a domesticated attendant on the person of a British sovereign; we doubt if any other man of public talents nearly equal to Lord Hervey's has ever within that period spent seven years in the daily observation of a royal circle; nor have we as yet had—not even in the Malnesbury papers—a series of political revelations, properly so called, extending over a similar space of time, and executed by a hand so near the springs of action. The combination of court and politics here is, we believe, entirely unique.

The editor proceeds thus:—

'Lord Hervey is, may I venture to say, almost the *Boswell* of George II. and Queen Caroline—but a *Boswell* without good nature. He seems to have taken—perhaps under the influence of that wretched health of which he so frequently complained—a morbid view of mankind, and to have had little of the milk of human kindness in his temper. In fact, whether in his *jeu d'esprit*, his graver verses, his pamphlets, or his memoirs, satire—perhaps I might say *detraction*—seems to have been, as with Horace Walpole, the natural bias of his mind. There is, as far as I recollect, in all his writings, no human being of whom he speaks well, or to whom he allows a good motive for anything they say or do, but his father and the *Princess* Caroline. It must be owned few others of his personages deserved it so well: but the result is that all his portraits, not excepting even his own, are of the *Spagnoletto* school.'—*Ibid*.

This is, we venture to say, a little too stern. If we had been to select a pictorial parallel, we own Hogarth would have occurred

occurred to us rather than Spagnolet. We cannot allow that good motives are wholly denied to Hervey's *Queen Caroline*; he could hardly be expected to be in love with both the mother and the daughter—but we believe that the touches which seem to Mr. Croker the severest were not introduced with any unkindly purpose; nay, that he meant them to be received as ornamental. For example, that overtolerance of the King's irregularities, which, Mr. Croker says, 'if truth is ever to be veiled, might have been spared on this occasion,' was probably considered by Lord Hervey as a fine trait in his patroness; and if 'an impression injurious to the Queen's character' results, not from capricious exaggeration of shadow, but merely from faithful transcript of feature, have we a right to blame the pencil?

On that particular trait Mr. Croker afterwards gives us some clever remarks, which we cannot altogether reconcile with his sweeping allegation now quoted. He says:—

'The general fact is from many other sources too notorious, but the details are odious. The motive which Lord Hervey, Horace Walpole, and Lord Chancellor King suggest for the Queen's complaisance—that she did it to preserve her power over her husband—would be, in truth, the reverse of an excuse. But may not a less selfish motive be suggested? What could she have done? The immoralities of kings have been always too leniently treated in public opinion; and in the precarious possession which the Hanoverian family were thought to have of the throne until the failure of the rebellion of 1745—could the Queen have prudently or safely taken measures of resistance, which must have at last ended in separation or divorce, or at least a scandal great enough, perhaps, to have overthrown her dynasty; and in such a course her *prudery*, as it might have been called, would probably have met little sympathy in those dissolute times. But even in this case we must regret that she had not devoured her own humiliation and sorrow in absolute silence, and submitted discreetly, and without confidants, to what she could not effectually resist. But neither the selfish motives imputed by former writers, nor the extenuating circumstance of *expediency* which I thus venture to suggest, can in any degree excuse the indulgence and even encouragement given, as we shall see, on her death-bed to the King's vices; and we are forced, on the whole, to conclude that moral delicacy as well as Christian duty must have had very little hold on either her mind or heart. I have ventured to say (vol. ii. p. 528, *note*) that "she had read and argued herself into a very low and cold species of Christianity;" but Lord Chesterfield (who, however, personally disliked her) goes farther, and says, "After puzzling herself with all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed herself ultimately in *deism*—believing in a future state. Upon the whole the agreeable woman was liked by most people, while the *Queen* was neither esteemed, beloved, nor heeded by any one but the King."—*Preface*, p. lxx.

As both Hervey and Chesterfield were infidels themselves, we might

might not have trusted implicitly to their representations of the Queen's religion; but there is most abundant evidence to support Mr. Croker's own measured language, and no one can object to the manner in which he connects this question with the one immediately before him. As to his regret that the Queen did not 'submit without confidants'—if she had done so, what could we have ever known of the 'humiliation and sorrow' that she had to devour? Must it not have been the natural conclusion that she either disbelieved the facts, or was indifferent to them? And then, no doubt, if we could have known that she did suffer intensely, but had pride enough to suppress all within her own bosom, the result would have been a more heroic impression—but would Mr. Croker have preferred a tragedy queen to the true, authentic, flesh and blood Queen Caroline? Would he have preferred that merely in an artistical point of view? Far more, in the reality of the matter? When tragedy queens are involved in sufferings of this sort, the results are apt to be serious. It will not be apprehensions of separation or divorce, or even the downfall of a dynasty, new or old, that will chain up one of them in 'absolute silence.' A tragedy will have its fifth act. We for our part are well contented to have the character as it was, rather than any grandiose embellishment of it—any fantastical ideal; and though we think Mr. Croker's conjectural apologies very ingenious, we also think it more probable that the motives he suggests operated in conjunction with the one which he is disposed to reject, than that the 'main motive for the Queen's complaisance' escaped such observers, as Hervey and Sir Robert Walpole— for it is Sir Robert's opinion most undoubtedly that we have reflected both in Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences* and in Lord King's *Diary*. But though Mr. Croker, like an illustrious countryman of his, 'goes on refining,' and is perhaps as fond of historical doubts and theories as Queen Caroline was of Socinian metaphysics, we are far from supposing that he has in this curious Preface given us an exhaustive summary of his conclusions on the point before us. The text of Hervey proceeds from the first page to the last in the unhesitating belief that love of power was Queen Caroline's ruling passion, and, if everybody has some ruling passion, what else could have been hers? She was never even suspected of what the poet makes the only other ruling passion in her sex. And if this was not the pleasure of her life, every one who lays down this book will ask, what it was that could have made life endurable to this 'very clever woman?'

* We have been speaking of tragedies. The book that was found dabbled with blood by Madame de Praslin's bedside was that delicate specimen of Mrs. Gore's skill entitled 'Mrs. Armytage; or, *Female Domination*.'

When Hervey became Vice-Chamberlain, the King was forty-seven years of age—the Queen was her husband's senior by six months—Walpole was fifty-four. Between pens and pencils we are all familiar enough with the outward aspect and bearing of the higher figures in his group:—Walpole, the most dexterous and the most successful of English ministers, with a broad, florid, squire-like face, a clumsy, gross figure set off with a blue ribbon, a strong Norfolk accent:—‘certainly,’ says Hervey, ‘a very ill-bred man’—addicted to and glorying in the lowest low-comedy strain of wit and merriment:—George II., with something of the countenance that still lives among his descendants—the open blue eye, the well-formed nose, and the fresh sanguine complexion—but wanting advantages that have been supplied from subsequent alliances of the race; his figure short, but wiry, well knit, and vigorous—his manner abrupt, brusque, even when he chose to be gallant in ladies’ bower—more of the martinet than the monarch; choleric, opinionative, sensitive and jealous of temper—but with a fund of good sense at bottom, and perfect courage and honesty; from vanity and long indulgence the slave of that vice which had degraded the far superior talents of Henry II., Edward I., Edward IV., and Charles II.—but, unlike the ablest of these, seldom allowing any influence connected with such errors to affect his exercise of patronage, and never at all to affect his policy and administration as King; with a strong natural predilection for his native electorate, its people, its manners, and its peculiar interests—and occasionally in word and in writing betraying such feelings to a very unwise extent: but as to them, as on all other subjects but one, quickly reducible to reason and discretion through the patient tact of his Queen, who never had any rival in his confidence any more than in his esteem—nay, never even as a woman had any real rival in his affection—not even now, when years had done their usual work on that once very loveable person, and neither form nor complexion were much caricatured in Lady Mary Wortley’s picture of her (*Works*, vol. iii., p. 424) —

‘Superior to her waiting nymphs,
As lobster to attendant shrimps.’

The following passages occur early:—

‘She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestess ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection;

protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King James by his priests; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favourites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, and asked—"And who do they say governs now?"—The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels and lampoons of these days were composed:—

You may strut, dapper George, but 't will all be in vain;
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.

Her predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; but she was forced to gratify the one and gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful régime. She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the King every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it—*consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret, inimicus*: she used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep): she was forced like a spider, to spin out of her own ¹ webs all the conversation with which the fly was taken. To contradict his will directly, was always the way to strengthen it; and to labour to convince, was to confirm him. Besides all this, he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon those occasions was a sort of iron reversed, for the hotter it was the harder it was to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression, it was only when it was quite cool. For all the tedious hours she spent her single consolation was in reflecting that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country.

His design at first was as Boileau says of Louis XIV.,—

Seul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dieux,
Faire tout par sa main et voir tout de ses yeux.

He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; but it was very plain that the Queen had subverted all his notions. Instead of betraying (as formerly) a jealousy of being thought to be governed by Sir Robert—instead of avoiding every opportunity of distinguishing and speaking to him in public—he very apparently now, if he loved anybody in the world besides

the Queen, had not only an opinion of the statesman, but an affection for the man. When Lord Hervey (often to try him) gave him accounts of attacks that had been made on Sir Robert in the House, and the things Sir Robert had said in defence and retaliation, the King would cry out, with colour flushing into his cheeks, tears sometimes in his eyes, and with a vehement oath, "*He is a brace fellow; he has more spirit than any man I ever knew.*" The Queen always joined in chorus: and Lord Hervey, in these partial moments, never failed to make the most he could of his friend and patron's cause."

The following little sketch of the important evening (9th April, 1733) on which Walpole found himself compelled to give up his Excise Bill is among the first in which all the three principal figures appear:—

"As soon as the whole was over, Lord Hervey went to the Queen, to acquaint her with what had passed. When Lord Hervey at his first coming into the room shook his head and told her the numbers, the tears ran down her cheeks and for some time she could not utter a word; at last she said "*It is over, we must give way; but, pray, tell me a little how it passed.*" Lord Hervey said, it was not to be wondered at that opponents to this Bill should increase when everybody now believed that my Lord Bolingbroke's party at St. James's was more numerous than at Dawley. Whilst he was saying this the King came in, and the Queen made Lord Hervey repeat all he had been saying. The King heard willingly, but that night said very little; he asked many questions, but was much more ostive than usual in his comments upon the answers; however, when he asked if he could remember some of those who had swelled the defection that day, as Lord Hervey repeated the names, his Majesty tacked remarks to them:—Lord James Cavendish, "*a fool*;" Lord Charles Cavendish, "*he is half mad*;" Sir William Lowther, "*a whimsical fellow*;" Sir Thomas Pendergast, "*an Irish blockhead*;" Lord Tyrconnel, "*a puppy that never votes twice together on the same side.*" There were more in the same style. As soon as Lord Hervey was dismissed he went to Sir Robert Walpole's, who had assembled about a dozen friends to communicate the resolution taken. After supper, when the servants were gone, Sir Robert opened his intentions with a sort of unpleased smile, and saying "*This dance it will no farther go; the turn my friends will take will be to declare they have not altered their opinion, but that the clamour that has been raised makes it necessary to give way.*" On this text he preached for some time to this select band of his firmest friends, and then sent them to bed to sleep if they could."—vol. i. p. 198.

Hervey adds:—

"Many thought that the Queen imagined her power with the King depended at this time on her being able to maintain Sir Robert Walpole, consequently that she looked on his cause as her own; but these conjectures were mistaken: the Queen knew her own strength with the King too well to be of this opinion. The future Ministry would certainly

tainly have been of her nomination, in case of a change, as much as the present, and if they had subsisted, as much at her devotion, for had she found them less so, their reign would not have been long. But it is very probable her pride might be somewhat concerned to support a minister looked upon in the world as her creature, and that she might have a mind to defeat the hope Lady Suffolk might have conceived of being able to make any advantage of the King's seeing himself reduced by the voice of the people to dismiss a man whom her private voice had so long condemned.—vol. i. p. 213.

It was in the same year, 1733, that the first marriage among the royal progeny was negotiated, and the details of the whole affair are given in the most pungent style of the favourite 'at the ear of Eve.' The candidate for the hand of the Princess Royal (Anne) was the young Prince of Orange, whose position in his own country was then uneasy and unsatisfactory, for he had not obtained the stadtholderate of Holland, and, his property being overburdened, he had but a free income of 12,000*l.* a-year. The tone of the English Court and of Walpole's adherents in Parliament was, that the King listened to the proposal purely out of his anxiety to strengthen the Protestant succession, and to renew the alliance with the race of 'the great deliverer;' but, says our author:—

'The true reason for this match was, that there was no other for the Princess in all Europe, so that her Royal Highness's option was not between this Prince and any other, but between a husband and no husband—between an indifferent settlement and no settlement at all.

'The Princess Royal's beauties were a lively clean look and a very fine complexion, though she was marked a good deal with the small-pox. The Prince of Orange's figure, besides his being almost a dwarf, was as much deformed as it was possible for a human creature to be; his countenance sensible, but his breath more offensive than it is possible to imagine. These defects, unrecompensed by the *éclat* of rank or the more essential comforts of great riches, made the situation of the poor Princess so much more commiserable; for as her youth and an excellent warm animated constitution made her, I believe, now and then remember she was a woman, so I can answer for her that natural and acquired pride seldom or never let her forget she was a Princess; and as this match gave her little hope of gratifying the one, so it afforded as little prospect of supporting the other. There is one of two inconveniences that generally attends most marriages: the one is sacrificing all consideration of interest and grandeur for the sake of beauty and an agreeable person; and the other, that of sacrificing all consideration of beauty and person to interest and grandeur. This match most unfortunately conciliated the inconveniences of both these methods of marrying; however, as she apprehended the consequences of not being married at all must one time or other be worse than even the being so married, she very prudently submitted to the

the present evil to avoid a greater in futurity. "For my part (said the Queen), I never said the least word to encourage or to dissuade; as she thought the King looked upon it as a proper match, she said, if it was a monkey, she would marry him."—vol. i. p. 274.

We reach presently the ceremonial of the nuptials, from the procession to the Chapel Royal at St. James's to the solemn inspection of the bedding by the whole royal family and the lords and ladies of the household—which last custom was first 'honoured in the breach' at the marriage of George III. :—

'The Prince of Orange was a less shocking and less ridiculous figure in this pompous procession and at supper than one could naturally have expected such an Esop, in such trappings and such eminence, to have appeared. He had a long peruke that flowed all over his back, and hid the roundness of it; and as his countenance was not bad, there was nothing very strikingly disagreeable. But when he was undressed, and came in his nightgown and nightcap into the room to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of everybody who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and no legs. The Queen, in speaking of the whole ceremony next morning alone with Lord Hervey, when she came to mention this part of it, said, "*Ah! mon Dieu! quand je vois entrer ce monstre pour coucher avec ma fille, j'ai pensé m'évanouir; je chancelois auparavant, mais ce coup la m'a assommée. Dites moi, my Lord Hervey, avez vous bien remarqué et considéré ce monstre dans ce moment? et n'avez vous pas bien pitié de la pauvre Anne? Bon Dieu! c'est trop sot en moi, mais j'en pleure encore.*" Lord Hervey turned the discourse as fast as he was able. He only said, "Oh! Madam, in half a year all persons are alike; the figure of the body one's married to, like the prospect of the place one lives at, grows so familiar to one's eyes that one looks at it mechanically without regarding either the beauties or deformities that strike a stranger." "One may, and I believe one does (replied the Queen) grow blind at last; but you must allow, my dear Lord Hervey, there is a great difference, as long as one sees, in the manner of one's going blind." The sisters spoke much in the same style as the mother, with horror of his figure, and great commiseration of the fate of his wife."—vol. i. pp. 310, 311.

The honeymoon party being windbound for a short time at Gravesend, Hervey repairs thither, and is not a little surprised to find how completely in the course of a few days the blooming bride had let her 'monkey' into all the *dessous des cartes* of St. James's. We have here the first allusion to what was, it seems, the main cause of the hatred between Frederick Prince of Wales and Lord Hervey, namely, their rivalry, or rather their community of success, in the loves of one of the Queen's maids of honour, Miss Vane, sister of the first Lord Darlington. This nymph

nymph had shortly before (1732) 'lain in with little mystery in St. James's palace, and the child was publicly christened *Fitz-Frederick Vane* :—

'Here it was, by being closeted two or three hours with the Prince of Orange, Lord Hervey found his bride had already made him so well acquainted with this Court, that there was nobody belonging to it whose character, even to the most minute particulars, was not as well known to him as their face. The Prince of Orange had a good deal of drollery, and whilst Lord Hervey was delivering the compliments of St. James's to him, he asked him smiling, what message he had brought from the Prince of Wales? Lord Hervey said his departure was so sudden that he had not seen the Prince. "If you had" (replied the Prince of Orange), "it would have been all one, since he was not more likely to send his sister a message than he was to make your Lordship his ambassador." Lord Hervey was a good deal surprised to hear the Prince of Orange speak so freely on this subject, and did not think it very discreet in him. The Prince, however, went on, and talked of Miss Vane, and bade Lord Hervey not be too proud of that boy, since he had heard from very good authority it was the child of a triumvirate, and that the Prince of Wales and Lord Harrington had full as good a title to it as himself.'—vol. i. pp. 328, 329.

In the second volume there occurs a chasm which, the editor says, marks probably the detail of Hervey's intrigue, quarrel, and subsequent reconciliation with this Miss Vane. These sentences have been spared :—

'The manner of the reconciliation was from their seeing one another in public places, and there mutually discovering that both had a mind to forget their past enmity—till from ogling they came to messages; from messages to letters; from letters to appointments; and from appointments to all the familiarity in which they had formerly lived: for when two people have a mutual inclination to meet, I never knew any objection that might arise in their own minds prevent their aiming at it, or any foreign obstacle hinder their accomplishing it.'—vol. ii. p. 20.

Hervey was her great adviser in her negotiations about money with the Prince of Wales, when his Royal Highness was about to be married (in 1736), and he takes the opportunity of recording the letters, dictated by himself, with which she pestered the Prince!—a crowning aggravation when the truth came out—for, as kind Lady Mary sings of tying 'a cracked bottle to a puppy's tail'—

'For that is what no soul will bear,
From Italy to Wales!

Miss Vane's child died a year after, and she very soon. All this story Lord Hervey tells in his *Memoirs*, which he bequeathed to his 'amicable' wife—and which she transmitted *in statu quo* to his and her children.

Hervey's

Hervey's sketches of his royal rival would, of course, be taken *cum grano salis*, but, if he reports accurately the conversation of the Prince's own parents and sisters, his view was entirely the same as theirs. He says :—

'The Prince's best qualities always gave one a degree of contempt for him; his carriage, whilst it seemed engaging to those who did not examine it, appearing mean to those who did. He was indeed as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and was more capable in that walk than in any other—never having the least hesitation, from principle or fear of future detection, in telling any lie that served his present purpose. He had a much weaker understanding, and, if possible, a more obstinate temper, than his father. Had he had one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion for him in the situation to which his miserable poor head soon reduced him; for his case, in short, was this :—he had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that were neither of use to him nor desirous of being so.'—vol. i. p. 298.

The amiable state of relations between the Prince and the rest of the family is hit off in the miniature below. The Princess Royal has been paying a visit to her parents in the year after her marriage, 1731, and is now about to return to Holland—very unwillingly, for it had been her and her mother's earnest wish that she should remain here for her accouchement, but that was overruled on representations from the Hague :—

'After a consultation of physicians, midwives, and admirals, it was determined she should embark at Harwich. The Queen was concerned to part with her daughter, and her daughter as unaffectedly concerned to exchange the crowds and splendour of this Court for the solitude and obscurity of her own. Lord Hervey led her to her coach. She had Handel and his opera so much at heart, that even in these distressful moments she spoke as much upon his chapter as any other. In an hour after Lord H. was sent for as usual to the Queen. Lord H. found her and the Princess Caroline together, drinking chocolate, drowned in tears, and choked with sighs. Whilst they were endeavouring to divert their attention by beginning a conversation with Lord Hervey on indifferent subjects, the gallery door opened, upon which the Queen said, "Is the King here already?" and, Lord H. telling her it was *the Prince*, the Queen, not mistress of herself, and detesting the exchange of the son for the daughter, burst out anew into tears, and cried out, "*Oh! my God, this is too much.*" However, she was soon relieved from this irksome company by the arrival of the King, who, finding this unusual guest in the gallery, broke up the breakfast, and took the Queen out to walk. Whenever the Prince was in a room with the King, it put one in mind of stories one has heard of ghosts that appear to part of the company and are invisible to the rest: wherever the Prince stood, though the King passed him ever so often or ever so near,

it

it always seemed as if the King thought the place the Prince filled a void space.'—vol. i. p. 412.

In a preceding page we had a small allusion to the Queen's jealousy of her famous Mistress of the Robes. The first of these volumes affords a much clearer history of that lady than could be extracted from the 'Suffolk Correspondence,' and all the works of Horace Walpole, Chesterfield, &c. &c., to boot. We shall extract only a few passages, in which Hervey describes the feelings and conduct of Queen Caroline in reference to this first avowed favourite of her husband. At his accession (1727) George II. was a man of forty-four—and Mrs. Howard (in 1733 Countess of Suffolk) had reached the serious era of forty:—

'an age not proper to make conquests, though perhaps the most likely to maintain them, as the levity of desiring new ones is by that time generally pretty well over, and the maturity of those qualities requisite to rivet old ones in their fullest perfection; for when beauty begins to decay, women commonly look out for some preservative charms to substitute in its place; they begin to change their notion of their right to being adored, into that of thinking a little complaisance and some good qualities as necessary to attach men as a little beauty and some agreeable qualities are to allure them. Mrs. Howard's conduct tallied exactly with these sentiments; but notwithstanding her making use of the proper tools, the stuff she had to work with was so stubborn and so inductile that her labour was in vain, and her situation would have been insupportable to any one whose pride was less supple, whose passions less governable, and whose sufferance less inexhaustible; for she was forced to live in the subjection of a wife with all the reproach of a mistress; to flatter and manage a man who she must see and feel had as little inclination to her person as regard to her advice; and added to this she had the mortification of knowing the Queen's influence so much superior to hers, that the little show of interest she maintained was only a permitted tenure dependent on a rival who could have overturned it any hour she pleased. But the Queen, knowing the vanity of her husband's temper, and that he must have some woman for the world to believe his mistress, wisely suffered one to remain in that situation whom she despised and had got the better of, for fear of making room for a successor whom he might really love, and that might get the better of her.'—vol. i. p. 58.

Such was the state of things when Hervey penned his first pages. The Mistress of the Robes lived, like himself, all the year round in the palace: yet throughout several of these chapters—for we evidently have them as written from time to time—no care having been taken to remove the traces of altered sentiment or opinion—he seems to remain in some little doubt whether the attachment had ever gone so far as to give the Queen cause for serious displeasure. By degrees, as his intimacy with the

the scene and *dramatis personæ* is ripened, all doubts are removed—but we must hasten to the final disruption of 1734; in which summer, as already mentioned, the King and Queen were visited by the Princess Royal—for she stuck to that title, and, though she could marry a monkey, would never sink to ‘Princess of Orange.’

‘The interest of Lady Suffolk with the King had been long declining. At Richmond, where the house is small, and what is said in one room may be often overheard in the next, I was told by Lady Bristol, mother to Lord Hervey, the lady of the bedchamber then in waiting (whose apartment was separated from Lady Suffolk’s only by a thin wainscot), that she often heard the King talking there in a morning in an angry and impatient tone. . . . Towards the latter end of the summer Lady Suffolk at last resolved to withdraw herself from these severe trials. The Queen was both glad and sorry; her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed; and she was sorry to have so much more of her husband’s time thrown upon her hands. I am sensible, when I say she was pleased with the removal of Lady Suffolk as a rival, that I seem to contradict what I have formerly said of her being rather desirous (for fear of a successor) to keep Lady Suffolk about the King; but human creatures are so inconsistent with themselves, that the inconsistency of descriptions often arises from the instability of the person described. The Prince, I believe, wished Lady Suffolk removed, as, Lady Suffolk having many friends, it was a step that he hoped would make his father many enemies; neither was he sorry, perhaps, to have so eminent a precedent for a prince’s discarding a mistress he was tired of. Princess Emily wished Lady Suffolk’s disgrace because she wished misfortune to most people; Princess Caroline, because she thought it would please her mother: the Princess Royal was violently for having her crushed; and when Lord Hervey intimated the danger there might be, from the King’s coquetry, of some more troublesome successor, she said (not very judiciously with regard to her mother, nor very respectfully with regard to her father), “*I wish, with all my heart, he would take somebody else, that Mamma might be a little relieved from the ennui of seeing him for ever in her room.*” At the same time the King was always bragging how dearly his daughter Anne loved him.’—vol. i. p. 126.

The married daughter’s affection and respect for her father are further illustrated in the following sketches:—

‘The night the news came to England that Philipsburg was taken, the Princess Royal, as Lord Hervey was leading her to her own apartment after the drawing-room, shrugged up her shoulders and said, “Was there ever anything so unaccountable as the temper of papa? He has been snapping and snubbing every mortal for this week, because he began to think Philipsburg would be taken; and this very day that he hears it actually is taken he is in as good humour as ever I saw him in my life. “Perhaps,” answered Lord Hervey, “he may be about
about

about Philipsburg as David was about the child, who, whilst it was sick, fasted, lay upon the earth, and covered himself with ashes; but, the moment it was dead, got up, shaved his beard, and drank wine." "*It may be like David*" (replied the Princess Royal), "*but I am sure it is not like Solomon.*"

'His giving himself airs of gallantry; the impossibility of being easy with him; his affectation of heroism; his unreasonable, simple, uncertain, disagreeable, and often shocking behaviour to the Queen; the difficulty of entertaining him; his insisting upon people's conversation who were to entertain him being always new, and his own being always the same thing over and over again; in short, all his weaknesses, all his errors, and all his faults were the topics upon which (when she was with Lord Hervey) she was for ever expatiating.'—*Ib.* p. 422.

The landable anxiety of the Princesses, in October, that their father might not allow Lady Suffolk's place to be unsupplied was not much protracted. In the spring of 1735 the King resolved on visiting Hanover. Walpole opposed the plan, but failed—the Queen not being heartily desirous he should succeed; that is, as Hervey explains, because her vanity was pleased with the '*éclat* of the regency'—and she had, besides, the delightful anticipation of at least six months' freedom from the 'irksome office' of 'being set up to receive the quotidian sallies of the King's temper.'

'But there was one trouble arose which her Majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in England talked of anything but the growing interest of this new favourite. By what I could perceive of the Queen, I think her pride was much more hurt on this occasion than her affections, and that she was much more uneasy from thinking people imagined her interest declining than from apprehending it was so. It is certain, too, that from the very beginning of this new engagement, the King acquainted the Queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as every action that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the Queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles' distance. He added, too, the account of his buying her, which, considering the rank of the purchaser, and the merits of the purchase as he set them forth, I think he had no reason to brag of, when the first price, according to his report, was only one thousand ducats.

'Notwithstanding all the Queen's philosophy, when she found the time for the King's return put off late in the year she grew extremely uneasy; and, by the joy she showed when the orders for his yachts arrived, plainly manifested that she had felt more anxiety than she had suffered to appear whilst they were deferred. Yet all this while the King, besides his ordinary letters by the post, never failed sending a courier once a-week with a letter of sometimes *sixty pages*, and *never less*

less than forty, filled with an hourly account of everything he saw, heard, thought, or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw, and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, for few were not transmitted to him by the King's own order, who used to tug paragraphs with "*Montrez ceci—et consultez là-dessus le gros homme.*"

It was in the same correspondence that Queen Caroline, on her part, had the satisfaction of informing the King that Lady Suffolk had entered into the bonds of matrimony with the Honourable George Berkeley—a keen member of the opposition to Walpole:—

‘ Mr. Berkeley was neither young, handsome, healthy, nor rich, which made people wonder what induced Lady Suffolk’s prudence to deviate into this unaccountable piece of folly: some imagined it was to persuade the world that nothing criminal had ever passed between her and the King; others that it was to pique the King. If this was her reason, she succeeded very ill in her design, for the King, in answer to that letter from the Queen that gave him the first account of this marriage, told her, “*J’étois extrêmement surpris de la disposition que vous m’avez mandé que ma vieille maîtresse a fait de son corps en mariage à ce vieux goutteux George Berkeley, et je m’en réjouis fort. Je ne voudrois pas faire de tels présens à mes amis; et quand mes ennemis me volent, plut à Dieu que ce soit toujours de cette façon.*” ’

Then follows the Queen’s full detail of all Lady Suffolk’s previous adventures—not omitting the grand negotiation about a quieting allowance of 1200*l.* a-year to her first husband, and which that spirited gentleman had actually expected to be paid by the Queen herself: but no—said the Queen,—‘ I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much not only to keep the King’s *quenipes* under my roof, but to pay them too.’ (vol. ii. p. 15.)—The King paid the 1200*l.*, and the blood of Howard was satisfied.

We are not to suppose that Walpole never, during this period, had any alarm as to the state of his favour at head-quarters—the occasions were few—but we must give a slight specimen:—

‘ Sir Robert Walpole was now in Norfolk (May, 1734), pushing the county election there, which the [Ministerial] Whigs lost by six or seven voices, to the great triumph of the Opposition. After the election was over he stayed some time at Houghton, solacing himself with his mistress, Miss Skerrett, while his enemies were working against him at Richmond, and persuading the King and Queen that the majority of the new Parliament would infallibly be chosen against the Court. Lord Hervey, who was every day and all day at Richmond, saw this working, and found their Majesties staggering; upon which he wrote an anonymous letter to Sir Robert with only these few words in it, quoted out of a play:—

‘ *Whilst*

*Whilst in her arms at Capua he lay,
The world fell mouldering from his hand each hour.*

Sir Robert knew the hand, understood the meaning, and, upon the receipt of this letter, came immediately to Richmond. He told Lord Hervey that this was ever his fate, and that he never could turn his back for three days that somebody or other did not give it a slap of this kind. And how, indeed, could it ever be otherwise, for, as he was unwilling to employ anybody under him, or let anybody approach the King and Queen who had any understanding, lest they should employ it against him, so, from fear of having dangerous friends, he never had any useful ones, every one of his subalterns being as incapable of defending him as they were of attacking him, and no better able to support than to undermine him?—vol. i. p. 334.

It is amusing to have this trace of Hervey's suspicion that the retention of himself in the household office might be connected with a private misappreciation of his talents on the part of Walpole; but he often does more justice to the great Minister's natural warmth of feeling. Thus, turn back only ten pages, and we read—

‘Sir Robert was really humane, did friendly things, and one might say of him, as Pliny said of Trajan, and as nobody could say of *his* master, “*amicos habuit, quia amicus fuit* :”—“He had friends, because he was a friend.”’—vol. i. p. 324.

On another occasion (February, 1735). the Queen having signified a little surprise at Walpole's dejection of manner, Hervey informs her that there is nothing wrong in politics—it is only that Miss Skerrett is ill of a pleuritic fever:—

‘The Queen, who was much less concerned about his private afflictions than his ministerial difficulties, was glad to hear his embarrassment thus accounted for, and began to talk on Sir Robert's attachment to this woman, asking Lord Hervey many questions about Miss Skerrett's beauty and understanding, and his fondness and weakness towards her. She said she was very glad he had any amusement for his leisure hours, but could neither comprehend how a man could be very fond of a woman who was only attached to him for his money, nor ever imagine how any woman would suffer him as a lover from any consideration or inducement but his money. “She must be a clever gentlewoman,” continued the Queen, “to have made him believe she cares for him on any other score; and to show you what fools we all are in some point or other, she has certainly told him some fine story or other of her love and her passion, and that poor man—*avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées, et ce vilain ventre*—believes her. Ah! what is human nature!” While she was saying this, she little reflected in what degree she herself possessed all the impediments and antidotes to love she had been enumerating, and that “*Ah! what is human nature!*” was as applicable to her own blindness as to his. However, her manner of speaking of Sir Robert on
this

this occasion showed at least that he was not just at this time in the same rank of favour with her that he used to be.'—*Ib.* p. 476.

It will not surprise any one to read that Sir Robert's rough and jocular bluntness now and then discomposed his royal patroness. Swift has not caricatured the mere manners:—

'By favour and fortune fastidiously bless'd,
He was loud in his laugh, and was coarse in his jest ;
 Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience improving in blunders :
 A jobber of stocks by reporting false news ;
A prater at Court in the style of the steers.'

Thus—when on the King's return from Hanover, in October, 1735, everybody remarked the excessive irritability of his never placid temper, and those in the interior were quite aware that the cause was his separation from Madame Walmoden—Sir Robert, talking over matters with Lord Hervey, said—

'He but told the Queen she must not expect, after thirty years' acquaintance, to have the same influence that she had formerly ; that three-and-fifty and three-and-twenty could no more resemble one another in their effects than in their looks ; and that, if he might advise, she should no longer depend upon her person, but her head, for her influence. He added another piece of advice which I believe was as little tasted. It was to send for Lady Tankerville, a handsome, good-natured, simple woman (to whom the King had formerly been *coquet*), out of the country, and place her every evening at commerce or quadrille in the King's way. He told the Queen it was impossible the King should long bear to pass his evenings with his own daughters after having tasted the sweets of passing them with other people's, and that, if the King would have somebody else, it would be better to have that somebody chosen by *her* than by *him* ; that Lady Tankerville was a very safe fool, and would give the King some amusement without giving her Majesty any trouble. Lady Deloraine, who was very handsome, and the only woman that ever played with him in his daughters' apartment, Sir Robert said was a very dangerous one ; a weak head, a pretty face, a lying tongue, and a false heart, making always sad work with the smallest degree of power or interest to help them forward ; and that some degree of power or interest must always follow frequent opportunities given to a very *coquette* pretty woman with a very *coquet* idle man, especially without a rival to disturb or share with her. Lord Hervey asked Sir Robert how the Queen behaved upon his giving her this counsel, and was answered, that she laughed, and seemed mightily pleased with all he said. That the Queen laughed, I can easily believe ; but imagine the laugh was rather a sign of her having a mind to disguise her not being pleased, than any mark that she was so ; and I have the more reason to believe so, as I have been an eye-witness to the manner in which she has received ill-understood jokes of that kind from the same hand, particularly one this year at the King's birthday, when, pointing

ing to some jewels in her hair, she said, "*I think I am extremely fine too, though*—alluding to the manner of putting them on—*un peu à la mode; I think they have given me horns.*" Upon which Sir Robert Walpole burst out into a laugh, and said he believed Mrs. Purcel (the woman who usually dressed the Queen's head) was a wag. The Queen laughed on this occasion too; but, if I know anything of her countenance, without being pleased, and not without blushing.

'This style of joking was every way so ill understood in Sir Robert Walpole, that it was astonishing one of his extreme penetration could be guilty of it once, but much more that he could be guilty of it twice. For in the first place, when he told the Queen that the hold she used to have of the King by the charms of her person was quite lost, it was not true; it was weakened but not broken;—the charms of a younger person pulled him strongly perhaps another way, but they had not dissolved her influence, though they balanced it. In the next place, had it been true that the Queen's person could no longer charm any man, I have a notion that would be a piece of intelligence which no woman would like any man the better for giving her. It is a sort of thing which every woman is so reluctant to believe, that she may feel the effects of it long without being convinced that those effects can proceed from no other cause: and even after she is convinced of it herself, she still hopes other people have not found it out.'—vol. ii. p. 38.

The fair Countess Dowager of Deloraine here mentioned made visible advances in his Majesty's good graces. She was at this time in her thirty-fifth year; but, Hervey says, looked ten years younger. She was by birth a Howard—had had many adventures—some very strange ones—and is supposed to have been the 'dangerous one' meant in Pope's line—

'Slander or *poison* dread from Delia's rage.'

She had lately remarried to a Mr. Windham, but kept her place as '*governess to the younger Princesses.*' Enter again the courtly premier—

'Sir Robert Walpole one day, whilst she was standing in the hall at Richmond, with her little son, of about a year old, in her arms, said to her "That's a very pretty boy, Lady Deloraine; whose is it?" To which her Ladyship, before half-a-dozen people, without taking the question at all ill, replied, "Mr. Windham's, upon honour;" and then added, laughing, "but I will not promise whose the next shall be." . . . To many people, from whom it used to come round in a whisper to half the inhabitants of the palace, she used to brag of this royal conquest, and say she thought England in general had great obligations to her, and particularly the Administration; for that it was owing to her, and her only, that the King had not gone abroad.'—vol. ii. p. 350.

This was early in 1736. Madame Walmoden, however, was still the great favourite;—for her sake, to the extreme disgust of his daughters' governess, the King revisited Hanover in the following autumn, and—

'The

'The ordinary and the godly people took the turn of pitying the poor Queen, and railing at his Majesty for using so good a wife, who had brought him so many fine children, so abominably ill. Some of them (and those would have fretted him most) used to talk of his age, and say, for a man at his time of day to be playing these youthful pranks, and fancying himself in love, was quite ridiculous, as well as inexcusable. Others, in very coarse terms, would ask if he must have a mistress whether England could furnish never a one good enough to serve his turn; and if he thought Parliament had given him a greater civil-list than any of his predecessors only to defray the extraordinary expenses of his travelling charges, and enrich his German favourites.'—vol. ii. p. 190.

Walpole finding these recurring absences very inconvenient for business, and being still afraid of Lady Deloraine's gaining a fixed ascendancy here, he and Hervey combine their efforts to persuade the Queen to press the King to bring Madame Walmoden home to England with him. It may be supposed that the Premier set about this delicate job in no very delicate manner; but he laid the blame elsewhere:—

'Sir Robert told Lord Hervey that it was those bitches Lady Pomfret and Lady Sundon, who were always bemoaning the Queen on this occasion, and making their court by saying they hoped never to see this woman brought under her Majesty's nose here, who made it so difficult to bring the Queen to do what was right and sensible for her to do. Lord Hervey replied, "You and I, Sir, are well enough acquainted with the Queen to know that when she lets a sentiment escape her which she is ashamed of, she had rather one should think it was planted in her, than that it grew there. But, believe me, the greatest obstacle in this kingdom to Madame Walmoden's coming here is the Queen's own heart, that recoils whenever her head proposes it.'

However, the Queen at last complies. She writes to the King that she has had the apartments formerly tenanted by Lady Suffolk put into proper order—nay, that thinking Lady Suffolk had found the accommodation rather scanty, she has had her own library removed, which will give the new comer an additional room adjoining. The King answers—and, as Mr. Croker says, 'it is impossible not to wonder at the modesty, and even elegance of the expressions, and the indecency and profligacy of the sentiments they convey:—

'This letter wanted no marks of kindness but those that men express to women they love; had it been written to a man, nothing could have been added to strengthen its tenderness, friendship, and affection. He extolled the Queen's merit towards him in the strongest expression of his sense of all her goodness to him and the gratitude he felt towards her. He commended her understanding, her temper, and in short left
nothing

nothing unsaid that could demonstrate the opinion he had of her head and the value he set upon her heart. He told her too she knew him to be just in his nature, and how much he wished he could be everything she would have him. "*Mais vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline! Vous connaissez mes faiblesses—il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous—et plutôt à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez! Plut à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer!*" His Majesty then came to the point of Madame Walmoden's coming to England, and said that she had told him she relied on the Queen's goodness, and would give herself up to whatever their Majesties thought fit. . . . Sir Robert Walpole assured Lord Hervey that if the King was only to write to women, and never to strut and talk to them, he believed his Majesty would get the better of all the men in the world with them.'

Madame Walmoden, however, did not appear in England until Queen Caroline was no more. Her Majesty had for several years suffered from an organic lesion, which the King was aware of, but which was never told, except to Lady Sundon. The symptoms became very serious on Wednesday, the 9th of November, 1737; but the Queen persisted in concealing the nature and seat of her danger.

'At seven o'clock, when Lord Hervey returned to St. James's from M. de Cambis's, the French ambassador's, where he dined that day, he went up to the Queen's apartment and found her in bed, with the Princess Caroline only in the room, the King being gone, as usual at that hour, to play in the Princess Emily's apartment. The Queen asked Lord Hervey what he used to take in his violent fits of the cholic; and Lord Hervey, imagining the Queen's pain to proceed from a goutish humour in her stomach that should be driven from that dangerous seat into her limbs, told her nothing ever gave him immediate ease but strong things. To which the Queen replied, "Pshaw! you think now, like all the other fools, that this is the pain of an old nasty gout." But her pain continuing in a degree that she could not lie one moment quiet, she said about an hour after to Lord Hervey, "*Give me what you will, I will take it;*" and the Princess Caroline bidding him not lose this opportunity, he fetched some snake-root and brandy.'

Next evening (10th)—'whilst the Princess Caroline and he were alone with the Queen, she complaining and they comforting, she often said, "*I have an ill which nobody knows of;*" which they both understood to mean nothing more than that she felt what she could not describe, and more than anybody imagined.'

On the 11th—'Lord Hervey went once or twice in the night, as he had promised, to Princess Caroline; the King sat up in the Queen's room, and Princess Emily lay on a couch in Mrs. Herbert's.'

On the night of the 12th, Princess Caroline, though herself in

very weak health, was in such alarm that she lay in the Queen's ante-chamber.

'Princess Emily sat up with the Queen, the King went to bed, and Lord Hervey lay on a mattress on the floor, at the foot of Princess Caroline's couch. About four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 13th, the wound had begun to mortify. Hulst [a surgeon] came to the Princess Caroline, and told her this terrible news, upon which she waked Lord Hervey, and told him if ever he saw the Queen again it must be immediately. . . Lord Hervey went in with them just to see the Queen once more, looked at her through his tears for a moment, and then returned to his mattress.'

These passages complete our notion of the extraordinary intimacy in which Hervey lived with the royal ladies. According to Sarah of Marlborough, the King had always hitherto disliked him, but was entirely changed in this respect by his constant watchfulness and evident distress during the Queen's illness. He says himself that he was never out of the sick-room for more than four or five hours at a time, and that he never left the King without being entreated to come back as soon as he could. It is plain that the most delicate (or indelicate) communications between the Queen and her family took place in his presence or were forthwith reported to him. Thus, as to the fatal concealment, after stating his 'firm belief' that the Queen, now aged fifty-four, and after all the affairs of Lady Suffolk, Lady Deloraine, Madame Walmoden, &c., had still been mainly swayed by the fear of losing something in the King's fancy, and consequently in her power over him—he adds,

'Several things she said to the King in her illness, which both the King and the Princess Caroline told me again, plainly demonstrated how strongly these apprehensions of making her person distasteful to the King had worked upon her.'—vol. ii. p. 507.

On that Sunday, the 13th,

'the King talked perpetually to Lord Hervey, the physicians and surgeons, and his children, who were the only people he ever saw out of the Queen's room, of the Queen's good qualities, his fondness for her, his anxiety for her welfare, and the irreparable loss her death would be to him; and repeated every day, and many times in the day, all her merits in every capacity with regard to him and every other body she had to do with; that he never had been tired in her company one minute; that he was sure he could have been happy with no other woman upon earth for a wife, and that, if she had not been his wife, he had rather have had her for his mistress than any woman he had ever been acquainted with; that she had not only softened all his leisure hours, but been of more use to him as a minister than any other body had ever been to him or to any other prince; that with a patience which he knew *he* was not master of, she had listened to the nonsense of all
the

the impertinent fools that wanted to talk to him, and had taken all that trouble off his hands; and that, as to all the *brillant* and *enjouement* of the Court, there would be an end of it when she was gone; there would be no bearing a drawing-room when the only body that ever enlivened it, and one that always enlivened it, was no longer there. "Poor woman, how she always found something obliging, agreeable, and pleasing to say to everybody! *Comme elle soutenoit sa dignité avec grace, avec politesse, avec douceur!*"

That afternoon the Queen took a solemn leave of the King, her daughters, and the young Duke of Cumberland. Hervey's minute narrative leaves no doubt that she never saw the Prince of Wales during her illness at all—hence the sting of Pope's last tribute to her memory—(the *italics* are his own):—

‘ Hang the sad Verse on Carolina’s Urn,
And hail her Passage to the Realms of Rest—
All Parts perform’d, and *all* her Children blest.’

Hervey's account of her farewell to the King is certainly one of the most striking things in this book:—

‘ It is not necessary to examine whether the Queen's reasoning was good or bad in wishing the King, in case she died, should marry again:—it is certain she did wish it; had often said so when he was present, and when he was not present, and when she was in health, and gave it now as her advice to him when she was dying—upon which his sobs began to rise and his tears to fall with double vehemence. Whilst in the midst of this passion, wiping his eyes, and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: “*Non, j’aurai des maîtresses.*” To which the Queen made no other reply than “*Ah! mon Dieu! cela n’empêche pas.*” I know this episode will hardly be credited, but it is literally true.

‘ The Queen after this said she believed she should not die till Wednesday, for that she had been born on a Wednesday, married on a Wednesday, and brought to bed of her first child on a Wednesday; she had heard the first news of the late King's death on a Wednesday, and been crowned on a Wednesday. This I own showed a weakness in her, but one which might be excused, as most people's minds are a little weakened on these occasions, and few people, even of the strongest minds, are altogether exempt from some little taint of that weakness called superstition. Many people have more of it than they care to let others know they have, and some more of it than they know themselves.’

Walpole all this while was in Norfolk—his colleague the Duke of Newcastle is said to have wished to conceal the Queen's danger from him; but Hervey does not tell why he himself did not convey proper information. No doubt he was busy enough. At last, however, the truth reached Houghton; and on Wednesday the 16th Sir Robert arrived at St. James's. He was alone with the Queen for a few minutes, during which she ‘committed the

King, the family, and the country to his care.' As he came out he found the Princesses in the ante-chamber surrounded by 'some wise, some pious, and some very busy people,' who, to the pity or scorn of Hervey, were urging 'the essential duty' of having in some prelate to perform sacred offices;—

'And when the Princess Emily made some difficulty about taking upon her to make this proposal to the King or Queen, Sir Robert (in the presence of a dozen people who really wished this divine physician for the Queen's soul might be sent for, upon the foot of her salvation) very prudently added, by way of stimulating the Princess Emily, "Pray, madam, let this farce be played: the Archbishop will act it very well. You may bid him be as short as you will. It will do the Queen no hurt, no more than any good; and it will satisfy all the wise and good fools, who will call us all atheists if we don't pretend to be as great fools as they are." After this eloquent and discreet persuasion—the whole company staring with the utmost astonishment at Sir Robert Walpole, some in admiration of his piety, and others of his prudence—the Princess Emily spoke to the King, the King to the Queen, and the Archbishop [Potter] was sent for; but the King went out of the room before his episcopal Grace was admitted. . . . The Queen desired the Archbishop to take care of Dr. Butler, her Clerk of the Closet; and he was the only body I ever heard of her recommending particularly and by name all the while she was ill. Her servants in general she recommended to the King, saying he knew whom she liked and disliked, but did not, that I know of, name anybody to him in particular.'—vol. ii. p. 529.

This special concern as to the great author of the *Analogy* is one of the few circumstances in Hervey's detail that it is at all agreeable to dwell upon. Indeed it is one of very few satisfactory details that occur in this book respecting her Majesty's interference with the ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown. Lord Mahon (*History*, ii. p. 172) exalts her 'discerning and praiseworthy' selection of Bishops; but nothing can be more offensive than Hervey's whole account of her exertions on behalf of Hoadley, whom she forced up step by step in spite—(not to mention the repugnance of the clergy and the nation)—of the King's own unusual stiffness on the avowed ground that 'the man did not believe one word of the Bible;' and we suspect there is no uncharitableness in the surmise that in Butler himself she patronised not the divine, but the philosopher. Yet the Queen's last word was *pray*—.

The Queen died at ten on the night of Sunday the 20th:—

'Princess Caroline was sent for, and Lord Hervey, but before the last arrived the Queen was just dead. All she said before she died was, "I have now got an asthma. Open the window." Then she said "*Pray*." Upon which the Princess Emily began to read some prayers,

prayers, of which she scarce repeated ten words before the Queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking-glass to her lips, and, finding there was not the least damp upon it, cried, "'Tis over;" and said not one word more, nor shed as yet one tear, on the arrival of a misfortune the dread of which had cost her so many. The King kissed the face and hands of the lifeless body several times, but in a few minutes left the Queen's apartment and went to that of his daughters, accompanied only by them. Then, advising them to go to bed, and take care of themselves, he went to his own side; and as soon as he was in bed sent for Lord Hervey to sit by him, where, after talking some time, and more calmly than one could have expected, he dismissed Lord H. and sent for one of his pages; and as he ordered one of them, for some time after the death of the Queen, to lie in his room, and that I am very sure he believed many stories of ghosts and witches and apparitions, I take this (with great deference to his magnanimity on other occasions) to have been the result of the same way of thinking that makes many weak minds fancy themselves more secure from any supernatural danger in the light than in the dark, and in company than alone. Lord Hervey went back to the Princess Caroline's bedchamber, where he stayed till five o'clock in the morning, endeavouring to lighten her grief by indulging it, and not by that silly way of trying to divert what cannot be removed, or to bring comfort to such affliction as time only can alleviate.—vol. ii. p. 540.

During the interval before the interment the King remained invisible, except to his daughters, to Hervey, and for a moment occasionally to Walpole. Meantime, in the antechamber, the great subject of discussion is, in what female hand the power is now to be vested. Newcastle and Grafton, both admirers of the Princess Emily, are in great hopes that at the King's age he may allow that favoured daughter to replace the mother in his confidence; but—

'Sir Robert, in his short, coarse way, said he should look to the King's mistress as the most sure means of influence. "*I'll bring Madame Walmoden over, and I'll have nothing to do with your girls: I was for the wife against the mistress, but I will be for the mistress against the daughters.*" And accordingly he advised the King, and pressed him, to send for Madame Walmoden immediately from Hanover; said he must look forward for his own sake, for the sake of his family, and for the sake of all his friends, and not ruin his health by indulging vain regret and grief for what was past recall. The King listened to this way of reasoning more kindly every time it was repeated; but Sir Robert Walpole tried this manner of talking to the Princesses, not quite so judiciously, respectfully, or successfully; for the pride of Emily and the tenderness of Caroline were so shocked, that he laid the foundation of an aversion to him in both, which I believe nobody will live to see him ever get over.'—vol. ii. pp. 544, 545.

Lord Hervey wrote the Queen's epitaph in Latin and in English,

English, and therein extolled her 'firm faith in the doctrines of Christianity and rigid practice of its precepts.' She was buried in Westminster Abbey; and George II., on his deathbed, twenty-three years afterwards, directed that his remains should be placed close by hers—a side of each of the coffins to be removed, in order that the cerements might be in actual contact. This story has been doubted; but within these few years it became the duty of one of the Chapter (the Rev. H. H. Milman) to superintend some operation within that long-sealed vault, and the royal coffins were found on the same raised slab of granite, exactly in the condition described—the sides that were abstracted still leaning against the wall behind.

Soon after the Queen's death Madame Walmoden arrived in England, and was created Countess of Yarmouth—the last peerage of exactly that class.

In 1740 Hervey became Lord Privy Seal. He died in 1743, aged forty-seven; and was survived until 1757 by the Princess Caroline, who then died, aged forty-five.

Hitherto modern readers have in general, it is probable, connected at best frivolous ideas with Lord Hervey's name; henceforth, whatever may be thought of his moral character, justice will at least be done to the graphic and caustic pen of Pope's victim.

From 1733 he was a constant correspondent of the Rev. Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose *Life of Cicero* is inscribed to him in a long and pompous dedication, enumerating not only every intellectual power and accomplishment, but every grace and virtue that could contrast with Pope's portraiture. It will at least amuse the reader to turn to that specimen of pedantic adulation: but Lord Hervey fully deserved all that Middleton says of his scholarship. The scraps from Livy and Tacitus, with which his *Memoirs* are garnished, were according to the taste and habit of that day; and we are by no means to set them down for proofs either of shallowness or affectation, as we should do if we met them in a modern page. He was qualified to hold his own in corresponding with Middleton on any question of classical research—for example, that still mysterious one of the gradual changes in the composition of the Senate during the Republic. It is not true, however, that Hervey made the translations inserted in Middleton's '*Cicero*.' Lady Hervey, in justice to the Doctor, contradicted that story in one of her letters to Mr. Morris. She says, all her husband did was to purify the MS. by striking out 'a number of low, vulgar, college expressions.' Infidelity, no doubt, was a strong bond between his Lordship and the incumbent of Hanscombe, who, in writing to his friend about signing the Thirty-nine Articles as a step to that

that benefice, says—‘While I am content to acquiesce in the *ill*, I should be glad to taste a little of the *good*, and to have some amends for the *ugly assent and consent* which no man of sense can approve.’—(*Lady Hervey's Letters*, p. 61.) It is probable that, if Queen Caroline and Lord Hervey had lived, Dr. Middleton would in due time have signed again as a Bishop-elect.

We feel that we have already given sufficient space to this book—though it seems to us one of very rare distinction in its class—otherwise we would fain have extracted some of the author's minor portraits. Those of the Speaker Onslow, Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Duke of Argyle and his brother Islay, and many more, are remarkable specimens, and, we believe, done without the least exaggeration. Not so that of Lord Chesterfield. Indeed the slighting style in which Hervey (like Horace Walpole) uniformly speaks of his talents seems quite astonishing. It is true that Hervey had never seen the writings on which chiefly we form our high notion of the man; but Hervey heard the speeches of which we have but poor reports, and Horace Walpole's ‘hero of ruelles’ is admitted even by Horace Walpole to have made the best speech he ever heard—adding that he had heard his own father, and Pulteney, and Chatham! Walpole had besides access to almost all our own materials. We believe the fact to have been that both of those clever spirits were rebuked in the presence of Lord Chesterfield. You have but to turn from the most brilliant page either of them ever wrote to any one of his; and the impression of his immense superiority—of the comprehensive, solid, and balanced understanding, which with him had wit merely for an adjunct and instrument—is immediate and irresistible.

A more puzzling point is the frequent repetition of most contemptuous allusions, both in Walpole and in Hervey, to the personal appearance of Chesterfield. All the portraits represent a singularly refined and handsome countenance: we have them of his youth, his middle life, and his age, even his extreme old age—and by painters of the most opposite schools, from Rosalba to Gainsborough—but in all the identity of feature is preserved: and making every allowance for pictorial flattery and *Herveyian* spleen, it is hardly possible to understand the violent contrast of such a description as this by our present author:—

‘With a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed, he affected following many women of the first beauty and the most in fashion. . . . He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. Ben Ashurst told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant.’
—vol. i. p. 96.

But

But Hervey makes George II. himself—and his Majesty was of short stature—speak with the same sort of disparagement. The subject of conversation in vol. ii. p. 360, is Lord Carteret's having told the Queen (it was shortly before her last illness) that 'he had been giving her fame that very morning:—

'The King said, "Yes, I dare say he will paint you in fine colours, *that dirty liar!*" "Why not?" said the Queen; "good things come out of dirt sometimes; I have ate very good asparagus raised out of dung." Lord Hervey said he knew three people that were now writing the History of his Majesty's Reign who could possibly know nothing of the secrets of the palace and his Majesty's closet, and yet would, he doubted not, pretend to make their whole history one continued dissection of both. "You mean," said the King, "Lords Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Carteret.—They will all three have about as much truth in them as the *Mille et Une Nuits*. Not but I shall like to read Bolingbroke's, who, of all those rascals and knaves that have been lying against me these ten years, has certainly the best parts and the most knowledge: he is a scoundrel, but he is a scoundrel of a higher class than Chesterfield. Chesterfield is a little tea-table scoundrel, that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them, without any object but to give himself airs; as if anybody could believe a woman could like a dwarf-baboon."'

Mr. Croker remarks, that Bolingbroke never wrote *Memoirs*—that Carteret's, if they ever were written, have perished—that Chesterfield has left us nothing of this sort but a few *Characters*, including those of George II. and his Queen, which are in fact drawn with admirable candour—done, no doubt, in his old age—and that it is curious enough to have all this criticism on three books of *Memoirs* that do not exist from the man who really was at that moment giving their Majesties such 'fame' as neither would perhaps have much coveted!

Who could have dreamed a hundred years since that posterity would owe its impressions of the society and policy of George II. mainly to the spurious Walpole and the Spurious Hervey? Which of us can guess now who may, in 1749, be the leading authorities for the characters and manners of our own day—the *dessous des cartes* of the courts and cabinets of William IV. and Queen Victoria? Some haunter of Christie's rooms and the French play, who occasionally shows his enamelled studs below the gangway? Some 'Patch' or 'Silliander,' whom our Lady Mary (if we had one) would bid—as she bade Hervey—

'Put on white gloves, and lead folks out,
For that is your affair'——?

- ART. VIII.—1. *Histoire de Dix Ans*, 1830—1840. Par M. Louis Blanc. Brussels, 1845.
2. *Révolution de 1848, Evénemens—Actes du Gouvernement Provisoire—Proclamation, &c.* Paris, Garnot, 1848.
3. *Journées de la Révolution de 1848.* Par un Garde National. Paris.
4. *Histoire de Trente Heures, Février, 1848.* Par Pierre et Paul. Paris.
5. *French Revolution in 1848—Three Days of February.* By Percy B. St. John, an eye-witness of the whole Revolution. pp. 383. London.

THE new Revolution in France has filled the world with astonishment—but more, we believe, from the facility with which it was executed than from any wonder at the *attempt*, of which—though not perhaps of its success—all who knew anything of the state of parties in France could not but feel strong apprehensions. Those of our readers who recollect or will refer to the series of articles in which we brought before them the most important works connected with the Revolution of July, 1830, and stated our views of the causes, circumstances, and consequences of that event, will believe that the Revolution of February, 1848, has caused us more of sorrow than surprise.

We never had any faith in the duration of the new monarchy. Even its successive and for the moment decisive victories over the *émeutes* did not reassure us as to the permanence of the Orleans dynasty:—

‘The bitter medicine [of repression by an armed force], of which a single dose might suffice to rescue and confirm a legitimate monarchy, becomes the daily bread of a usurper; and one, or two, or three, or four, or a dozen such bloody successes, instead of rendering his throne more stable, only render its steps more slippery and its overthrow more certain.’—Q. R., xlviii. p. 533.

And again, after the suppression of several formidable *émeutes*, when Louis Philippe seemed to most men to have subdued all future opposition, we said,—

‘In their present anomalous and conflicting state matters cannot remain. France *must again pass through* a despotism—a republic—or a restoration—and probably all these—before she can settle down into a constitution that shall command the undivided respect and rational obedience of the nation.’—Q. R., lii. p. 569.

And we have repeated on several other occasions the same reluctant prophecy. We refer to these passages not to claim the merit of peculiar sagacity, for we believe that most thinking men in this country were of our opinion, but because, in the present unsettled

unsettled state of men's minds, and the general disposition that there seems to extemporise constitutions out of popular movements, it may be useful to repeat our warnings against insurrectionary reform, and to show how well experience has justified the anticipations of reasoning.

It is due, therefore, to Louis Philippe and to his ministry—it is due to truth—to say at once that the late revolution was not produced by any misgovernment or maladministration of theirs. We are by no means inclined to become the defenders of many details of their administration, which we have heretofore frankly criticised; but of this recent misfortune we do not hesitate to declare our clear opinion that its original cause was in the principles of the July revolution, of which that of February is but the continuation; it is the same revolution—only that, as in Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale,' seventeen years have elapsed between one act and the next.

At first we heard a pretty general regret that Louis Philippe should have been so blind, and M. Guizot so obstinate, as to refuse to concede a very small modicum of reform, and to risk the monarchy to prevent a tavern-dinner. The 'Banquet' and 'Reform' had—as we believe every one now begins to see—no more to do with the events that have happened than the flag that a ship may wear has to do with the effect of her broadside; they were adopted as a signal at which the Odillon Barrot section of the Opposition intended no more than to make a display of fireworks, but were quite as much surprised as either the King or his ministers to find that, by the machination of a third party, their fireworks ignited a secret magazine whose terrible explosion has not only blown up all that was within its reach, but has carried consternation and danger to incredible distances.

We have taken some pains to inform ourselves as to the real state of the case; and although, while the conflagration is still unextinguished and the extent of either the mischief or the danger so indefinite, it is very difficult to arrive at the truth, we believe that the following will be found a tolerably accurate summary of the causes and course of these events.

There were in France—in the nation as well as in the Chamber of Deputies—(the Peers were nothing)—five parties or political sects.

First—the Conservative party then in government, at the head of which was M. Guizot—men who thought that France had had enough of revolutions, and were unwilling to risk by new experiments in her political organization the large measure of rational liberty, internal prosperity, and European confidence which she had for some years enjoyed, and which she was daily improving.

Second—

Second—the Constitutional or, as they were called, Dynastic Opposition, because, though they opposed the existing Ministry, they were friends to the new dynasty—at the head of these were Messrs. Thiers and Odillon Barrot.

Third—the Legitimists, led by M. Berryer.

Fourth—the old Republican party, composed chiefly of journalists, young *littérateurs*, lawyers, students, half-pay officers, clerks, and the grandsons of the Jacobins and the sons of the Buonapartists. They were by no means formidable for their numbers,* but their intelligence, activity, zeal, and discipline, and the watchwords of *Republic* and *Buonaparte*—piophetic pledges—assured them great weight and authority in any agitation that might happen to arise. Their most prominent leaders were Dupont, an old lawyer of the first revolution, Arago, and Garnier-Pages in the Chamber, and Marrast and his colleagues in the *National* newspaper.

Fifth—the sect of Communists, composed altogether of the working classes, who were hardly to be called a political party, but rather a social confederacy, whose views, we cannot call them principles, are like those of our own Socialists, a kind of community of property—that labour and its produce should be in partnership—that competition should be abolished, and work and wages so distributed and regulated by the state as to equalize the conditions of each individual in the community. To which was added a theorem—practically attempted since the Revolution—that the claims of labour are not satisfied by wages, but that the workman is entitled moreover to a proprietary share in the work on which he is employed and in the capital which employs him. The Communists, though they thus had a visionary equalization of property at the end of their vista, were practically busied in combinations relative to hours of labour, rates of wages, prices of taskwork, and so forth, and were therefore ready banded and disciplined for any political purpose to which their energies might be directed. These doctrines were promulgated in the press by M. Louis Blanc† and the other journalists of the *Réforme*, and the sect was represented in the Chamber by Ledru-Rollin.

* Combien ces Républicains étaient-ils? C'est à peine si on daignait les compter.
—Discours de L. Blanc, 17 Mars, 1848.

† Particularly in a little work, first published in 1839, called *Organisation du Travail*, in which he attributes *all* the vices and misery of the world exclusively to competition for work—making no allowance for the depravity of human nature, nor explaining in any way that we can understand how his system of a universal partnership and community could be carried into practice, or how, if it were, it could resist or a week the internal explosive power of human passions—not to speak of common sense.

The Government had in the Chamber a majority—not large, but steady and sufficient—over all these parties even when united, as they were sure to be on all popular questions, though their ultimate objects were so different. The Dynastics only wished to overthrow the Ministers and take their places. The Legitimists were glad of any occasion to embarrass and affront the usurper, to exhibit the inconsistency and insecurity of the revolutionary monarchy. The Republicans and Communists were ready to join in any attempt to unsettle the existing order of things, and were the only parties that were in any degree associated with the *people*. Working each by its own secret organization, but communicating with each other by confidential channels, these associations had been for some years preparing another revolution, of which, however, they had resolved to adjourn the attempt to the death of the King; but as advance of years, a recent attack of illness, and the death of Madame Adelaide, seemed to bring the prospects of the demise of the crown nearer, they grew more confident in their strength and more active in their preparations.

Such was the state of *parties*; but there were, *en dehors* of these, four other most important elements in the political system which demand our notice—the Army—the National Guard—the Ministry—and the King.

The Army was, we believe, sound and loyal, but with no enthusiasm towards the King. An army, indeed, can have little enthusiasm except for ancient hereditary right, or recent personal glory—but there was no disaffection, and they were ready to obey their officers, as the officers were on their parts ready to obey the Government. There were, perhaps, 40,000 of them in and immediately round Paris.

The National Guard were about 60,000 men, but far from being unanimous. Theirs is a tiresome and yet harassing kind of service when there is no excitement to compensate the trouble that it gives—it disturbs family comfort without apparently serving the state. The attachment of the citizen soldiers to the Government of their own creation was visibly and not unnaturally diminished by *its* apparent stability and by the consequent loss of somewhat of *their* own importance, and more especially by a feeling that the fortifications of Paris and the increased power of the army had afforded the Government a new basis, which in some degree superseded them. Certain it is that the wealthier portion of the body, and those on whom the Government had hitherto most confidently relied, had become rather lukewarm, while those of a lower grade, to the amount, it may be, we are informed, safely estimated

estimated at nearly *one-third* of the whole, or about 20,000 men, were connected—either by actual participation or by unequivocal sympathy—partly with the Republicans, and partly, but in a much larger proportion, with the Communists. Of the other two-thirds a majority were in a state of political indifference. Louis Blanc, in his *Histoire de Dix Ans*, tells of the measures taken by the Republicans to obtain weight and influence in the National Guard, and of their success—but still the majority was either well affected or neutral. They foresaw no danger—if they had, they would have been very anxious to prevent pillage or social disorder, though they would not have slept a night out of their beds to have decided the rivalry between the *centre droit* and *centre gauche* for the ministerial portefeuilles.

The state of the Ministry was, as we have said, apparently solid and prosperous. It comprised, indeed, since the retreat of Marshal Soult, no man of marked eminence but M. Guizot and M. Duchatel—but M. Guizot's talents—the first either in the tribune or in council—the purity of his private and his public life—the sobriety, consistency, and elevation of his views, his zeal for the interests and glory of France, combined with sincere wishes for the peace of the world, would have sufficed to inspire general confidence in his administration. But the Government had lately suffered in public estimation by some extraneous circumstances: amongst these was the detection of two Ex-Cabinet Ministers, M. Teste and General Cubières, and several subordinate public servants, in corrupt practices. This was only an additional proof of what everybody knew, and the celebrated *procès Gisquet* and M. Thiers' famous man-of-war, built for, and burned in, one of the July festivals (see Q. R., vol. lii., p. 278), had before judicially revealed, that revolutionary patriots are apt to make very corrupt Ministers, and that corrupt influence had grown and extended in France *pari passu* with the growth and extension of popular representation; and popular indignation affected to talk very loudly against offences which popular corruption itself had generated. But this, though no doubt it tended to render the system of government what they term *déconsidéré*, had little to do with the crisis that followed; first, because there was not even a whisper against the personal integrity of M. Guizot, or, we believe, any of his existing colleagues; secondly, because in France, as we fear elsewhere, such blots are blots only when they are hit, and that in truth the whole administrative system still retained much of the revolutionary infection of fraud, corruption, and deceit. Indeed, we are convinced by the very criticism of his adversaries that, if M. Guizot had been a less honest man—less 'severe,' 'rigid,' 'intractable,' as they call him—had he
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been less desirous of raising the wheels of Government out of the miry ruts of corruption in which he had found them, he would have been a more popular Minister. We are in short satisfied that these affairs of Gisquet, Cubières, Teste, and the like, had no share in causing or even exasperating the February revolt.

But there was another imputation which, though ridiculously false and unjust, did certainly contribute indirectly to that event. We mean M. Guizot's supposed partiality, nay, subserviency, to English interests. A mere English reader would hardly believe the extent to which this absurd calumny has been carried. One example will suffice. There was, it will be remembered, a Mr. Pritchard, Consul at Otaheite, who suffered some personal injustice in the course of the violences done by the French commander to the poor islanders and their Queen. M. Guizot regretted this violence, and was willing to redress it as far as the passions of France, excited by his own political opponents, would allow; and in this spirit of moderation and justice he acceded to the demand by the British Government of a compensation to Pritchard for his personal grievances. This simple and innocent act was seized upon as a weapon against M. Guizot and his majority in the Chamber which had approved it. It became the war-cry against them at the ensuing elections; and we have before us a small biographical volume of the late deputies, in which the Minister is designated as *Sir Guizot*, and *Milord Guizot*, a *British subject*, a *tool of England*: his ministry is called *Anglo-Guizot*, and his friends *Pritchardistes*, or *votans pour l'infame Pritchard*. These *bêtises* are specimens of a system of calumny which, widely circulated and reproduced in a thousand forms, has had, no doubt, some effect with the populace, and perhaps other classes, whose hatred to England blinds them to the falsehood and absurdity of such an imputation.*

The affair of the Spanish marriages—however we may think this country entitled to complain of them—certainly did M. Guizot no harm in France; it proved that at least he was not a tool of England, and as far as it looked like a triumph over British policy, would have added to instead of diminishing his popularity. We shall treat separately and more at large of his position on the Reform question—but conclude this preliminary notice by stating that there was one cause which we never have heard mentioned, but which alone—even without the new *revolution*—would,

* Even as we revise these pages we read in the *Réforme* of the 25th March an angry expostulation with the Government for not purifying the army by the expulsion of all the '*Officiers Pritchardistes*'!

speedily, as we believe, have terminated M. Guizot's ministry, and that is the indisputable and growing crime of having *lasted too long*—longer than any since the first revolution of 1789—unless we call Buonaparte's reign a ministry. Of seventeen Cabinets (exclusive of the two provisional ones of 1830) that Louis Philippe had tried, comprising forty-eight statesmen, and variegated by above one hundred internal changes—one only, M. Molé's, 1836-9, had attained the age of two years and a half—while that of M. Guizot—we may call it his, though for some years he had the assistance of the name of Marshal Soult as President of the Council—had for near eight years been enabled, chiefly by his own personal talent and character, to keep standing, amidst a storm of parties and passions, the feeble and fragile monarchy built in such haste and haphazard on that volcanic soil out of the heterogeneous *débris* of the Revolution, the Restoration, and the Baricades. It is only when we examine the ruins of the edifice that we can *fully* understand its original instability, and duly appreciate the skill and courage by which the King and his Conservative ministers kept it so long together—advancing in so remarkable a degree the internal prosperity of France, and maintaining, in circumstances of great difficulty and frequent danger, the peace of Europe.

We next arrive at the position in which this crisis found the King himself; and we shall say all we need say on that point with not less sincerity, and with more respect, than if he were still at the Tuileries. It may seem paradoxical, but it is, we believe, true, that the weakest point of the King's case was, that his personal character was too much in unison with the political circumstances in which he was placed by a strange, and perhaps a not altogether welcome necessity. His position was what is called a false one; and the turn of his own mind—perhaps from natural disposition, or perhaps rather from the vicissitudes of his antecedent life—was to elude and manage rather than resist and overcome what there was ambiguous or deceptive in his original title. We have always—though quite aware of the existence and activity of an Orleans party—acquitted Louis Philippe himself of treachery, or even hostility, to his exiled kinsmen in 1830, but we never could think that he had done justice to *himself*. It was a perilous experiment to accept a task on conditions which a man of much less experience ought to have known could never be fulfilled. But we must make large allowances for the difficulties of the moment, and endeavour to figure to ourselves the extremities to which the unbridled populace might have proceeded, if he had not consented to accept the crown on the best terms that could be made. Not only he and his own family, but the deposed branch,
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and thousands of other innocent parties, might have been sacrificed. This, however, whether we call it error or misfortune, bore its natural but bitter fruit. He was soon obliged—*forced*—not merely for his own personal interests, but for those of the people who had committed themselves to his care and guidance—to vindicate and protect social order against his quondam partisans, and to endeavour to consolidate the new institutions by a series of measures which, however contrary to the democratical visions and *verbiage* from which his government had sprung, were absolutely necessary to its existence; and if he had not acted in this counter-revolutionary direction, he would have been expelled in December, 1830, or at latest in June, 1832, as certainly as he has been in February, 1848. The men of the new revolution, and its flatterers in this country, tell us that he has been dethroned for *seventeen years of perfidy*—but they keep out of sight how early those who had ‘sworn’ him allegiance entered into conspiracies and revolts to overthrow him. Can any man at this hour really doubt, that he would have been dethroned before he had reigned *seventeen months*, or indeed *seventeen weeks*, if he had not taken the line now reproached to him? We for our parts are convinced that, if he had shown in this last crisis the same vigour that he did in all the former, he would not have been dethroned now. Time chilled the energy of the King, but had not, it seems, damped that of the Revolution. In fact, his very existence on the throne was a kind of continuous homage to revolutionary power, and gave strength and consistency, as well as additional rancour, to the republican conspiracy begun under the Restoration, and which has been, we now know, the real cause of all the commotions of his reign, and at last of its catastrophe. The perfidy has really been on *their* part, not *his*. The absurd and celebrated conundrum of *the King reigns and does not govern*, in which M. Thiers endeavoured to mystify the real difficulty of a limited monarchy, was employed as if the King had adopted it as a constitutional axiom and pledge, and had broken it. He never did either. Let us do him the justice to remember that, even in the too-liberal professions of the Hôtel de Ville, *he* never said a word that did not express a resolution to take a personal part in the administration of affairs; and, indeed, if that was not to be the right and duty of a king, why had they made a revolution, and put a new king at the head of it? If Polignac and his colleagues were to be tried, convicted, and punished for *misgoverning*, what crime had Charles X. committed by merely *reigning*? The general problem is no doubt of difficult solution; and it is not easy to define—even in England, after the experience of nearly two centuries—the just limits of the sovereign’s

reign's interference ; but M. Thiers' *not* is mere nonsense, unless he meant, as perhaps he did, that kings are empty forms, mere puppets, of whom nothing is tangible and real but the obstacle they create to good government, and the burdens they inflict on the people.

For all these difficulties (after the first step of accepting the crown) the King was clearly blameless, nor could he have satisfied the exigencies of his quondam friends otherwise than by resigning it, and leaving them to make the experiment they are now employed in.

But though this republican conspiracy has been the main cause of his fall, we must, as faithful historians, admit that there are some circumstances of his personal deportment and policy since 1830 which contributed to weaken his position. Out of respect to a great and on the whole undeserved misfortune, we shall merely mention, without expatiating on, the most prominent of these errors.

The incurable defect in his original title, instead of being, on his part, kept out of sight and allowed to soften down, by the mellowing lapse of time, into a mere historical fact, was kept alive by many personal condescensions and volunteer professions of *citizenship*, which appeared, even to the public whom they were meant to flatter, derogatory and—when contrasted with the vigour of his public measures—something worse. Still more objectionable were the anniversary mummeries of the *Fêtes of July*, impolitic in principle, contemptible in point of taste, and at last scandalous by the corruption and jobbery by which they were executed. (See Q. R. i. p. 279.) These follies, we suppose, however, were rather the errors of the Ministers than of the King personally ; and as the volatile *ad captandum* genius of M. Thiers gave them their greatest extension and *éclat*, so the good taste and discretion of M. Guizot gradually discountenanced them ; the distinctive characters of these two rival statesmen being well marked in this—may we not call it—*important trifle*.

We, from motives of respect in which we have no doubt *our* readers will concur, abstain from more than slightly alluding to the later, and, as we think, much graver errors—of the exposure of the Duchess of Berry, the fortifications of Paris, the *dotation* questions, the appointment of his young son, the Duke of Aumale, æt. 25, to the command in Algeria, and the Spanish marriages—in all of which, though Louis Philippe had the assent of responsible ministers, both France and Europe saw, or fancied that they saw, strong indications of a selfish policy, which, joined to all the other causes, certainly tended additionally to the es-

trangement of the more intelligent classes, and especially among the National Guard.

But in spite of all these drawbacks, Louis Philippe had still a high station in the opinion of Europe, and, we had supposed, of France, for wisdom, for habits of business, for kingcraft, and, above all, for courage: no sovereign, no man, ever stood, or deserved to stand, higher than he did on the 28th of July, 1835, after the Fieschi explosion—when, with his own horse and those of two of his sons wounded under them, and heaps of friends and followers strewn dead and dying around him, ignorant of whence the stroke had come, and whether it was not about to be renewed, he calmly exchanged his wounded horse for that of one of his murdered attendants, and pursued with his sons and surviving suite his intended line of march with the same dignity and composure with which he had begun it. His personal intrepidity had been already displayed at the barricades of June, 1832, but this sublime exhibition of 1835 first led us to *hope* what we never had before done, and even then it was, as our readers know, but a hope against evidence and reason—that France was safe from another revolution during his life, and that, if he was spared some years to the world, his abilities and his firmness might even remedy the defects of his title and consolidate the constitutional monarchy. His conduct, on several subsequent occasions when his life was attempted, tended to increase these hopes; and we know that even the secret associations of republicans and communists thought that during his life there was no hope for them.

Such was the state of parties and affairs in the middle of February; and though there were these elements of mischief fermenting beneath the surface—*ignes suppositos cineri doloso*—everything looked tranquil and solid, at least till the death of the King. Then, and not till then, a struggle might ensue—but even in that case it was generally supposed, though not by *us*, that the Dynasties would prevail.

Now let us see how this prospective struggle came to be so unexpectedly—and to all the actors in it as unexpectedly as the rest of mankind—anticipated.

Some young Frenchmen who had been in London during our reform fever had caught, it seems, some of its spirit, and carried it into the French Chamber; and whether from emulation, conviction, or ambition, took up the question of parliamentary reform as the object of their political labours. MM. Duvergier de Hauranne and de Remusat were the leaders of this movement; and they tried it in two forms—a Place Bill to limit the number of placemen in the Chamber—and an extension of the right of suffrage to certain wider classes. These were exceedingly plausible

plausible propositions—a large, apparently a too large, proportion of the Chamber were connected with the Government, and the number of electors in France was, at the time when this clamour began, not more than 200,000.

Though this Reform question had in truth no real influence on the Revolution which has ensued—being, as we all now know, a pretence, not a cause—it is due to the characters of all parties that we should explain in a very few words the state of the affair. And first as to *placemen*: the number, say 150 out of 460, seems, according to our present notions, disproportioned; but there is something to be said in explanation. The local magistracy and administrative functionaries, who are all salaried, are, from the mechanical system of administration introduced by the Revolution, much more numerous in France than we, with our *unpaid* sheriffs, mayors, magistrates, overseers, constables, &c., have any need for; but, in consequence of the infinite subdivision of real property, there is often, in the provinces, a scarcity of respectable persons to fulfil those duties: in many places it would be impossible to find decent parliamentary representatives who should not be, in some capacity or other, public functionaries—particularly as, since the July revolution, the Legitimists, who constituted the majority of the *country-gentleman* class, declined sitting in the new chamber. To have excluded, then, public functionaries from the French Parliament, would have been to have excluded a large portion of the intellect, the respectability, and even the independence of the country, almost as if we were to exclude our unpaid magistracy from Parliament. Nor have we English at least any great reason to quarrel with the French proportion of 150 out of 460—less than one-third—when we remember that in the parliaments of George I. we had 271 placemen, and in those of George II. 257, out of a house of 558—that is, not far from *one-half*. (*Parl. Papers, No. 569, Sess. 1823.*) There are many other practical considerations of great weight on this subject, but we have said enough to show that the number of placemen was a necessary, or at least a natural, consequence of the constitutional state of society, and no excuse for a revolution.

Then as to the electoral question: the elective franchise in France was based on the general principle of *taxation* as evidence of *property*; whoever paid 200 francs—*8l.*—either in *contributions foncières ou mobilières, portes et fenêtres*, or *patentes*—was an elector; these divisions making a complete classification of all property—analogue to our land-tax, house-tax, and licences and stamps for trades and professions; and the rate was surely moderate enough: but there was, moreover, a special deference and favour to intellectual acquirements and ‘*capacities*,’ as they termed

them ; for half-pay officers, professional men, members of academies and institutes, and other persons of defined respectability, were admitted to the franchise at *half* the amount of contribution. We can hardly imagine a scheme of franchise better suited, on the whole, to meet the various claims of a civilized society. If the number of electors produced by this system was only 240,000—to which number it had recently risen—it was because the lightness of taxation and the subdivision of property afforded no more ; but experience proved that, as the country recovered from revolutionary agitation, property seemed to accumulate, individuals grew richer, and there was a gradual increase of the electoral numbers—for they had increased 40,000 in the last few years. But, larger or smaller, they included every man who paid 8*l.* per annum in taxes, or 4*l.* in the classes of ‘*capacities*,’ and did undoubtedly represent the property and intelligence of the country. The proposed reform—which pretended that it would not have disturbed the old system, but only extended it—would have in fact extinguished it in principle and overpowered it by numbers ; for instance, it proposed to admit to the franchise all that were liable to serve upon juries, without any regard to property or taxation : that was an entire abrogation of the fundamental principle of the constitution ; but it was rendered infinitely worse by another proposition which accompanied it—namely, that all officers of the National Guard should also be electors, without regard to property or taxation. As these officers are annually *elected by the corps at large*, this would have been calling the armed force directly, and *as such*, into the elections, and perverting the National Guard into a political faction, and eventually into the prætorian guards of any Danton or Napoleon, demagogue or despot, who might obtain an influence over them. It was estimated that these measures would have increased the number of electors fourfold, and the additional 700,000 need not necessarily have any qualification from either taxation or property. Whether some modification of the existing system, such as a lowering of the rate, might not have been gradually and advantageously introduced, it would be presumptuous in foreigners to say ;—but it is quite clear that, to such an entire *bouleversement* as these propositions, energetically supported by the Republican party, would have made of the fundamental principle of the constitutional franchise, the King could not have consented without risking his authority, nor M. Guizot and the Conservative majority without a total loss of character. The Ministry therefore opposed, and the majority rejected them.

It was then that the leaders of the Dynastic Opposition took the question out of the Chamber into the streets, in order to intimidate the
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the majority, the King, and the Ministry, by a popular demonstration. A law, passed in 1834, advocated by M. Thiers himself, had rendered direct political assemblages illegal, and recourse was had to the subterfuge of dinner meetings, or patriotic banquets, at which, in addition to the natural forces of the united Oppositions, they hoped to aggregate all the classes whom the extended suffrages would reach ; and at these banquets insulting toasts and seditious speeches, to be afterwards scattered abroad like firebrands by the press, might, or we should rather say, must, have a most dangerous effect with such an inflammable people. There was an *ordonnance* of the Republic, *Brumaire*, An VIII., which expressly gave authority to the Government to prohibit such banquets ; but the Government, reluctant to interfere with any expression of public opinion, when it did not imminently endanger the public peace, did not, as long as they were limited to tavern dinners, assert its power of prohibition. But at last, bold with impunity, and probably intending to act more directly on the patience of the Ministry and the fears of the Chamber, a monster banquet was announced to take place in Paris, at which a great out-of-door demonstration of force and numbers was to be made. The wise Montesquieu says, '*Celui qui assemble le peuple, l'émeut,*' and there had been but too many instances of the justice of the observation. The first cause of the deplorable troubles of Lyons, in 1834, was a monster banquet intended for M. Garnier-Pagès ; and the equally frightful insurrection of June, 1832, in Paris, arose from the funeral procession of General Lamarque. The combined procession and banquet now proposed had every possible circumstance of illegality and danger. It was no longer a tavern dinner—it was a hostile array of the most excitable population in the world ; and even if the masses had been animated with the most pacific and good-humoured spirit (and the contrary was notorious), could not have been permitted without the most culpable and contemptible pusillanimity on the part of the Government. It was therefore forbidden, just as the Commissioners of Police prohibited the other day Mr. Cochrane's meeting in Whitehall. A great deal was said, and is still, though faintly, repeated, against the inconsistency of the French Government in allowing fifty banquets in different parts of France, and stopping the last. This is the old complaint against all patience and forbearance ;—those who would not permit the authorities to interfere at all, censure them for not having interfered sooner. We answer this dishonest pretence as we did in the case of the Clontarf meeting in Ireland, which was prohibited after those at Tara and Mullaghmast (though abundantly formidable) had been permitted : cases must be measured by their circumstances :—a breach of the law—occasional

sional—limited—not in itself *immediately* alarming—may be overlooked—may be, even on repetition, tolerated, as a less evil than the risk of violence or even of clamour from suppressing it; but when such tolerance is mistaken for timidity—when the single temporary offence is multiplied and prolonged to a systematic and permanent defiance of the law, and transferred from a small locality in which the public force could safely deal with it, to the streets of the metropolis, where the slightest accident might produce the most fatal results; it is no inconsistency in those who overlooked what might be an indiscretion, to endeavour to repress what had grown into a crime. Is there any man of common sense in the world who, as a magistrate or minister, would not—in anything like the same circumstances—have done as the French Government did,—both in the original acquiescence and the subsequent resistance?

Now comes a most curious and important episode in this great epic. These banquets had been originally the device of the parliamentary Opposition—at the head of which M. Odillon Barrot has the overwhelming responsibility of having placed himself—with, we believe, no other object than to embarrass the Ministry. They had all along insisted that such meetings were legal, and that the Ministers were not justified in suppressing them; but when the affair came to a crisis—when the day -- *Sunday, the 20th of February*—approached, for which M. Odillon Barrot and his committee had announced the banquet and pledged themselves to march at the head of the procession, they began to falter. They knew (for some of them were eminent lawyers) that the law was against them—they quailed before the determination of the Government, and they felt behind them, with still greater alarm, the pressure of the Republican and Communist parties urging them to a desperate game of which these more decided revolutionists would reap all the advantage. The parliamentary leaders now took a step which, if the motive had been purer, would have been very laudable—they opened a communication with the Government—professed their wish for order—stated of course that they believed the meeting to be legal—but that, as the Government thought otherwise, they would give up the procession and only hold the *banquet pro forma*, for which the Government would commence a prosecution to carry the question to a legal tribunal, with whose decision all parties might honourably abide. To this proposition the Government at once assented, and the banquet, which had been originally announced for *Sunday the 20th*, was by this new arrangement postponed to *Tuesday the 22nd*.

This was a prudent step, and no inconsiderable concession; for it removed the additional danger that the idleness and excitement

ment of a Parisian Sunday, which generally extends into Monday, would have created. It seems, however, that the managing committee, in which the democratic party had now the ascendancy, were dissatisfied with this compromise; for they issued, late on the Sunday evening, a notice—said to have been penned by Marrast, editor of the *National*—for a *procession* on the Tuesday, which revived the whole original character of the banquet, with the alarming addition of inviting the Students and the National Guard, unarmed indeed, but in uniform, to take an active part in the demonstration. This new and still more formidable array the Government determined to resist; they published an absolute prohibition of the procession—*not of the banquet*—and forbade the National Guard to appear in uniform, except by order of their own officers. This prohibition was issued on the morning of *Monday the 21st*. About 3 P.M. on that day, M. Odillon Barrot, who was now placed in an awkward dilemma between his arrangements with the Ministers and the new notice of his committee, thought to get out of the difficulty by proceeding to the Chamber at the head of all the Opposition members, and there calling on the Ministers to account for having forbidden the meeting: the Minister of the Interior, M. Duchâtel, answered that, if the banquet was to be held merely as a *banquet*, he would have been content to try the matter by law, as had been arranged; but the last proclamation of the committee announcing a *procession*, and summoning, on their private authority, the National Guard, as well as the students of the public schools, to join in it, was such an invasion and defiance of the public authority as could not be tolerated.

The truth then came out that the expedient, by which this dark and awful thundercloud, which had, for some days past, overshadowed the metropolis, was to be dispersed by the easy and simple *paratonnère* of a suit at law, was by no means to the taste of the Republicans and Communists—that is, in fact, of the journalists of the *National* and the *Réforme*—who had been summoned to the fray: it promised, indeed, to relieve MM. Thiers, Odillon Barrot, and Co. from the terrible responsibility of leading the van of the banquet mob, but was received with great indignation by their allies in the rear. The latter saw that this affair had grown into a favourable opportunity for a demonstration on their part: the popular object of the banquet—its announcement—its postponement—the warnings of the Government—the persistence of the Opposition—the doubts as the time approached whether it was or was not to be attempted—the gravity which the question had assumed, and all the passions, hopes, and fears that it had excited—they saw that all these circumstances had created

an agitation in the public mind, of which they might take instant advantage—they (in consequence of the movement of the Dynastic Opposition) themselves were on foot and ready—of a large portion of the National Guard they were sure—of the apathy of the majority of the rest almost equally so. This opportunity for a trial of popular strength would not be a mere accidental collision like the insurrection of June 1832, nor an absurd and unmeaning riot like that of May 1839, in which they had stood alone—it was a solemn union of *all the Oppositions* under, as they alleged, the banner of the law—not with such leaders as the Jeannes and Rossignols of the former, or the Baudès and Blanquis of the latter—men never before heard of till they appeared in these extemporised revolts. They had now in the first line such names as Thiers and Odillon Barrot and a crowd of deputies, whose limited views and measures they might safely adopt as preliminary steps to the accomplishment of their own—they resolved therefore to avail themselves of this, as they thought, favourable opportunity, and to change the *Reform* movement into a *Republican* one. This still more alarmed those who had begun the agitation; and on *Monday night* M. Odillon Barrot* and his party issued a notice abandoning the banquet altogether; but, by way of a sedative sop to the Cerberus he had roused, he pledged himself to the impeachment of the Ministers.

On *Tuesday the 22nd*, the Government, though still uncertain as to the precise movements that any or all the various parties concerned in the agitation might make, saw clearly that it was their own duty to be prepared to maintain the public peace; and accordingly, in addition to the less ostentatious disposition of the troops and the police (Municipal Guard) which had been silently made, they ordered the usual *rappel* or summons of the National Guard to be beaten at an early hour in the Quartier St. Honoré, the intended scene of the procession. We have already described the apathy of the majority of the National Guard and its causes, but the agitators had recourse, on this occasion, to a manœuvre that was likely to increase their disinclination to come forward:—‘The drummers were preceded and followed by some hundreds of young men in blouses, armed with long sticks, shouting *Vive la Réforme!* and chorusing all the revolutionary songs.’ The result was that few of the National Guards answered the call but those who were disposed to favour the rioters—the rest did not appear, or appeared with evi-

* When we say M. Odillon Barrot, we do not mean that his signature was attached, but that the notices were substantially issued and authorised by him and his parliamentary friends.

dent marks of dissatisfaction. This had a most serious effect on the whole aspect of affairs: it excited the hopes and emboldened the measures of the disaffected; but its worst influence was on the King himself. He had built, as it were, his throne and all his hopes on the National Guard—the doubt of their adherence, or rather the certainty of the disaffection of the most active and the neutrality of the most respectable amongst them, seems to have had a very strong effect on the minds of him and his family, and in fact to have shaken his natural firmness. Still, however, he seems to have clung to the mistaken hope that the disaffection was to the Ministry, and not to the Crown.

During the forenoon of *Tuesday* the streets were still tranquil: the excitement which gradually showed itself was by no means either spontaneous or general: ordinary people followed their ordinary occupations, though there was some concourse of curious spectators about the Madeleine, the Rue Royale, Place de la Concorde, and Champs Elysées, the announced scene of the promised exhibition; but towards the middle of the day (no doubt as the Republican and Communist leaders were bringing forward their forces) a considerable agitation began to fill the chief thoroughfares—large bodies of men—with a row of *unarmed National Guards in front*, on whom they knew that the troops could not fire—came down the Boulevard and made hostile demonstrations against the official residence of M. Guizot, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue des Capucines—a similar demonstration was made against the Chamber of Deputies, but easily and temperately repelled by the police, subsequently supported by the troops, who, under a series of insulting, and at last violent aggressions, showed admirable forbearance. But it soon became evident that a great ferment was growing up in the manufacturing districts of the town; and in the course of the day M. Odillon Barrot, no doubt with a view of calming the public mind, proceeded to the Chamber to present his promised impeachment of the Ministers. To that document (and it is well to record the names as marking the confederacy) we find the signatures of—*Dupont (de l'Èure), Garnier-Pagès, Courtais, Thiard, Crémieux, Marie, Carnot*, and others, who were subsequently prominent parties to the proclamation of the Republic—another indication that Reform had become only a stalking-horse to Revolution.

As the day—*Tuesday the 22nd*—advanced, the Republican and Communist forces accumulated—the whole city swarmed with insurgent mobs—some bakers' and gunsmiths' shops were plundered, and barricades were commenced in several of the streets, amidst cries of *A bas Guizot! Vive la Réforme!* and the

the *Marseillaise* and *Death-song of the Girondins*.^{*} Various collisions took place during the day and night between the people and the troops and Municipal Guard, who were endeavouring to keep the thoroughfares free and to prevent the accumulation of crowds; but no serious casualty occurred. During the night the insurgents, with an evidently organized mode of proceeding, threw up barricades in many quarters of the city—most of which were removed that same night—but a letter which we have seen from Paris, accounting for the difficulty of restoring the thoroughfares of the town, states that at the final close of the conflict there were above two thousand barricades to remove.

On Wednesday morning the 23rd the riot assumed a still more serious aspect; in various parts of the town the mob attempted to seize the police posts and disarm the Municipal Guard, and there was firing and some bloodshed on several points. As the day advanced, the National Guard—that is, the worse-disposed portion of them—almost the only portion that appeared—began more openly to fraternize with the people; again placing themselves in the front of the columns of the mob, with the double purpose of giving them confidence and of deterring the troops and police from acting—both of whom, though ready to put down a mere mob, would not come into conflict with the National Guard. Several battalions even began to deliberate, and sent deputations, and some of them threatened to march in a body, to the Tuileries to demand of the King the dismissal of the Ministers. With the feelings of the King as to the National Guard, it is easy to conceive how this must have affected him.

About two o'clock he sent for M. Guizot, then in the Chamber:—of course what passed between them can be imperfectly known, but it transpired that the King, after stating the agitation of the town and the dissatisfaction of the National Guard, asked M. Guizot whether he thought that the Ministry could maintain itself? To which the Minister is said to have replied that such a question carried its own answer—that if the King himself doubted of the stability and efficiency of his Ministers, it was clear that no one else would place any confidence in them. The King then announced his intention of sending for M. Molé, on which M. Guizot observed that M. Molé was an able man, and that he had political connexions that might enable him to form a Ministry; but he is reported to have further represented to the King that not a moment was to be lost—that though he was in fact no longer Minister, he was ready to act *ad interim*, and

^{*} The Girondins went to the scaffold singing the *Marseillaise* (see Q. R., liv. p. 541)—but M. Alexandre Dumas has written another song for them, which, set to music by Alphonse Varney, is now one of the *chants populaires*.

to do all that might be necessary on his existing responsibility; but that a Ministerial crisis was an additional danger which ought to be closed as soon as possible. We know not whether it was at this meeting, or at a later one the same evening, that M. Guizot suggested to the King the pressing expediency of investing Marshal Bugeaud with the chief military command of Paris. This first interview ended about three p.m., and M. Guizot, by his Majesty's command, proceeded to the Chamber to announce that M. Molé had been intrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet. Never was such an announcement received with more expressions of regret by the majority. It would be curious to know whether the King, when he thus sacrificed his Minister, had no misgiving that he was really sacrificing himself. With his long experience of these *émeutes*, their real movements and objects, did it not occur to him that *À bas Guizot!* and *Vive la Réforme!* were mere preludes to *À bas Louis Philippe!* and *Vive la République!* --or was his sagacity so imposed on as to believe that MM. Thiers and Odillon Barrot were masters of the movement that they had excited, and that M. Molé could obtain their co-operation? Be that as it may, the promulgation of the change of Ministry by no means tended to allay the ferment: on the contrary, it was received, as might have been expected, as a proof of weakness on the part of the King. A portion of the National Guard showed some disposition to be satisfied with it, but to the real insurrection it only gave additional energy and confidence in their ultimate success.

In the mean while conflicts were going on in various parts of the town between the people and the Municipal Guards, all of whom behaved well, though most of them were overpowered and disarmed. A more serious one took place about *ten o'clock that night* opposite the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, where a body of troops had been posted for the protection of the edifice, which had been assailed the day before. A very large and violent mob was here collected, from which a shot or two was fired (the people of course said that the gun went off by accident) that wounded the horse of the commanding officer, and killed one of the soldiers. The troops, already exasperated by the insults of the mob, seeing their comrade and officer fall, fired a volley on the assailants, by which thirty or forty persons were killed. It was peculiarly unfortunate that this event, so deplorable in itself, should have taken place at the residence of M. Guizot, whose name of course became additionally obnoxious from an accident in which he had no concern, for he was not even in the house, and for which those who had collected such a mob at that hour and place would be in any case responsible; but here we have direct evidence that this was

was an aggressive mob marshalled under leaders, and the events sufficiently designate who those leaders were. It was clearly a movement of the Journalists to keep up the agitation, which they feared that M. Molé's appointment, *announced seven hours before*, might allay. We find in one of the popular publications a description of this particular mob:—

‘About ten o’clock a column, chiefly of the workmen of the Faubourgs, came down the Boulevard. It was the densest that had yet appeared, and was distinguished by a certain regularity of movement that attested that it was under discipline. Before it, marched seven or eight young workmen, carrying torches and waving tricolor flags—about six paces behind them was an officer in full uniform of the National Guard, with his sword drawn; he was evidently the commander, and every word he said was respectfully obeyed. Immediately behind him was a compact body of National Guards intermixed with the people, armed with guns and swords, and behind them again an immense concourse of citizens mixed together in one movement (*clan*) of concord, patriotism, and liberty, and chorusing to the utmost extent of their voices our great popular canticles.’—*Histoire de Trente Heures*, p. 77.

‘This is a description of ‘the *inoffensive* artizans so *wantonly* attacked and massacred.’ What follows is still more remarkable.

‘On arriving at the Rue Lepelletier [a few hundred yards short of the Foreign Office] the commanding officer directed the column by a sudden turn to the right, and halted before a house remarkable for being illuminated by large red-coloured lamps. It is the office of the *National*—the ardent advocate of *democracy*. The crowd thunders forth the *Marseillaise*—and M. Marrast appears at the window and addresses to the people some expressions of admiration and sympathy. The column then resumed its *peaceable* march.’—*Ib.* p. 79.

A few minutes brought them to the scene of the action we have just described. The catastrophe was eagerly seized on as the occasion of one of those theatrical exhibitions which Parisian revolutionists are so ready to get up. A *tombereau*, or kind of open cart, was procured, and four or five of the dead bodies were paraded through the city, with the accompaniments of funeral torches and *chants des morts*, to excite the fury and vengeance of the people. Some circumstances of this procession are worthy of notice. It proceeded in the first instance to the office of the *National*, which glorifies itself for having been ‘the head-quarters’ of the revolt. There M. Garnier-Pagès, now a *member of the Provisional Government*, happened to be with his friend M. Marrast, also now a *member of the Provisional Government*; and M. Garnier-Pagès made a fervid speech over the bodies, in which he promised the people ‘vengeance.’ The procession then made a détour to visit the office of *La Réforme*; where its editor, M.

M. Ferdinand Flocon, now also a *member of the Provisional Government*, made a fervid allocution to the crowd, in which he promised them 'justice.' Thence they proceeded to the Place de la Bastille, and there, at the foot of the column of July, the dead bodies—having thus served the temporary purpose—were left, and by an indecent negligence remained unburied to the close of the next day.

The revolutionary publications endeavour to give great importance to this event as the cause and justification of the insurrection; but the first insurrection had already carried its object after a struggle of two days before this event took place, and it seems that this funeral procession, though a very striking spectacle, had not so much effect as its devisers had expected. In truth, the movement had been from the beginning far from what could be truly called a popular one, for it had no really popular object. The great mass of the people had taken very little interest in the banquets or reform questions raised by the Dynastic Opposition for mere party purposes—nor were they much infected by the theories of the Republicans and Communists, which— not yet even promulgated—were not of a nature to excite enthusiasm beyond their own confederacies; and, as far as they were known, created distrust and alarm in the *bourgeoisie*.

We do not think it necessary, nor indeed should we have room, to follow the various details of the struggle, which have been so recently and so fully given in the newspapers—partially, of course, towards the winning side, which had in its uncontrolled hands a power of summary vengeance for any disagreeable truth that might be told;—*thirty-nine unpopular printing presses* were the first victims of this enlightened revolution—and we are informed that one of the first steps taken by the Provisional Government towards restoring order was to *suggest* to the press that the Revolution was to be painted *couleur de rose*—that no more of tumult should be mentioned than might be necessary to set off the heroism of the people—and no instances of robbery or plunder, except as occasions for exhibiting their indignation and summary* justice against such practices. We have been informed by eye-witnesses of many terrible scenes of popular cruelty that the newspapers have suppressed, and it is notorious that they and everybody else, including the Provisional Government itself, are still under a strong coercion from the armed and disciplined mob that now holds Paris. But in truth it was, we believe, a comparatively orderly riot. It was got up—suddenly, indeed, in point of time, but systematically as to its objects and organization—by cool-headed men; and, moreover, the Parisians are improving in insurrectionary tactics. The last exhibition was

as much more gentle and polite in its forms than that of July, 1830, as that had fallen short of the demoniac horrors of August and September, 1792. Foreseeing, as we do, some *not distant* occasion for its exercise, we heartily congratulate our neighbours on this growing moderation, and hope that '*la grande habitude*' of turning their country topsy-turvy may at last banish blood and plunder altogether from their future experiments in legislation and government. But there was another and probably more effective cause for the recent moderation. There was no resistance, almost none at all, to the march of the insurrection; and hardly any conflict, except where the mob actually attacked some of the posts of the military and the Municipal Guards; and the coalition of the insurgents with the National Guard gave a character of order and regularity to the whole proceeding. But we need not pursue this topic further. A little more or less of violence in the subordinate actors does not affect the historical view of the case, nor at present the moral lesson to be derived from it—that is to come hereafter, though we fear too soon. *Respicere suum.*

We return to the proceedings at the Tuileries in the afternoon of *Wednesday*. The King, we have seen, sent for M. Molé, who accepted the mission of forming a new Cabinet, and the evening was employed by him in that endeavour, of which we know not the details—but they failed, and about midnight M. Molé resigned back the mission that he had, it is said, reluctantly undertaken. At about one in the morning of *Thursday, the 21th*, the King sent again for M. Guizot, and declared his intention of inviting M. Thiers to form a Government. He also announced now at length his determination of appointing Marshal Bugeaud, a man of acknowledged ability, courage, and popularity in the army, to the chief military command; and Bugeaud, who was near at hand, came immediately and accepted the charge. M. Guizot sent for his colleagues, the Ministers of War and the Interior, and they signed, about three o'clock in the morning, the Marshal's appointment, which appeared in next day's *Moniteur*. Bugeaud, who in the two preceding days had reconnoitered the town, was, with characteristic decision, ready with a plan of operations. It was simple and bold—to attack instantly by night, with an overwhelming force of artillery and infantry, all the barricades, and to clear the city before morning of all obstructions; and he was prepared to carry it into instant execution—all the troops, foot, horse, and artillery, being in position, and well disposed to do their duty. It is not for us to decide on the military merit of this plan: the Marshal and the King were undoubtedly the most competent judges of what best suited the time and circumstances. The surprise and terror, as well as the force of such an attack, might have

have been successful; but we venture to confess a doubt of the value of overthrowing barricades, which would always leave at hand materials for reconstruction, and which could only be mischievous to the troops in the event (which we should have thought the recollection of 1830 and 1832 might have forbidden) of risking the troops in the narrow streets. We beg leave to refer such of our readers as may take an interest in the military part of the question, to our former statements (vol. lxxviii. pp. 276, &c.) on the probable effect of the fortifications on future *émeutes*, and particularly to the remarkable admission made, in May, 1845, by M. Duchâtel—then, as he still was in February 1848, *Minister of the Interior*—that these works were intended ‘to fortify order.’ M. Duchâtel is now in London, an example as well as a witness that this great power was wholly mismanaged, or rather, it seems, entirely neglected.

Just after the appointment of Marshal Bugeaud had been signed, and he had gone to complete his arrangements for an immediate attack, arrived M. Thiers. His only stipulation with the King is said to have been the introduction into the Ministry of M. Odillon Barrot; and in such a fool’s paradise were those gentlemen, that M. Thiers drew up a little notice of the accession of himself and M. Barrot to the Ministry, the publication of which he manifestly thought would at once calm the storm.

‘Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.’

Their replacing M. Guizot and his friends being the original and only object of the commotion, they flattered themselves that it would cease when that was attained. But this was indeed *reckoning without their hosts*. The first act of these weak and giddy men—fit only to be tribunes, not Ministers—was to forbid Marshal Bugeaud to attack the insurrection; the next was to order the troops not to defend their positions; and the third, to issue a proclamation, signed *Barrot and Thiers*, announcing to the public their own accession, and to the *insurgents* this wonderful notice, *that they were not to be resisted*.

The folly of hoping to disperse an insurrection by laying down one’s arms before it requires no comment. This proclamation, hastily printed at the presses of the ‘*Constitutionnel*’ and ‘*Presse*’ newspapers, was posted about eight A.M., and was everywhere torn down as soon as posted. A subsequent proclamation to the National Guards, signed by General Lamoricière (Thiers’ brother-in-law, who had superseded the indignant Bugeaud), and countersigned by Odillon Barrot, who had hastened to instal himself in the Home Office, were similarly treated—in

in short, those idols of yesterday were rubbish to-day. Full, however, of the idea of their own popularity—the last conviction that a demagogue gives up—they had recourse to a measure of personal adventure which almost redeems the weakness of their proclamation. About *ten* A.M., Thiers, Barrot, and Lamoricière got on horseback, and, attended by a kind of état-major of colleagues and allies, proceeded to several of the barricades to announce their appointment, to promise Reform, and to harangue the insurgents into good-humour and submission. This oratorical attack on the barricades was received with the old revolutionary retort of *Il est trop tard*—the Ministers were everywhere received with hootings, peltings, and at last shots—Lamoricière was wounded—and nothing was left for them but a rapid retreat from the fury of the monster they had roused.

The King himself had now to undergo a not less ominous mortification. A large body of troops and one or two battalions of National Guards were drawn up within the rails of the Carousel for the protection of the palace. It was thought politic that His Majesty should pass them in review. He accordingly, attended by his staff, descended into the court. He was received by the troops with a decent air of loyalty and cries of *Vive le Roi*. The National Guards were sullen, but not silent. As the King passed they cried '*La Réforme*.' The King, somewhat humbly, replied, '*Où, mes amis, vous aurez la Réforme*.'—'*LA RÉFOR-R-ME!*' re-echoed the Guards in a tone and with a look of resolute menace and defiance exceedingly striking. He returned, much dispirited, to his apartments, where there ensued, as we have heard, a strange chaos of persons and confusion of counsels, till at last M. Emile Girardin, the editor of the *Presse newspaper*, rushed in to announce that the troops were delivering up their arms to the populace, who were on the point of breaking into the château, and that there was no possible resource for saving either the remains of royalty, or even the lives of the royal family, but *abdication*. This bitter counsel, conveyed by so strange a channel, was received in a way that the world would not have expected. The King's soldier sons, we have heard, seemed to approve the advice—the King himself, no longer the hero of the 28th of July, 1835, appeared to offer but little opposition—while the gentle Queen, surrounded by her children and infant grandchildren, was strongly averse to such a degradation. Her feeling was however overborne—and rightly—for the fatal step had already been taken—the *non-resistance* orders of the new Ministry had rendered any further struggle hopeless, and left even the lives of the Royal family at the mercy of the now infuriated populace. The abdication was signed and proclaimed—but with

no other effect than to give additional energy to the besiegers, as they had already become, of the château. They were on the point of forcing the closed but undefended doors, when, in a sudden but certainly not groundless panic, the King, accompanied by the Queen, their children and grandchildren, escaped into the garden—through a subterraneous passage constructed for the little *King of Rome* and his nurses—without a change of linen and with one five-franc piece in his pocket, leaving the palace itself to exhibit correctly, step by step, the renewed scenes of 1792.

And here, though it interrupts the course of the narrative, we cannot repel the recollections that the place, the purpose, the result of this incident force upon us; *interrupt* our narrative, did we say—our readers may rather think that it only *repeats* it; and we entreat their attention to each step of the parallel story.

On the morning of the 10th of August, 1792, Louis XVI., constitutional King of the French, seeing his palace, his crown, and life threatened by an insurgent mob, was advised to propitiate the good will of the troops and National Guard drawn up in the Carousel for his protection and seeming as yet faithful, by passing them in review. He did so—he came down that same flight of steps into the same Place du Carousel, with the same purpose as his cousin did on the 24th of February, 1848, and with the same fate—the troops received him with loyalty and cries of *Vive le Roi*, the National Guard with fierce looks and insulting cries of *Vive Pétion*—the *Barrot* of that day*—the unhappy monarch returned to his apartments disappointed and dismayed. There his terrified family and bewildered ministers were assembled, when a man, whose very name is unknown, rushed into the royal presence, exclaiming that the mob, headed by the Marseillais, was advancing in irresistible force. ‘*What do they want?*’ said the King. ‘*La déchéance,*’ replied the man. The King, bowed down by misfortune, unwilling to shed blood, seemed disposed to acquiesce—the *Queen showed more resolution*; but in a short time the celebrated Rœderer forced himself upon them, and, with real or assumed terror, urged upon the monarch that his life was in danger, and that not a moment was to be lost in making his escape from the palace. This Rœderer, says Peltier, ‘*was a fellow à la fois bel esprit et factieux*—who ambitioned to shine in literature and politics, but only obtained the *editorship of a journal*.’ Under the pressure of this, if not perfidious, at least unfortunate, adviser, the unhappy King issued orders to the troops

* In October, 1830, in one of the *émeutes*, Louis Philippe was walking on the terrace of the Tuileries with M. Barrot, then Prefect of the Seine, and then, as lately, suspected of countenancing the *émeutes*. The people on the outside calling out *Vive Barrot*, Louis Philippe turned to him with a kind of suspicious smile, and said, ‘I remember to have heard them calling out *Vive Pétion*.’

posted to defend him *not to fire*, and with his family escaped through the garden of the Tuileries without even a change of linen or an écu in money, leaving his devoted palace to be taken and sacked by an infuriated mob, who burned the furniture, plundered the cellars, and kept lawless possession of it for three days, doing a wild kind of justice on some amongst themselves who were accused of plundering for their own profit; and all this was accomplished by a revolt originally planned for the purpose of forcing the King to appoint a Girondine ministry, as the first step to what was really the object of the actors if not of the plotters of the insurrection—a republic! We see how exactly, even in minute details, the new revolution imitated its great progenitor.

The escape of the 24th of February was a strange sight, and pregnant with recollections still more terrible than those of the Tenth of August. The fugitives traversed the garden, and about the centre of the *Place de la Concorde*—the very spot, infamous for the judicial massacres of the first Revolution—where the aunt of the fugitive Queen and the father of the deposed King had met, from such opposite causes and so differently regretted, a common fate—happening to find two of those little one-horse carriages that ply to St. Cloud, they hurried into them to escape the danger of falling still more irregular victims of the cruel vicissitudes of popular insanity. The Royal party consisted of the King, Queen, Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, the Duchess of Nemours and her children, the Princess Clementine and her husband the Duke Augustus of Saxe Coburg, and M. Duchatel, last Minister of the Interior. From St. Cloud they proceeded towards Dreux, passing hastily through Trianon, a little villa attached to Versailles.

And here, where they did not venture to stop, *we* must pause for a moment to wonder at a new phenomenon. What must have been Louis Philippe's feelings—what his estimate of the people he was leaving—when *there*, at that Versailles which, with such a profusion of expense, he had renovated and exalted, this magnificent benefactor did not dare to stop long enough even to deliberate what road he should take, or to obtain the material means—linen and money—of pursuing it! This circumstance marks better than any commentaries of ours could do the state of mind of both the King and what the *National* calls '*cet admirable peuple—généreux autant qu'il est brave.*'

The fugitives reached Dreux, about forty miles from Paris, on the road to Brittany, late that night; and, having been additionally alarmed by some insults on the road, the whole family (except the Duchess of Orleans, her two sons, and the Duke
de

de Nemours, who was attending on her, and to whom we shall presently revert) determined to facilitate their individual escapes by separation—dividing amongst them for their respective uses all the money they possessed—a sum, it is said, of about eighty francs—the greater portion being the contents of a pocket-book which, for charitable purposes, the good Queen generally carried, and happened now to have about her. An additional supply was however *collected* for them, by the exertions of some humane individuals at Dreux. The history of their several adventures we know not: though we should be glad to explain how it happened that the poor young Duchess of Montpensier (a stranger, sixteen years of age, and with child) found her way *alone*, and in disguise, on board a British packet-boat at Boulogne—astonished to meet, also disguised, in the same vessel, the Duke and Duchess Augustus of Saxe Coburg, and her brother-in-law M. de Nemours—all arriving at the same time at the same place, without, we believe, any preconcert. The King and Queen and the Duchess of Nemours made their way to the neighbourhood of Evreux, and there lay a few days concealed till they found themselves within reach of one of the numerous vessels which the British Government had considerably sent out to aid in their escape. On *Thursday the 1st of March* a small boat conveyed them from Honfleur on board the Express British steam-vessel, lying in the Seine, off Havre, and next day they were landed safely at Newhaven, whence they proceeded to Claremont, where they had the consolation to find all the fugitives of Dreux, with the addition of M. de Nemours, safely reunited; and where they have been since joined by the Duke and Duchess of Aumale, and the Prince and Princess of Joinville, and their young families.

The humiliating circumstances of the King's flight have been ungenerously insisted on. It was a painful, and we admit humiliating, reverse—but humiliating rather to its authors than its victims. It has been contrasted with the retreat of Charles X. Charles X., we are told, with a sarcastic inuendo, retired *like a gentleman*. So he did; but the cases were different. Charles was at the first outbreak already at St. Cloud, whence he removed to Rambouillet, and was still surrounded by friends and guards, who would have died for his protection; but even that would not have saved him from the necessity of a hurried and obscure flight, or the alternative of being massacred by the Parisian mob, which was marching on Rambouillet:—it was the influence of the *Duke of Orleans* that protected his retreat, and spared him the mortifications, insults, and dangers, from which in this new revolution of fortune's wheel there was no well-disposed successor to protect

him ; and we hope that the concern for national character, from which Louis Philippe rejected a proposition to confiscate the private property of the exiles of 1830, will find an echo in the bosoms of the French people :—

‘ I confess,’ said Louis Philippe, ‘ I had a strong repugnance to sanction the confiscation of 24,000*l.* a-year, the private property of a proscribed family. *It is for the dignity of France that this family should not be reduced to receive alms from strangers.*’—*Capefigue*, ix. 306.

Louis Philippe trusted, we are assured, his *whole* fortune to France, and we hope the new Revolution does not destine him and his family—nor the innocent survivors of the elder branch—(which *now* indeed would be a world-revolting cruelty)—to live on the *alms of strangers*. England, generous as she is to all classes of misfortune, would rather be relieved from the poor triumph of offering pecuniary assistance to the *Prince de Joinville*. It will be enough to afford him protection, as long as he may desire it, from the passions of that people which, in his boyish craving for popularity, he endeavoured to excite against us.

We repeat it—the contrast between the late departure and that of Charles X. is in fact honourable to Louis Philippe—and a better-founded reproach against him would be, we think, that he rather too much resembled Charles X. in the crisis of his fate. Charles and the Duke d’Angoulême were, we think, not unjustly reproached for their personal inertness—for not having headed their troops and taken a part in defence of their crown and kingdom in July, 1830. Had they met that revolt like men of foresight, or grappled with it like men of spirit, it would have fallen before them. We make the same reproach, with equal regret and still more conviction of its justice, against Louis Philippe. If, instead of dismissing M. Guizot, who was the representative—and, as he would both *reign and govern*, only the organ—of his own policy, the King had on the Wednesday, or even on the Thursday morning, shown but one hour of the same calm front and active intrepidity that he had displayed on his former trials, he would, we cannot but think, have triumphed more easily than he had done before. *Dis aliter visum !*

We now revert to the course of events in Paris ; and first, as to the policy of the *abdication*, we beg leave to reproduce the remarks made by us fifteen years ago, on the subject of the *abdication* of Charles X. :—

‘ A theorist has said, and phrasemongers have repeated, that “ history is philosophy teaching by example.” Alas ! such *examples never teach*.
The

The utter and even ridiculous failure of Buonaparte's abdication—if history could teach conduct—should have warned Charles of the utter inefficiency of such a course for any good purpose. It forfeits *de facto* and *de jure* the existing rights, without conferring one jot of authority on the intended successor.'—Q. R., v. xlix. p. 483.

Could any one have believed that this '*weak device*,' the concluding blunder of the reigns of Napoleon and Charles, was also to be that of Louis Philippe. '*Alas! examples never teach.*' The abdication was simply *in favour* (!) of the Count de Paris, and there existed a law conferring the regency on the Duke of Nemours, but the Thiers-Barrot ministry proposed to substitute for him the Duchess of Orleans. As soon as the King had consummated his abdication, M. Dupin, a member, we presume, of the new cabinet, hastened to present their puppets—the infant (*Louis-Philippe II.*) and the intended Regent, attended by the Duke of Nemours, the legal Regent—to the Chamber of Deputies, where they hoped no doubt to have the Duchess's regency and their own power sanctioned and confirmed—not, in the blindness of their ambition and presumption, anticipating that the Frankenstein that had overthrown M. Guizot and expelled the King could fail to respect the sanctity of the representative Chamber and its patriot orators. The scenes that ensued are so essentially characteristic of the new revolution that we must give them in some extracts from the most impartial papers:—

'The Chamber of Deputies was to have met at three o'clock, but, the events of the morning having deranged the order of business, the President took the chair at one o'clock—that being the time at which the *bureaux* ought to have met. There were about three hundred Deputies present.

'About half-past one the Duchess of Orleans, and the two Princes her sons, entered the Chamber, followed by the Duke of Nemours. The Count of Paris was led in first. With difficulty he penetrated as far as the semicircle in front of the President's chair, so crowded was it with Deputies and National Guards. The Duchess seated herself in an arm-chair, with a son at each side of her, in that space.

'Immediately after, the passages to the various parts of the Chamber were filled with an immense body of the people and national guards, both armed. Cries of "You cannot enter!" "You have no right to enter!" were heard; but the next moment a number of people forced their way into the Chamber, and placed themselves under the tribune, surrounding and pressing upon the Duchess, who retreated, taking the young Princes by the hand, to the range of seats behind the Deputies, and in front of the President. The Duke de Nemours and the suite placed themselves immediately behind the Princess and her sons. The greatest agitation prevailed, and it was a moment after increased by the public tribunes having been invaded by another body of the people.

'M. Dupin,

‘M. Dupin, who came with the Duchess, ascended the tribune amidst deep silence, and said, “In the present situation of the capital and of the country, the Chamber was bound to assemble immediately. The King has abdicated. He has disposed of the crown in favour of his grandson, the Count of Paris; and has constituted the Duchess of Orleans Regent.” (Applause from all the *centre* and some of the public tribunes, with loud disapprobation on the *left*.)

‘A voice (from one of the tribunes): “It is too late!”

‘A violent agitation and opposition to this proposition here arose. A number of Deputies collected round the Duchess of Orleans and the rest of the royal group. National guards without ceremony mingled with the Deputies.

‘After the tumult had in some degree subsided, M. Marie said, “The position of the people had changed since the morning, and, as the regency had been already given by law to the Duke de Nemours, it could not be transferred to the Duchess. A Provisional Government ought to be nominated, for the purpose of consulting with the two Chambers on the necessity of satisfying the wishes of the country.” After a few words in support of this proposal from M. Crémieux and the Abbé Génoude [a Legitimist], M. Barrot, who had just entered, made an appeal on behalf of the Count of Paris and the Duchess of Orleans, during which the Duchess herself attempted to speak. M. de Larochejacquelin [we need hardly say a Legitimist] followed, in a temperate but firm speech, insisting on the right of the people themselves to decide on a future form of Government. M. Michel Chevallier [one of the crowd, and editor of a newspaper] then ascended the tribune, but was violently interrupted, during the few phrases he uttered, on the score of not being a member. While he was speaking, another crowd broke into the Chamber dressed in the most heterogeneous manner—some in blouses, with dragoon’s helmets on their heads; others with cross-belts and infantry-caps; others in ordinary clothes; but all with arms—swords, lances, spears, muskets—and tri-coloured banners. They at once seized on such seats as were unoccupied; several even ascended the tribune. The President, to mark his disapprobation of their proceedings, put on his hat. This created a dreadful uproar, and the cry of “Off with your hat, President!” broke from the new-comers. Several of them even directed their muskets at him. The scene was one of almost unimaginable violence.

‘M. Ledru-Rollin, from his place, overpowering the tumult with his voice, called, in the name of the people, for silence. A number of the Deputies now withdrew, and the crowd took possession of their places. The tumult was tremendous. The Duchess of Orleans, however, sat calmly amidst the uproar, and M. de Nemours conducted himself with great coolness and propriety. After some time, M. Ledru-Rollin succeeded in making himself heard. In the name of the people, he protested against the kind of Government which had just been proposed. (Immense applause; cries of “Bravo! bravo!” from the new-comers, and their comrades in the public tribunes.) Already, in 1842, he had demanded

demanding the constitution of 1791. (Cheers.) That constitution declared that it should be necessary to make an appeal to the people whenever a Regency bill was to be passed. (The loudest applause.) He protested, therefore, against the Government that it is attempted to establish, in the name of the citizens who for the last two days had been fighting, and who would, if necessary, resume arms. (Cries of "Yes, yes;" cheers, with brandishing of arms, and, in some cases, raising of muskets to the shoulder.) He concluded by demanding, in the name of the people, a Provisional Government. (Great applause.)

' M. de Lamartine followed the same line of argument as that adopted by M. Ledru-Rollin, and was continually interrupted by thunders of applause.—At this moment a violent knocking was heard at the door of an upper tribune, which was not entirely filled. On the door being opened, a number of armed men rushed in. Several of them forced their way to the front seats, and pointed their muskets at the Deputies. Some of the weapons were also turned in the direction of the Royal party. The persons immediately around the Duchess and her children now endeavoured to persuade her to quit the Chamber, and in a few moments she did so, accompanied by her sons and the Duke of Nemours. They retired in the first instance to the *Hôtel des Invalides*, but were soon forced to flight. The Duchess and her children reached the Rhine, and the Duke of Nemours Boulogne, and thence England.

' At the same moment with the Duchess M. Sauzet withdrew from the President's chair, and nearly all the Deputies who had remained now quitted their places. The noise and disorder at this moment were at the greatest height. Shortly after, silence being somewhat restored, M. Ledru-Rollin said, "According as I read out the names of the Provisional Government, you will say 'Yes' or 'No,' just as they please you; and in order to act officially (!) I call on the reporters of the public press to note down the names and the manner in which they are received, that France may know what has been done here." He then read out the names of MM. Dupont (de l'Eure), Arago, De Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Crémieux, Garnier-Pagès, and Marie; all except the two last were received with unanimous acclamations—Garnier-Pagès and Marie had a few negatives. Cries of "To the Hôtel de Ville!" here arose, followed by a cry of "No civil list," and another of "No King!" The next instant M. Dupont (de l'Eure) took possession of the chair. M. de Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin attempted severally to obtain a hearing, but unsuccessfully. Several of the National Guards, and some of the people, also made similar attempts, but without effect. A cry then arose in one of the tribunes of "Let Lamartine speak!" and at once all the others took it up.

' M. de Lamartine: "A Provisional Government will be at once proclaimed."—Enthusiastic cries of "Vive Lamartine!"—Other voices: "The names! the names!"

' M. Crémieux, amidst great tumult: "It is essential that silence be restored, in order that our venerable colleague, M. Dupont (de l'Eure), may read to you the names which you wish to learn."—As the tumult, which had lulled for a second whilst the honourable Deputy was speaking,

ing, recommenced just as violently as ever, the names were written down on a sheet of paper, and that, being placed on the end of a musket, was so paraded about the Chamber.

‘M. Ledru-Rollin (in the midst of the noise): “A Provisional Government cannot be organised in a light or careless manner. I shall read over the names aloud, and you will approve of them, or reject them, as you think fit.”—In the midst of shouts and cries the honourable Deputy read out the names, but nothing could be heard. Nearly all the Deputies had by this time departed, and the national guards and the people had the Chamber to themselves.

‘M. Ledru-Rollin: “We are obliged to close the sitting in order to proceed to the seat of Government.”

‘From all sides: “To the Hôtel de Ville! Vive la République!”

‘This most extraordinary sitting was then brought to a conclusion at four o’clock. The people withdrew in the utmost tumult.’

No comment could add anything to this picture, which bears a grotesque resemblance to the foundation of the first Republic on the evening of the 10th of August, and the overthrow of the Girondins of the 2nd of June, when the National Assembly and the Convention were similarly, though not so completely, overpowered by the populace. And nothing on those more awful occasions at all approached to the ludicrous audacity of half-a-dozen private members who happened to be present announcing as a Provisional Government their own names, which were lost in the tumult, and only known by being hastily written on a piece of paper, and paraded at the end of a musket. Does any man in his senses believe that such an abortion can live?

The Government thus extemporized and self-appointed consisted of seven Deputies—Dupont, Lamartine, Crémieux, Arago, Ledru-Rollin, Garnier-Pagès, and Marie; and in the proclamation in which these citizens announced themselves as the provisional chiefs of the Republic it was added that they had appointed Armand Marrast, Ferdinand Flocon, Louis Blanc (all *journalists*), and Albert, ‘a workman,’ *Secretaries to the Government*. But hardly was this arrangement promulgated, when it was varied in a way that we have not seen anywhere remarked on, but which we think deserved remark. In a subsequent proclamation we find silently, without any notice, the four Secretaries signing as integral and equal members of the Provisional Government. The reason, it will be guessed, was that a Government composed of Deputies, however humble their individual claims to such a station might be, was already too aristocratical; and the four Secretaries—three of them *journalists* and one who, though styled a *workman*, had been also connected with an Opposition journal—not content with that inferior station, insisted on being members of the Government; and so we find them in all subsequent

subsequent acts. The original Government had the kind of assent of the people and what remained of the Deputies in the public hall of the national representation; it was, as we have seen, a burlesque on popular election—but it had some resemblance to it: but where, or when, or how, or by what authority were the three men of the newspapers and he of the workshop added to the Supreme Government? Marrast was editor of the *National*, the chief organ of the Republicans; Louis Blanc was not merely a journalist, but author of the *Dix Ans*, the manual of the Republican and Communist factions; Flocon was editor of *La Réforme*; as to Albert, the workman, we shall see more by and by.

The mode in which this journalist addition to the original Government was made was this: before the Provisional Government of the seven Deputies had reached the office of the *Réforme*, a detachment of persons connected with that journal had seized on the Prefecture of Police, and thence had issued a proclamation, signed by one Caussidière, announcing *by the will of the people* a Provisional Government, composed of Arago, Louis Blanc, Marie, Lamartine, Flocon, Ledru-Rollin, Recurt, Marrast, and Albert. This, of course, was Louis Blanc's programme; it and the one from the Chamber reached the Hôtel de Ville about the same time, and there, to prevent a public schism, the two lists were united, though not without a long struggle, by a fusion of both—minus the citizen *Recurt*, who has been provided with the subordinate office of *Adjoint du Maire de Paris*, and figures in the very prominent station of President of the Committee of Elections. We need not point out to our readers the bearings of this proceeding, for the evidence it affords of the combination of weakness, audacity, and juggle in the very first concoction of this *government*.

We find that by a strange accident the author of one of the publications enumerated at the head of this article, Mr. Percy St. John* happened, while indulging his curiosity by walking through the town on Thursday, to fall in with the actual manufacture of the Government:—

'After pausing to admire a splendid barricade at the corner of the Rue de Bouloy, I entered the Passage Vero-Dodat, and thence gained the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, one mass of barricades, erected under the guidance of the editors of the *Réforme* [whose office is in this street]. On the door of this office—I paused to read—there was written up—

* Our confidence in Mr. St. John's work extends no farther than to the few scenes in which he himself was concerned; the rest is copied from very apocryphal authorities, and his opinions, generally erroneous, seem to have been derived from his 'friends' of the republican press.

“PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.”

But the list was not the same as that published at the Chamber of Deputies. It was composed of Arago, Flocon, Louis Blanc, Recurt, Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Albert, Marrast. While I was reading, a friend tapped me on the shoulder. I turned round. It was a joyous Republican, who dragged me up the dark stairs of the house, and into the office of the *Réforme*. At a table sat six persons writing. They were surrounded by armed men, who cried aloud for copies of the list. The six men were writing as fast as they could the list, and handing it to anxious friends, who took copies, and hurried away to proclaim the names on the barricades. I asked for a copy. “One for the Place Vendôme!” cried one. “One for the Hôtel de Ville!” cried another. “Leave out that Marrast!” said a third, a short thick-set man, with a musket in his hand; “I know him. *Il a perdu la Tribune*.” The men continued copying in the most imperturbable manner. “A Deputation from the Section of —,” said the doorkeeper, and one of the six men rose to greet it. “Have you no printed copies?” exclaimed many. “They are all exhausted,” said another, “they were *printed in the night*. We did not expect such a demand.” “Will the *Réforme* appear to-morrow?” “I know not. I believe the writers will be too much engaged.”

‘I believe them, for, from the lead of a journal with scarce enough *abonnés* to keep it alive, they have, by a bold stroke, attained to the lead of a nation. Ferdinand Flocon is one of the Provisional Government. I demanded a copy of the proclamation. It was given me; and then I left that small dark room, filled with bustle and excitement, where, surrounded by the victorious combatants of the day, six unknown men were sending forth to the millions of France the names of their rulers for the nonce. And all because they had much faith, much courage, much patience. Putting up my precious copy of the document, which would soon be rare, I moved up the street, and to my astonishment found the Post-office in full activity. Protected by an imposing force of National Guards, the letter-carriers were coming and going as if there had been no fighting all day. How this came about, one of the actors in the scene, a writer in the *Réforme*, shall tell. “After the struggle at the Palais Royal, and after a visit, by way of politeness, to the Tuileries, those of the combatants connected with the *Réforme*, either in the character of writers, or as particular friends of the Journal, collected in its bureau, and at once occupied themselves with the formation of a Provisional Government. Four names were at first chosen, Francis Arago (the savant), Ferdinand Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert (*ouvrier*), and then they occupied themselves in mastering the two administrations where importance was so immense—the Post-office and the Prefecture of Police. The *citizens present* unanimously selected Etienne Arago [a brother of the astronomer] to fill the office of Director of the Post-office, and Marc Caussidière to fill that of the ex-prefect, Delessert. Three citizens joined themselves with Etienne to serve him, not as an escort, but as a committee of installation. Many National Guards were collected in the court of the Hotel; the ranks opened before Etienne Arago when he announced the mission with which he was invested.

invested. A few minutes after, he entered the private cabinet of the Count Dejean, Director-General of the Post-office. "In the name of the Republic," he said, "Citoyen Dejean, you are dismissed. In the name of the Republic, I come to replace you in the functions of Director-General of the Post-office." "But, Monsieur!" said M. Dejean, standing up, "have you a commission—a title?" "I have nothing but my word." "But, Monsieur, I—" "I have my word, and my name is Etienne Arago." "But," said M. Dejean, after a moment of silence and hesitation, "before I quit the Direction of the Post-office, I must request that you will give me your signature, and that some document may remain in the Archives." "Willingly," replied Etienne, seating himself in the arm-chair of M. Dejean. And he wrote his name at the bottom of a few lines, containing the dismissal of M. Dejean, and his own appointment. "I have made a fault in grammar, I see, in reading over the few hurried lines—rather a grave fault for a literary man; but," he added, smiling, "one may be excused writing bad French, when one has just been fighting like a good Frenchman."

And these installations of two journalists—Etienne Arago in the Post-office, and Marc Caussidière at the Prefecture of Police—were accomplished even before the Government that they affected to represent had been settled.

Mr. St. John proceeds:—

'The two rival Provisional Governments have met, and are closeted in the Hôtel de Ville, that of the *Réforme* and that of the Chamber of Deputies. No doubt, but, in the eyes of the people, the former is the most popular, because with, and of, the masses. But if there be discussion, there will be *émeutes* again this night in the streets of Paris, and solemn is the responsibility which will hang on those who shall set class against class, where all are armed or arming. Already two parties are seen, one waving the tricolor, the other the red or bloody flag, which streams over the Tuileries, Hôtel de Ville, Column of Vendôme, &c.

'Fifty thousand armed men are round the Hôtel de Ville; they have invaded the passages, they have cannon pointed against its gates; they have flags waving, drums beating; and these fifty thousand throats send up one voice of warning and command to those who deliberate within. But one cry is heard from those thousands and thousands, while all the faces, begrimed with smoke, dirt, and gunpowder, red with heat or pale with hunger, are turned to the Pharos, which is to guide them to liberty and happiness, peace and prosperity!

"Vive la République!" was the stunning cry. "No more Kings! no Bourbons! no branch cadet!" while a few vainly muttered "Vive Henry V.!"

Presently, the impatience of the crowd grew prodigious. To them the sitting of the Provisional Government seemed interminable. They thundered at the gates, they roared, for many suggested in the crowd that, perhaps, they were making terms with the Regency.

"*Pas de Régence!* No boy Kings! None of the '*race maudite!*' 'Mort aux rois!' Vive la République! la République! la République!" and then a thousand throats cried aloud:—

'Apôtres

‘ Apôtres purs de la montagne !
 Que tout citoyen soit soldat !
 Il est temps d’entrer en campagne—
 Aux despotes livrons combats !
 Vive la république ! Vive la république !
 Debout, peuple Français ! debout, peuple héroïque !
 Debout, peuple Français ! Vive la république !’

‘ And the terrific chorus was shouted by ten thousand voices.’

1792 over again, except that the doggrel has no longer the zest of originality

A short retrospect of the characters and position of the men thus placed at the head of the destinies of France will afford us some prospect of the future.

Dupont—called *de l’Eure*, because, in Buonaparte’s shadow of a Representative Chamber in 1813, he was Deputy for the department of *Eure*—had filled subordinate legal offices in the courts of Rouen throughout the Revolution and the Empire, and, though he had accepted the title of *Chevalier* from the Emperor, he professed, as far as he dared, Republican opinions, and did so openly after the Restoration. He was Louis Philippe’s first Minister of Justice after the *three glorious days* of July; and—to do him justice—he separated from him on account of the same radical principles which have now replaced him—not in power indeed, for his age and his natural mediocrity of talent forbid that, but as the nominal head in the Government, where he is a cypher—his name at the foot of a decree means no more than ‘*Liberty, equality, and fraternity*’ at the top.

M. de Lamartine is of a different class; he is well known to the world as the first poet of what is called the Romantic school, and he has lately obtained additional celebrity by a history of the *Girondins*, which partakes still more of the character of romance than his verses. His first political impressions were legitimist, because he is essentially a gentleman of high feelings and a cultivated—over-cultivated—taste, but he is a ridiculous victim of personal vanity. This reveals itself in all his works; but there is one specimen of it which late events have rendered peculiarly remarkable, and We thank the Athenæum for reminding us of it. He states, in his ‘*Voyage en Orient*,’ that in one of his conversations with Lady Hester Stanhope that *insana Vates* told him his fortune:—

‘*Croyez ce que vous voudrez,*’ me dit-elle, ‘*vous n’en êtes pas moins un de ces hommes que j’attendais, que la Providence m’envoie, et qui ont une grande part à accomplir dans l’œuvre qui se prépare. Bientôt vous retournerez en Europe ; l’Europe est finie ; la France seule a une grande mission à accomplir encore. Vous y participerez—je ne sais pas encore comment, mais je puis vous le dire ce soir si vous le désirez, quand j’aurai consulté nos étoiles.*’ — *Voyage*, I. p. 250.

And then follow some further revelations of the stars; but this
 general

general prospect of his fortune is sufficiently curious. But more remarkable and much more important is a prophecy, which he himself has delivered, and which we are surprised has not made more noise. It is in a small work, published anonymously in 1843, and reprinted with his name on the 1st December, 1847, entitled '*France and England, or a Vision of the Future.*' Of this work we had never heard till we saw an English translation of it, which came out in London at the close of February simultaneously with the Revolution that the original work had announced in 1843. The vision is that of a young Frenchman, who, while under the influence of *haschish*, an intoxicating drug of the East, sees what the world is to be an hundred years hence. He need not have taken so long a period, for much of his prophecy has been accomplished within five.

He sees the corrupt and fraudulent government of Louis Philippe overthrown, and a Republic erected and society reconstructed on the principles of Louis Blanc's *Organisation du Travail*, and on its banner is inscribed 'LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY'—the motto; and there are whole pages on this subject which seem to be repeated in the proclamations and speeches of the Provisional Government. He sees also that, in imitation of the great Republic—not by any armed interposition, but by the moral force of example—all the small states of Germany and Italy have, by simultaneous insurrections, constituted themselves into two great federal nations. He sees that Spain, after having absorbed Portugal, has also constituted itself one Iberian nation; and he attributes this event, as well as Louis Philippe's own downfall, to *Spanish marriages*—the result of the 'dynastic selfishness' of Louis Philippe. He also supposes a spontaneous amalgamation of Belgium and the Rhenish provinces with France—her natural boundaries; and he imagines France thus constituted to form, with Spain and Italy, a great confederation, to be governed, as to international concerns, by what he calls an Iber-Gallitalian Congress.

But more important is a principle, of which we have already seen some hints in M. Lamartine's official declarations. He repudiates conquests and selfish aggrandizements (Belgium and the Rhine being nothing at all); but he adds, in a high tone—

'But no sacrifice will hinder us from respecting, and *making respected*, the WILL—the firmly expressed will—of any nation, large or small.'

In short, this extraordinary book—announcing, five years since, so much of what has been done—emitting so many principles and opinions which the Provisional Government have adopted—prophesying so much that, we fear, is likely to happen, and a good deal that we confidently hope never can happen—this book, we

say, seems to prove his early connexion with the Republican conspiracy, and it was no doubt the cause that, when a Provisional Government was to be created, he was inscribed on both the lists; and thus placed in a position in which his energy, courage, and eloquence were of signal service, in the first throes of its existence, to the Republic, and we believe to the preservation of life and property in Paris. So far so well; but we strongly suspect both the merits and the faults of his amiable and visionary character will render him unequal to the severe duties and unscrupulous exigencies that surround him. He can be, we think, but a passing gleam on that troubled sky—like the hero of one of his odes—

‘Pareil à l’éclair, il sortit d’un orage;—

and the best that we can wish for him is, that he may, when the daylight of common sense shall again shine in France, be allowed to return, safe in person and in honour, to the humbler

‘————— sphère

Où ce jour va le rappeler,’—

that is—to the more congenial task of writing historical paradoxes and sonnets to a *moonbeam*. He is married to an English lady.

M. Arago is, as everybody knows, a *savant* of great scientific celebrity—as a politician, he is as yet only known as a bold, and sometimes blustering, actor of the easy part of opposing all authority. Our readers will recollect the celebrated visit of remonstrance which he made to the King on the events of June, 1832 (*Quar. Rev.* vol. xlviii. p. 538). In this interview M. Arago declared vehemently that ‘he never would accept *any place whatsoever*, and that he meant immediately to quit political life and return altogether to the *studîes which he perhaps ought never to have quitted*.’ The King smiled at this declaration; but M. Odillon Barrot attested M. Arago’s sincerity in still stronger language. ‘M. Arago,’ said he, ‘*curses* the political duties which *for the moment* withdraw him from his favourite studies.’ Upon which M. Capefigue, the ablest historian we have of the last twenty years, remarks that, ‘in spite of these energetic professions, M. Arago seemed every day more and more to cling to political affairs;’ and we find him *now*, not merely in place—and in the first place—but we see two members of his family splendidly provided for; a brother as Postmaster-General; a son as Commissioner of the Provisional Government—that is, Proconsul, and a most despotic one as we shall see—at Lyons. It is another of those singular coincidences, that, when the 10th of August had brought in a Republican Ministry, Monge a *savant* was appointed, as Arago has been, to the department of the Marine, for no other reason than because *savans* construct the tables by which practical navigators find their longitude; which is about as good a reason as if a tanner should be placed at the head of the military department, because an army cannot march without shoes.

M. Garnier-Pagès

M. Garnier-Pagès was one of two brothers by different fathers that had 'been reduced by honourable misfortunes.' (*Dix Ans*, iii. 100.) The elder brother's name was Garnier and the younger brother's Pagès, which they combined into Garnier-Pagès, to give to two very common names an aristocratical air—for nothing in human nature is so aristocratical, as far as himself is concerned, as a democrat. The younger brother seems to have struggled on with business, while the elder became an *avocat*, and, making himself remarkable for his republican opinions, was elected into the Chamber, and took his seat on the same day, 2nd of January, 1832, on which Carrel hoisted the Republican flag in the *National*. He there showed considerable talent and tact, and became one of the leaders of his party. He was arrested for a supposed share in the deplorable events of June, 1832.* He however died in 1843, and the younger brother has succeeded to his place in the party. He is said to be amiable and agreeable in private life, and, though not a very strict moralist, will not, it is thought, encourage any very revolutionary excesses. It seems that his colleagues must think highly of his abilities, for they have removed him to the most difficult of all their offices—the Ministry of Finance.

Of M. Ledru-Rollin, the Minister of the Interior, we have heard more than we wish to repeat without more precise information. He is a lawyer, of great vehemence and no great business, who has been a good deal employed for the regicides and émeutiers, and was the professed representative of the Communist interest; he it was whose audacity in the Chamber on the 24th of February created the Provisional Government; and he it is whose audacity, we think, will accelerate its fall. He paid a visit to Ireland during the summer of O'Connell's monster meetings, and was pointed out to the Irish populace at Tara as a delegate from the Republicans of France. He is married, it is said, to an Irish lady.

M. Marie, Minister of Public Works, is also an *avocat*, and has been much employed in the same class of cases as M. Ledru-Rollin; but he seems to have had more general business, and to be of a more lawyer-like and moderate character.

M. Crémieux, the Minister of Justice, of the Jewish religion, is of course a lawyer, of the same class and opinions as Messrs. Ledru-Rollin and Marie, but we think of less legal and indeed less general reputation. His chief claim to be made Minister of

* This was during the able and resolute ministry of Casimir Perier, whom the Republicans particularly hated and dreaded. He had been long ill; and the expectation of all parties that his death would advance the Republican cause was expressed in a popular calembourg '*quand notre Casimir sera usé nous serons sans culottes.*'

Justice seems to have been that he had incurred some kind of official censure from the body of *Avocats*.

Marrast is a journalist who first made himself remarkable by the boldness and sometimes by the ability of his articles in *La Tribune*. He became particularly notorious for a libel charging Casimir Perier and Marshal Soult with having received large sums for conniving at a fraudulent contract for muskets made by the notorious Gisquet, subsequently convicted of most scandalous corruption as *Préfet* of Police. For that libel—for such no doubt it was—Marrast was sentenced to a fine of 120*l.* and six months' imprisonment. He was latterly the editor of the *National*, the chief Republican organ, and, indeed, is so still, though he has, while he continues a member of the Provisional Government, substituted M. Duras as nominal director of the paper. In a public letter requesting his friend to take that duty, he says it is *l'objet le plus cher de mes désirs et l'unique satisfaction de cœur à laquelle aspire mon ambition*. The phrase is not a very clear one, perhaps is not meant to be—nor does it seem to us quite correct to talk of *ambition's aspiring* to what it has left behind; but if the meaning be that M. Marrast hopes that his political elevation may be of short duration, we think the wish a prudent one, and very likely to be gratified—particularly if, as we have heard, he is really a man of some discretion and good sense, though a very thoroughgoing party-writer. He also is married to an Englishwoman.

M. Ferdinand Flocon is another journalist, of whom we know nothing more than that he is now editor of *La Réforme*, and seems to have mixed in several of the republican *émeutes* of the late reign, and suffered large inflictions of fine and imprisonment for seditious libels. This martyrdom and the editorship of *La Réforme* have raised him to an elevation which, we are told, reminds those who see it near of Sancho Panza in Barataria.

As to Albert, a *workman* raised suddenly by this insurrection of his *fellows* into sudden eminence, we could not have expected to know much. We had heard and read indeed of a certain *Monsieur Albert*, the prime agitator of Lyons, who was the chief conspirator and main cause of the three deplorable days of April, 1834—the most premeditated, impudent, and wanton waste of life and property that we ever read of, for it was without the slightest excuse, and had no possible object but an exhibition of republican force and turbulence. The details of this mad and wicked insurrection being given *con amore* in M. Louis Blanc's work with no small praise of the patriotism of the said Albert, we might have had a suspicion that *he* and the *Albert*, M. Louis Blanc's colleague in the Provisional Government, were the same person—

person—but that the Albert of Lyons is always called *Monsieur*, and is represented as a wealthy man, who set up and maintained out of his own pocket the Republican journal '*La Glaneuse*'—while the member of the Provisional Government is always '*Albert, ouvrier*.' In short, we thought it hardly possible—impudent as all the pretences of this revolution have been—that *Monsieur* Albert, the wealthy conspirator of Lyons, could be the Albert palmed off on the *badauds* of Paris as *Albert, ouvrier*—but so it is!

We have reserved for the last M. Louis Blanc himself, the person who we suspect has had a larger share in the Revolution than any of his colleagues. He is a journalist—employed on '*La Réforme*,' a paper which has advocated not *reform* but *revolution* in its widest and most radical extent: just as Robespierre published, under the title of *Défenseur de la Constitution*, his paper, whose not concealed object was to subvert it. But it was not so much by the *Réforme* that his influence was established as by the work which we have so often alluded to, *L'Histoire de Dix Ans*, which is an extraordinary key to all the émeutes from 1830 to 1840, and a prophetic explanation of the great catastrophe which has just happened. When we first saw this History it seemed to us that the author was, in point of dialectics and policy, very inconsistent and indiscreet in having made a series of revelations of the acts and motives of his party, which puts them altogether in the wrong: but practically, and as matters have turned out, we have little doubt that this indiscreet publication has raised him to the first rank in the state; and not him alone—but also the friends whose services to the Republican cause he blazons forth—Marrast, Flocon, Albert; and we even doubt whether there be any one of the Provisional Government who is not considerably indebted for his elevation to Louis Blanc's exposition of their talents and patriotism. It is the history of Republicanism in France during the reign of Louis Philippe, with the fullest nomenclature and account of its apostles and martyrs; and when at last the Republic was to be proclaimed, here was the muster-roll of those who had fought the battle and were entitled to the spoils—the saints of the new republican rubric. It is written with great malignity, and frequently with gross falsehood, against Louis Philippe and all, particularly his Conservative, ministers, and, of course, accuses them of duplicity, treachery, violation of the Charter, and so forth; but at the same time it proves, step by step, that the Republican conspirators from the first hour—and latterly the Communists—were at work to overthrow both the monarch and the monarchy—and he establishes and proves, involuntarily indeed, but beyond all contradiction or doubt,

doubt, that, in the whole course of his measures, Louis-Philippe did no more than was necessary—and, as it has turned out, not enough—to secure his crown and the chartered rights of the King and the people.

But it was not only against the monarchy nor even the monarch that Louis Blanc's batteries were directed. On them it has done its work; but it had an ulterior and now much more important object—the *dethronement of the Bourgeoisie*; this Quixotism, which pervades his History, was also that of his earlier book, *L'Organisation du Travail*, of which, as we before stated, the main principle is that competition in trade or labour is the abasement and ruin of society, and that the only remedy is in the principle of *association* both in work and profits. The attacks on the *bourgeoisie* were originally directed against it as friendly to Louis Philippe; and we should have expected, when the national guard had sacrificed the throne, they would have found favour in the eyes of the revolutionists. But no! The *bourgeoisie* is, it seems, a privileged class; and therefore Louis Blanc's principle of '*Down with the Aristocracy of the Middle Classes!*' is the order of the day with the new revolutionists. The '*National*' (the organ of the Government), in its leading article of the 14th of March, writes thus:—

'The *Bourgeoisie* ended with Louis Philippe. It was a creature of that reign, and could not survive it. As the old monarchy of the Bourbons rested on the feudal nobility, so the ephemeral monarchy of the Orleans folks attempted to support itself by the selfish help of a select bourgeoisie; but such combinations are incompatible with the spirit of the times.'

Our readers will appreciate the prospects of a country which is to have neither king—nor nobles—nor gentry—nor even a *bourgeoisie*. What remains for it but the bonnet-rouge, pike, and plunder of the Sans Culottes?

Thus we see that of the eleven members composing the Provisional Government four are *avocats*, of no note but for political violence, and five others at least are Journalists or proprietors of journals—all, except Lamartine, belonging to the very extremest shades of what are called Radical opinions—and none, it is said, except Lamartine again, are possessed of independent property. To complete consistently a Council of Government such as we have described, they have appointed, as their *Secretary-General*, Pagnerre, a bookseller, chiefly known as the publisher of Timon's cynical libels and Louis Blanc's incendiary reveries. These men are not—and some of them, we hope, are incapable of ever being—such maniacs as Marat and Hébert, or of getting drunk with blood and despotism, like the old Committee of Public Safety; but the principles on which they profess to
found

found their republic are quite as incompatible with what the world has hitherto called *social order*; and those amongst them who may hesitate to follow those wild principles to their extreme development will be—like Brissot, Barnave, Desmoulins, and even Danton himself—crushed beneath the blind interests and brutal passions of the parties they have set in motion. If such be not the result, there is no faith to be placed in history—no safe deduction to be made from either moral or political experience; if such consequences do not follow from such causes, the new French Republic will indeed have worked an unimagined, and we still say unimaginable, regeneration—a regeneration, not of France alone, but of human nature.

Hitherto, the acts of this Government have been in perfect harmony with its creation and composition. Every newspaper teems with the extravagances, follies, inconsistency, and violence of their proceedings, a few only of the more remarkable of which have we room to notice.

In the first line stand the two documents in which such a government—calling itself *provisional*, and protesting its anxiety to deliver up as soon as possible, and at latest within a few weeks, its temporary authority—has madly committed itself and its country on the two greatest and most difficult subjects of foreign and domestic policy—the presumptuous propagandist circular of Lamartine denouncing the treaties of 1815, which, if there were an independent government in Europe in a sound and healthy state, would have been taken (as we believe it was meant) as a declaration of war against the world; and that other insane promise and pledge—pregnant with early disappointment and incalculable calamities of all kinds—that it is the duty, and within the power, of a *government* to guarantee to its population certain prices of food, supplies of work, and rates of wages. On these monstrous doctrines, subversive of all faith amongst nations and all order and security in social life, we need not expatiate. Those that ‘have sown the wind must reap the whirlwind.’

Again; when the Government were invited by their masters of the press to take off a halfpenny stamp-duty on newspapers, they for a moment declined it on the plea that they had no power to do so, and that the question must await the decision of the National Assembly. Very well. But then what power had they to abolish royalty, as they say, *for ever*—to tear to pieces the charter for which they pretend to have fought—to extinguish the Peerage—to abolish titles—forfeit the civil list revenues legally voted and appropriated—to confiscate and sell the domains of the Crown—to sequester the King’s private estate, and even that of his deceased sister—to abrogate, without a thought of compensation or

consequences, colonial slavery—to suppress capital punishment in cases of high treason—to promulgate organic laws of election, not *pro hac vice*, but as the eternal rights of man?—what right, or power, or pretext could such a government have to anticipate and fetter the national will on all those great points? We are willing to admit that, in the difficulties in which they had placed themselves, they could hardly do otherwise than establish themselves in a kind of dictatorship—the necessity of the case seemed to require that assumption; but beyond that necessity, beyond the providing for public order till a National Assembly could be constituted, they had, as they themselves confessed in the matter of the halfpenny stamp, no shadow of pretext for such a usurpation—a usurpation not to meet present exigencies, but extending over the whole *futurity* of a great people.

What excuse can they make to a bankrupt nation for such a financial juggle and bravado as the ordering the payment of the dividends three weeks before they were due, as if the Exchequer were overflowing, and in the same breath calling on the people to anticipate by a year the payment of their taxes, as if they had not a franc in reserve? So childish a farce was assuredly never before attempted. For the majority of those acts of usurpation, tyranny, and knavery, there was not even the plausible excuse of necessity, for most of them had no relation to the pressure of the moment, and some of those that had were rather calculated to aggravate it. As to the restriction on the withdrawal of the deposits in the savings-banks, and the suspension of cash payments at the Bank of France, we admit that some such measures had become inevitable; but the panic that rendered them so was created, or at least enormously increased, by the disorganizing and anarchical principles and acts of the Provisional Government; and then—like their predecessors of the old revolution—they turn round and lay the blame on the victims—the wolf on the lamb. For example, they dissolve and send home the Chambers of Peers and Deputies then sitting in Paris; they decimate the Council of State—reduce to sudden indigence the numerous classes dependent on the civil list—deprive of their salaries a crowd of public functionaries—they alarm all the persons of property in a great capital by arming, arraying, and *bribing* 200,000 *prc-letaires* to overwhelm the National Guard—and of course drive all of what were the upper classes of society into the retirement of terror or economy; and then they loudly complain of, and their newspapers publish incendiary attacks on, those whose counter-revolutionary malice, they pretend, causes the runs on banks, hoarding of specie, dismissal of servants, sale of carriages and horses, and the depriving the trade of Paris of its best customers.

Their

Their scheme of public works, for stopping the mouths of the wretched people whom their own measures have deprived of their natural support, has now probably grown to a necessity, but it is carried out with an extravagance of absurdity—such as pulling down and destroying one day only to rebuild and restore the next—which, we say it with shame, reminds us of the wild scheme of public works in Ireland the year before last. Amongst the Parisian undertakings we have been struck by certain works in the *Champ de Mars*, and the more so because (another remarkable coincidence) we remember a similar proceeding in the first Revolution in the self-same place. We think our readers will be amused by the juxtaposition of the following extracts from two publications of the respective dates:—

1790.

‘La première opération était de faire du Champ de Mars un vaste bassin, de le creuser, et d’en porter les terres autour pour former les élévations. Il fallait, en un mot, transformer cette vaste plaine en un vallon bordé circulairement d’un large et vaste amphithéâtre. 15,000 ouvriers furent destinés à cet immense travail. Mais on s’aperçut bientôt que, au lieu de trois semaines qui restaient jusqu’au 14 Juillet (jour consacré par l’Assemblée Nationale pour la fête de la fédération), trois mois suffiraient à peine. Le peu d’activité d’un grand nombre d’entre eux les fit même soupçonner d’être plus chèrement payés pour ne rien faire qu’ils ne l’étaient pour travailler.’—*Tab. Hist. Juin, 1790.*

1848.

‘De grands travaux de terrassement s’exécutent au Champ de Mars. On travaille à exhausser le milieu de près d’un mètre et demi, de façon à en faire une immense chaussée bombée. En second lieu, les larges et hauts talus des côtés vont disparaître, et les terres qui en proviendront serviront à exhausser le sol. Ordre est donné de poursuivre activement ces importants travaux, afin qu’ils soient terminés au jour de l’Assemblée Nationale, le 20 Avril. On annonce que de grandes fêtes publiques auront lieu alors. Chaque ouvrier adulte gagne deux francs par jour et les enfans un franc.’—*Jour. des Déb., 11 Mars, 1848.*

At both periods we see *immense works—important works*—thousands of hands employed at exorbitant wages to prepare the same local for the national fêtes ordered by the National Assembly! and the sum total of the work turns out to be that 1848 is to fill up the hollows that 1790 had dug out. They may accomplish this on the Champ de Mars—but they may be assured that in more general interests the new Revolution is not destined to repair any of the errors of the old.

The following exhibition of the respect paid to liberty and property is more serious. We copy from *La Réforme*, Louis Blanc’s organ:—

‘The citizen *J. Gouache*, Commissary-General of the Government in the three departments of Loiret, Eure-et-Loire, and Loire-et-Cher, has from the outset of his mission distinguished himself by his zeal and activity. On his arrival at Blois he found that city suffering under the same commercial and financial crisis as the rest of France; and after having consulted with the Tribunal of Commerce and the bankers of the

the town, he has issued three decrees, which seem to us perfectly appropriate to the circumstances:—

‘1st. An office of Discount is established at Blois.

‘2nd, The bankers of Blois are from this date (18th of March) to retain (*conserver*), for the purpose of facilitating the interests of trade, all the deposits that proprietors or capitalists may have placed in their hands; except only such sums as the proprietors or capitalists may consent to pay into a national discount office.

‘3rd, Suspends all proceedings against any persons engaged in trade for payment of bills, recovery of debts, or other commercial claims whatsoever, until the 15th of May next.’

This citizen Gouache (whose very name sounds like a burlesque) was, we believe, in some way connected with the *Réforme*; he was prominent in the insurrection with his friend Etienne Arago, but is now, it seems, one of the forty or fifty *proconsuls* who are administering each his own individual despotism in the provinces of France. A circular instruction to these Commissaries from the Minister, Ledru-Rollin, commences with these astonishing words:—‘*Quels sont vos pouvoirs? Ils sont illimités. Pour l’accomplissement de votre tâche vous êtes investis de la souveraineté du peuple!*’ What a state of society must it be when the Minister of the Interior sends forth such emissaries with such powers—powers greater than he himself pretends to—and when one of these petty tyrants can follow his own wild impulses, with no other notice of such an incredible despotism than the applause it obtains from one of his own colleagues in the corner of their common newspaper! To us it seems that this order to bankers not to pay the checks of their depositors is the most extraordinary of all the incredible proceedings that the last fortnight has produced. But the same tyranny is going on in every considerable city, though it is evident that the press does not dare to denounce these enormities. We learn from a very gentle and timid remonstrance of the once formidable *Journal des Débats* that Emmanuel Arago [(the son of the place-abjuring *savant*) is now lording it over Lyons with the same insolent intrepidity that fixed his uncle in the Post Office:—

‘The Government, in order to meet the wants of the Treasury, has contented itself with adding 45c. per franc to the four direct contributions. M. Arago, the commissary at Lyons, has doubled that at a blow; and he has even done more. By a second decree he has decided that every one leaving the town shall not carry with him in cash more than 500f., without satisfying the authorities as to its intended use. And this conduct is pursued at Lyons, the second city in France.’
—*Journal des Débats*, 24 Mars.

Nor is this all; for another decree provides that an *impôt supplémentaire soit fixé pour les capitalistes*—a supplemental tax on capitalists

capitalistes—and the rate at which these poor capitalists are to be assessed is to be settled by a jury appointed by Citizen Emmanuel Arago! This exceeds even M. Gouache, or, we believe, any spoliator that the annals of *conventional* rapine record. But *tant mieux*—the worse the shorter!

We believe that there is no rational man, in or out of France, who believes that a constitution founded on such bases as the Provisional Government has *programmed*, and living by such violent expedients, can maintain the country in peace and itself in authority for six months. What an extension of the reign of terror, *which already exists and is hourly becoming more and more perceptible*, might do we cannot say, but we doubt whether the *Bourgeoisie*—annihilated as Louis Blanc and the *National* proclaim and as the great popular demonstration of the 17th of March proves that for the moment it is—has not yet vitality enough to prevent, or at least very soon to overcome, that danger. The cries and visions of the old revolution, *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*, which figure at the head of the new proclamations, are worn out, and have now no effect on any class—not even on the lowest—they look only to Louis Blanc's paradise of wages without work. All parties are pretty well convinced that they have had as much individual *liberty* as is compatible with the liberty of others, and of *equality* and *fraternity* also—unless these words mean the reduction of man *and woman* to the *lowest* level however deep, and a community of goods even down to its last result—squalidity and starvation. France, we trust, is too civilised—the educated classes (with the exception of some hot-headed youngsters and wild theorists) are too well informed—and the *gros peuple* is, we are willing to hope, too good natured and honest, to submit long to a *reign of terror*; it may bend them down before it—as it does at this moment, and probably will do with a still more visible tyranny—but they cannot long be kept in that unnatural and cruel abasement. We saw clearly enough, in M. Ledru-Rollin's outrageous attempt on the freedom of election, much of the same spirit with which Danton, one of the ministers of the 10th of August, too successfully influenced the choice of the execrable Convention; but we saw also that the attempt excited enough of public disapprobation to extract a kind of disclaimer on the part of the collective Government. *Their* circular was a tribute, no doubt, to public opinion; but it does not diminish the danger, for, though abundantly stuck with fine phrases about freedom of election, purity of conscience, personal independence, and so forth, it insists after all, that 'the *only name* to be inscribed on the balloting ticket of a good citizen shall be that of *an able and honest republican*,' which, *verbiage*
apart,

apart, comes to the same point as the Minister's circular, and does no more than *gild* over the dark, sharp, and striking effect of M. Ledru-Rollin's original bronze. But mark what has followed: M. Ledru-Rollin's circular, though thus delusively disclaimed, has not been revoked; nor could its effect be revoked. *Fugit irre-vocabile verbum*. It electrified the election clubs, and the new circular cannot *unelectrify* them. Nay, when a deputation of zealous and indignant revolutionists questioned the Provisional Government whether they meant by *their* proclamation to annul M. Ledru-Rollin's circular, they at first stammered and hesitated, afraid to answer; and, when further pressed, M. Lamartine was forced to evade and quibble with the question in a long rigmarole—of which the result was that the circular was not even disavowed, and that it is now cited as the safeguard and guide of the republic; while hundreds of election-clubs are working out its letter and its spirit with all the diligence of the old Jacobins, and worse than their extravagance. Would Robespierre or St. Just have dared to have promulgated to the nation that *ignorance* was no disqualification in a legislator?—yet that doctrine has been taught in a *circular* (6 March) of M. Carnot, the Minister—can we believe our eyes?—of PUBLIC INSTRUCTION!

We wish we had any good reason to doubt that the National Assembly will be, as the Convention was, *packed* under the influence of terror by these election clubs—a small but active, and, for the moment and the purpose, powerful minority; but we trust that we are not mistaken in thinking, in spite of all these anarchical appearances, that the first wish of the public mind in France is *order*, and that it is the strength of this feeling that enables the minority of the Government—the majority being all men of the extremest Radicalism—to maintain a tone of moderation, and even to put some restraint on their more violent colleagues. But in revolutions audacity is power. 'The secret of revolutionary strength,' said Danton, 'is *l'audace—encore. l'audace—toujours l'audace*;' and though it was announced that M. Ledru-Rollin had resigned on M. Lamartine's rebuke, we were not at all surprised to find that it was M. Ledru who had obtained the real victory over his mealy-mouthed colleague.

But whatever be the degree of the confusion and violence to which France is destined (and the *degree* is all that we doubt about), and should even the Assembly fall, as it probably may, into the worst hands, the reign of anarchy cannot be long. In a country so rich and so enlightened as France, the spirit of order and the yearnings for tranquillity, after the warnings of the first Revolution, will soon prevail, and there will emerge some Con-
servative

servative form of government under which the wearied people will gladly take refuge. What will that be—a President with a legislature à l'Américaine? A very probable experiment—if Lafayette were still alive we should have said quite certain. But if, as we fear, the National Assembly should resemble the Convention in its spirit as well as composition, it will be reluctant to part with its power, and will perhaps endeavour to follow out the whole Conventional precedent. In this case there will soon arise a violent struggle of parties, and the return to order will be more speedy.

If they can agree on a President and Legislature after the Transatlantic fashion, the Republic may have a longer duration; but we cannot contemplate the probability of such a Republic being acclimated in France. The nature of that people seems repugnant to it—we might almost venture to say the nature of man—for we believe that it would not have succeeded even as it has done in America, if there were not the safety-valve of the far West, where misfortune, misery, disappointment, discontent, and the ambition of folly have room to evaporate themselves; but these old countries have no such resource, and France, above all, from her national temper, is, we are satisfied, utterly incapable of being so governed, beyond the period of a brief experiment. What then is the next chance? Something will depend on the length and severity of the anarchical storm, and the peculiar circumstances under which that fated bark—the Republic—may happen to be wrecked; but we have little doubt that the return will be to monarchy, and probably in the spirit of the charter which they so damaged in 1830, and tore to pieces in 1848. They will probably piece it up again. They never, we think, can do anything better. But who will be the monarch?

That is a question that might be most safely answered *alors comme alors*; but we have, even under the present aspect of things, an opinion on the subject, and think that it may not be useless to turn the thoughts of our readers to considerations that involve *our own* constitutional interests quite as truly, though happily not so urgently, as those of France.

There are at present three persons whose families have within the last forty years occupied the throne of France—the Duke of Bordeaux, the Count of Paris, and M. Louis Buonaparte. We may perhaps underrate this last gentleman's chances, but—having just shown that we have not forgotten him, nor the party that would adopt him as the least legitimate *Candidate*—we beg leave to decline drawing any horoscope for the hero of the tame eagle. We will suppose the choice to lie between the legitimate and the quasi-legitimate; and we can have no hesitation in pronouncing

an opinion for the former—for reasons always powerful, but to which this last revolution gives, we think, additional and unanswerable force. If France returns to a monarchy, it will be because she is wearied of revolutions; and she has seen by two recent examples that an intrusive dynasty carries within itself the seeds of dissolution and disorder. The Empire—that stupendous scaffolding of glory and power—went to pieces like a broken toy only because it was a usurpation. It never entered into any man's mind that the victories of Eugene and Marlborough could, in the worst extremity, have dethroned and exiled Louis XIV.; and, in the late instance of Louis-Philippe, we have seen that personal talents, private virtues, the allegiance of a powerful army, the apparent good will of a great majority of the people, could not save him from a series of bloody struggles—in one, and at first the least formidable, of which, the edifice of quasi-legitimacy which he had been for seventeen years endeavouring to consolidate was overthrown in half an hour,

‘And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind.’

Louis-Philippe—the *quoique Bourbon*—was nothing but a symbol—a *drapeau*—and they chose to change their flag: he had consented to accept the crown from a mob, and the mob have turned him out. He was like one of their ‘Trees of Liberty’—transported by the hands of the people to a conspicuous position which did not belong to him and where he had no roots, he stood as fine as crowns and garlands could make him, but, having only a *quasi* hold of the earth, the delusive pageant was blown down by a gust of wind that would not have damaged a sapling growing in its native soil. Louis XVI. was ignominiously murdered—Charles X. indignantly expelled—Henry V. exiled from his cradle—but there are thousands and tens of thousands in France whose eyes fill and whose hearts beat with loyal emotion at the thoughts of any of those illustrious unfortunates—while Louis-Philippe, after seventeen years of a reign profuse of honours, favours, and flattery, and distinguished, as we have said, both by personal merits and several kingly qualities, does not seem to have left one single soul in France who lamented the change otherwise than as an inconvenient political event, or who felt more for the loss of the King than for the change of a *Préfet*!

Yet what was wanting to his security? That which can neither be won by courage nor forfeited by weakness—the inherent hereditary birthright of legitimacy. This principle may be scoffed at by the revolutionist, and even by the theorist, as absurd and irrational; but the history of the world, and particularly

ticularly the history of France for the last forty years, proves that it has a strong hold on the hearts of mankind, and, we think, on their reason also. Why, they ask us, submit to the rule of a *woman* or a *child* rather than select the *fittest man*? Because, in the first place, experience has shown that nations may be great and happy under women and children. When was England more powerful than under Elizabeth and Anne? When was France happier than when Fleury directed the councils of young Louis XV.? And this objection has become still weaker in the modern exercise of constitutional monarchies by responsible advisers. But there is another and better reason; it is safer to accept from the hand of God the risk attending a woman or a child than to incur the spontaneous danger of cutting one another's throats in deciding who is the *fittest* man. We have already no less than three hereditary pretenders to the throne of France, and we know not how many more candidates the Revolution may bequeath to us; and in this *embarras de choix* we are disposed to think that the descendant of *Saint Louis* is likely to be at least as good a constitutional king as Louis Buonaparte or even Louis Blanc. There is a still stronger reason. The evil to be guarded against, in the supposed case, is instability—popular delusion—popular inconstancy—and we therefore adopt the providential circumstance of birthright exactly because it is what the people can neither confer nor take away—and which for that very reason they are the more disposed to reverence. The crown that is given may be taken—but the rights to a crown derived from a long line of ancestors and the acquiescence and sanction of many generations of the people, can never be extinguished in the recollections and feelings, or, if you will, the prejudices of mankind. Whenever, therefore, France shall again desire to close the bloody career of revolution in the stability of a constitutional monarchy, the safest course will undoubtedly be to recognise the natural and indefeasible rights of the heir of the throne of Henry IV. and Louis XIV.—whoever he, at that time, may be.

If the reaction should be very early—if the attempts of the Communists to fulfil the behests of Louis Blanc and the *National*, by a real extinction of the *bourgeoisie*, should arouse the upper and middle classes—if the more respectable portion of the National Guard, now (in Paris at least) overpowered and swamped, should retrieve any weight or consideration, and should unite in the sentiments of order and duty that we believe animates the majority of the army—if, we say, this should be the course of events, it is very possible that in the present ferment they might again turn their eyes to the House of Orleans. If it were not for Louis-Philippe's abdication, his age, and the consequent loss of that energy which

was

was so essential a part of his power—we should not have despaired of seeing Louis-Philippe himself invited back as the readiest means of arresting anarchy. Failing him, however, it is possible that the Count of Paris may be thought of as a *symbol of order*. The times are perhaps not ripe for Henry V. The revolutionary spirit, even if so far mastered, will be still so strong that the friends of peace and order, of whatever political party, would be glad to compound with it for whatever they can obtain; and as the Count of Paris would, we suppose, be, from the very defect in his title, more acceptable to the Revolutionists, he would have the best chance at this moment—or any early one;—and yet we indulge a hope that his friends would have the prudence to reject the dangerous offer. It would be at best only an adjournment of the difficulty—the Crown so bestowed would be still held of the revolt, and be found to have even less security than his grandfather's. But if the present crisis should pass without a call for the Orleans branch, and the opinion, which every one seems to entertain, of the impracticability of a durable republic be ultimately realised, *then* we are convinced by evidence and reason that the restoration of the constitutional monarchy in the *direct line* is the most probable solution of all these complicated difficulties, the happiest fortune that could befall the House of Orleans itself, and the best guarantee for the progressive prosperity of France and the future tranquillity of Europe.

But while we are thus prematurely, and it may seem idly, speculating on the futurity of France, the horizon of all Europe is thickening around us. Even as we write, every hour brings alarming tidings—the oldest monarchies totter, the wisest and boldest statesmen cower; and Europe seems threatened with various forms of anarchy, copied, as if they were the cut of a coat or the shape of a head-dress, from *la mode de Paris*. We cannot deny that all this is very awful, and that it threatens all the ancient monarchies—we hope we may safely except our own—with the visitation of a hurricane, to be more or less severely felt according to local circumstances and the tempers of nations. But we confidently trust, under the providential dispensations of Heaven, that out of the extent of the danger springs the omen of safety. This French Revolution, starting full armed from the brain, not of Jove, but of M. Louis Blanc, is so causeless in its origin, so wild in its principles and so impracticable in its purposes, that we have no doubt that it is destined to be, not the temptation, but the warning of mankind. It will fail utterly—whether with more or less disaster—at home, and will cease, when brought to any test of practical experience, to be morally formidable abroad.

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The storm it creates may clear the heavy atmospheres of nations that require such a purification—

‘But storms and earthquakes break not Heaven’s design’—

and although we do not promise ourselves that there may not possibly be here and there throughout Europe deplorable calamities, we are satisfied that, if the example of France has led to the agitation, her example also will afford the best remedy.

For ourselves at home, paradoxical as it may seem, we gladly confess that we feel less alarm than we have done for the last sixteen years. The governing power had suffered so deeply by the inroads of the Whigs on the old constitution and by the division of the Tories into antipathetic sections, that, while France exhibited the successful and apparently prosperous result of an insurrectionary and, in principle, democratic revolution, we trembled at the example, and could not overcome our apprehensions that we were destined to the same experiment. These apprehensions are now greatly diminished—that revolution has signally and calamitously failed, and so we are confident will this—much sooner and more completely; and the result will be, nay we think that it has already been, to strengthen the hands of our Government, and to rally round the throne of our Queen a warmer feeling of loyalty, a stronger constitutional zeal, and a more determined spirit to maintain those institutions which have for near two centuries realised for us all the civil and religious liberty, all the political and social blessings that the rest of Europe are now with so much doubt and danger groping after in the smoke of cannon, and through kennels running with blood. We must, however, add that our conviction of the security of the British crown and constitution requires two postulates:—

First, that the Government will entitle itself to the cordial support of the real friends of our institutions, by abstaining from any further violation of their principles, and by taking *speedy and effectual* measures to suppress that chronic rebellion which now palsies and perils the empire under the pretence of repealing the Irish union; and,

Secondly, which will be a consequence of the former, the reunion of the whole Conservative party, of whatever shade, in giving that strength, vigour, and consistency to her Majesty’s Councils which in this great crisis we—the humble echo of the most powerful feeling in the nation—tell her Majesty and her Ministers—respectfully but frankly and confidently—cannot be derived from any other source; and none of us, *high or low*, should for a moment forget that if we, by weakness or dissension or indiscretion, forfeit our ancient position, Europe has now no hospitable refuge left for us—no Holyroods or Claremonts for our princes!

NOTE.—**LORD CHANCELLOR MACCLESFIELD** (No. clxiii., Art. II.). We have received the following communication from a gentleman in the confidence of the Macclesfield family:—

‘Lord Campbell, in his account of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, makes the following statements:—That he did not know distinctly whether he had a grandfather; that he was sent to a grammar school in Newport, in Shropshire; that he there learned and then knew little more than the peasantry among whom he was reared; and that he never had any further instruction. In adverting to the Chancellor’s course of life after the issue of his impeachment, Lord Campbell describes him as not only withdrawing from public life, but as hurrying to bury himself in retirement in a small house near Derby, where he shunned his former friends and acquaintance; and a very melancholy description is given of his cheerless old age. He is said to have died in his son’s house in Soho Square while on a visit there. The story, in short, amounts to this—that he was so overwhelmed by the disgrace of his condemnation as to avoid all society.

‘Now, 1st. I have before me a long pedigree of the Parker family taken from Jacobs’ Peerage. I insert only what is enough to show that the Chancellor had a grandfather descended from an old family of the name. George Parker of Park Hall in Staffordshire, the *missing* grandfather, was the son of William Parker, seated at Ashburn, who was a younger son of Parker of Norton Lees in Derbyshire. The said George married Grace, daughter of Hugh Bateman of Harrington in that county, by whom he had two sons, William and Thomas;—Thomas, the second son, married Anne, daughter and coheir of Robert Venables, of Wincham, in Derbyshire; and their only son was Thomas, first Earl of Macclesfield.

‘2nd. With respect to the Chancellor’s education—his descendants had never till now heard of a doubt that he was educated at Derby School and Trinity College, Cambridge. It is so stated in the journal of his son-in-law, Sir W. Heathcote, of Hursley. I have before me a copy of the entry of his name in the books of Trinity College, Cambridge, furnished by Dr. Whewell to the present Lord Macclesfield. The date is Oct. 9, 1685. He is described as eighteen years of age—as having been at school at Derby under Magister Ogden; and is entered as a Pensioner. Further, when Lord Macclesfield became Chancellor, he had the honour to receive, according to the usual courtesy of Cambridge, a letter of congratulation from the authorities of Trinity, and its terms are these:—

‘“My Lord,—As the great and eminent virtues and abilities whereby you have been long distinguished, and by which you have filled and adorned so many and so important stations, have been lately called to a further advance and to display themselves in a yet more exalted sphere, so that we now behold your Lordship invested with supreme dignity, and entering upon the custody and conduct of the most arduous as well as the most illustrious province of the Law; and as we have this peculiar happiness and glory belonging to us, that, together with those great ornaments of the profession, the Lord Chief Justice Coke and the
Lord

Lord Chancellor Bacon, your Lordship's name is recorded among us, and that so noble a triumvirate were *all members of our Society*; we therefore, the Master and Senior Fellows of Trinity College, esteeming it a duty we owe not only to your Lordship but to our Society not to be silent upon so great an occasion, have appointed two of our Fellows, Dr. Baker and Dr. Rudd, personally to wait upon and to congratulate your Lordship in our names and behalf, being with all veneration and respect—May it please your Lordship, your Lordship's most devoted and humble servants, &c. &c. &c."

' After this it is needless to quote the complimentary couplets of Eusden, the Laureate, who must, however, have been a fool as well as a flatterer to have told the Chancellor to his face that "Prophetic Granta" saw greatness omened in him, and that "she could not teach as fast as he could learn," if there had been any doubt about his having been bred at that university.

' 3rd. One word on the statement made as to Lord Macclesfield's latter years. His family never heard of his retirement to Derbyshire, and have no manner of doubt that he did live at Shirburn Castle, his seat in Oxfordshire, and occasionally visited London. His cellar-book happens to be extant, and it gives sufficient proof of this. I have from the family that he was building a house in St. James's Square when he died—the same which was afterwards inhabited by his son.

' I send this note to the Editor in the persuasion that he will insert it in his forthcoming Number, seeing that from his having not unnaturally placed confidence in the accuracy of Lord Campbell's details, a wider currency has been given to them—and that even if, as may be anticipated, Lord Campbell corrects them in future editions of his book, that correction may never reach many readers of the Quarterly Review.'

ERRATA.

Page 508, line 17, delc 'prose.'

Page 566, line 27, remove the mention of 'M. Duchatel' to p. 567, line 16.

Page 567, line 1, for '80 *francs*' read '80*l.*'

